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THE MAN BEHIND THE 'TIMES'

THE PORTRAIT OF A PUBLISHER

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

I

'THE sole trouble virtue demands,' said Hume, 'is that of just calculation and the steady preference of the greater happiness.' 'Success,' says Mr. Adolph S. Ochs, the managing owner of the *New York Times*, 'is simply won by the practice of the ordinary virtues.' Clearly the famous utilitarian and the eminent publisher agree. But while Hume's naïveté is complex and artful, Mr. Ochs's is palpably ingenuous. He just naturally believes what Hume was forced to conclude from sheer skepticism. And between skepticism and animal faith the advantage is all with faith.

Being *ex animo* certain, Mr. Ochs does not hesitate to share the secret of his simple success. 'I really can see no excuse,' he insists, 'for any healthy young man, born of self-respecting parents, not to succeed in the fullest sense of the term. It took no genius to build the *Times;* just hard work, common sense, self-reliance, and honesty.' After faithfully exercising these 'ordinary virtues,' Mr. Ochs was able to celebrate, last August 18, the thirtieth anniversary of his ownership of the *New York Times* by making on his editorial page some highly satisfactory observations. 'When [the *Times*] passed into the ownership and control of the present management [its] daily circulation . . . had dropped to 9000. The regular employees numbered 300, and the annual gross income was $500,000. At the present time the *New York Times* has an average daily circulation of 370,000 and 625,000 on Sunday; has over 3000 regular employees, and has an annual gross income of about $25,000,000.' Such phenomenal success has so absolutely convinced Mr. Ochs that the exercise of the 'ordinary virtues' is the best policy that he is willing to bet on them. He would gladly organize a Company to Assure Success.

'My Company to Assure Success would ask of its policyholders nothing out of the ordinary, no special brilliance, no abnormal talents, no inordinate industry even. In passing upon applicants for success it would, however, inquire rather carefully into a youth's antecedents and parents, for the first thing is to be well born.

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Satisfied on this point, the Company would investigate the youth's record to date, and if he was found to have done moderately well at school, if he had established a reasonably good reputation in character, and if he possessed good health, — good health is essential, — then he would be eligible.

'In issuing this policy, about all the rules and conditions would be: "You must strive faithfully to live up to the precepts taught you as a child by your mother. You must be industrious, temperate, and honest. You must give diligent attention to your business, lead a clean, honorable life, and deserve as well as try to succeed.'"

Mr. Ochs's friends smile indulgently. His critics smile cynically. Both miss the point. It is not his naïveté, but the obsession of his naïveté, which matters — an obsession which is completely hidden even from himself by a rare personal charm. It is his absolute faith in the 'ordinary virtues' which conquered for him the world of his choice. And though Mr. Ochs is 'no genius,' he touches genius in the psychological unawareness with which his virtues function, in the unconscious virtuosity with which he orchestrates them. There is something organic, rather than moral, about Mr. Ochs's decencies.

His virtues fall into the rhythm of his age. He is keenly aware of its instruments and never dubious of its fundamentals. His high courage never challenges the established order, though it is often extremely daring in its uses. His high sense of honor merely bespeaks his rights and duties as a freeman in established opinion. His uncanny shrewdness is never ulterior, for his mental processes function as though they were dipped in a utilitarian solution whose chemistry he does not know. Mr. Ochs is not merely an honest, but a congenital conformist. He is the living norm of the median culture of American life. In turn his times have rewarded him with the highest protective coloration. It is this protection which enabled him to build our only national newspaper.

Mr. Ochs can 'go to bed' with his paper and rest calmly between its lines in the unconscious certainty that his personality will color every word in each of the eight columns of the thirty to forty pages of the daily *Times*. In the *Mid-Week Pictorial*, in the *Annalist*, in *Current History*, Mr. Ochs stops for a moment to review synoptically the fugitive news of the day. And on Sunday he dresses up in two-hundred-odd pages of the most perfect typography, in exquisite rotogravure, in the beautiful half-tones of the Magazine Section and Book Review, in dignified special features. The Sunday *Times* is really Mr. Ochs's temple, in which he does homage to the American environment which blessed his 'ordinary virtues' so prodigally. Mr. Ochs's career reaffirms the Aristotelian dictum that man is an institutional case — in proportion to his success. The *Times* reflects our complex institutional culture in faithful perfection. No wonder the best journalistic craftsmen have drifted to Mr. Ochs as their publisher. Louis Wiley is by all odds the most competent American newspaper manager. Carr V. Van Anda and Frederick T. Birchall are beyond the shadow of a doubt the greatest American news gatherers. Rollo Ogden is a distinguished newspaper editor. The heads of the various departments are among the leading national experts. It is around the simple magnet of Mr. Ochs's sensibility to the world as it is that these men have built the most highly technical compass to follow the phenomenology of its news.

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II

Obviously Mr. Ochs's conscious reasons for his success, though absolutely sincere, do not explain. The only way to analyze his intrinsic processes, which alone are significant, is by reading critically the *Times*. It is only by looking behind its news and advertising and editorial policy, in their trinitarian balance, that we can discover the real Mr. Ochs.

The main reason for Mr. Ochs's success as a newsman is in fact very simple. He caught the idea of mass production at just the right time in the New York newspaper field. In this respect the success of the *Times* is the success of Ivory Soap, which is ninety-nine and a fraction of a per cent pure, and whose fractional impurity cannot be humanly helped. The *Times* is as much of a *news*paper as its management can humanly make it. It has no leg shows, side shows, or circuses. It employs no middle-aged, run-down newspaper men to grind out advice to the lovelorn. It peddles no funny sheets, Krazy Kats, Nize Babies, or humor by Andy Gump, Mutt and Jeff, and F. P. A. Mr. Ochs held to the conviction that the job of a newspaper is to print *news* even in the early days of his management of the *Times*, when it seemed that such a high-minded policy in the midst of the yellow war between Hearst and Pulitzer, complicated by the younger Bennett's brilliant manufacture of news, was heading him straight for bankruptcy. And as one reads the *Times* at the breakfast table, with the certainty that without it one would miss literally most of the news, one cannot help but appreciate that Mr. Ochs's simple courage is a national asset.

To-day Mr. Ochs proudly justifies his original judgment. 'When I first came to New York,' he told me, 'I had hopes that there might be at least 30,000 intelligent, serious, high-grade people who would appreciate this kind of newspaper. But of course I never dared to hope for all this' — and his large blue eyes slowly swept his magnificent office, and their gaze trailed out of the window and rested in wistful gratefulness on the imperial city which his humble decency conquered.

Mr. Ochs is both right and wrong. His strength lies in just this happy mixture of rightness and wrongness, in the oversimplification of his reasons for his motives, an inadequacy which saves these motives from the inhibitions of self-analysis. Mr. Ochs found not merely 30,000 but an average week-day and Sunday circulation of over 400,000. He never found 30,000 readers of the type he had in mind. An astute observer on the *Times* staff 'guessed' that 'probably no more than 10,000 people are capable of keeping up with the excellence of the *Times*.' The other 390,000 buy it because of the ineradicable characteristic of 'respectability' to appear more intelligent than it is. It is the intelligent minority, from the most reactionary to the most radical, which finds it necessary to read all about the Dawes Plan, the Chinese Consortium; which has to wade through the full speeches of high-placed politicians; which wants to know how Article X in the League Covenant and Article XXVII in the Mexican Constitution are working out. The rest buy the *Times* because the best have to read it. 'The *Times* is the sort of newspaper,' Mr. Ochs once innocently said, 'which no one needs to be ashamed to be seen reading.' This, rather than its excellence, is its main selling asset.

If one reads the Hall-Mills murder case in the Hearst press one is frankly interested in murder. But if one reads almost twice as much about it in the *Times*, — where one could if one wished

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also read the latest news of the World Court or the Williamstown Institute, — then one has a sociological interest in crime. If one reads in the gutter tabloids all the details of the mob hysteria at Sheik Valentino's death, one is just another member of the mob. But if one reads about it in the *Times*, then one is a student of the hysteria. It is in the *Times* that we can all worship the Idols of the Cave without being caught in our idolatry.

Yet in the long run the 'respectable' majority is bound to fall way behind the intelligent minority. This gap the *Times* bridges by its very encyclopædism, which covers all special interests, and appeals to each reader both professionally and avocationally. The financier, the industrialist, the big and the lesser business man, the student of social politics, the professional man, can all follow in the *Times* the news of their own worlds, the news of each other's world, and their own fancy in the news of the world in general. The *Times* has a composite reader. And 'all the news that's fit to print' is simply the news which appeals to the best composite reader, who thereby is naturally raised into an 'intelligent, serious, high-grade' fellow.

It is because Mr. Ochs in his own person represents the median of our national culture that he is by all odds the best judge on his staff as to what news is 'fit to print.' And he is peculiarly gifted in presenting the social panorama by the very fact that his own fabulous news sense is entirely unhampered by an interpretative censor. He reads reams of details on Stalin's victory over Zinovieff; on General Pilsudski's senseless revolution in Poland; on the British general strike; on the reaction in Italy and Spain; on the political assassinations in Greece and Turkey; on the troubles of the Catholic Church in Mexico and its triumph in Chicago; on politics in Washington, London, and Paris; on the doings of big business and labor. But the inner drift of this panorama fortunately escapes him, which accounts for his success in *impersonal* journalism. The great value of the *Times* lies in the fact that it is the best commercial photographer of the world's happenings.

The very volume and expense of this policy require a high expertness in the gathering of news, a delicate efficiency in management, in presentation, in the whole complex business administration of the modern newspaper. In the technique of newspaper building and owning Mr. Ochs has no rival. In this technique, in fact, he is not merely instinctively shrewd, but philosophical, articulate, and expert. His occasional talks on the industrial arts of newspaper management, especially on advertising policy, are pearls of wisdom compared to the usually fatuous professionalism of the 'high-power' executive and the pseudoscientific lingo of the university business schools. The *Times* of course has to pay the price of encyclopædism by being often dreadfully overwritten, with long paragraphs connected by motley conjunctions. And its tendency toward anonymity, and the somewhat Philistine flavor of its respectability, do not help its style. But its mechanical composition is flawless. Its craftsmanship has been especially perfected since 1914. The World War and the consequent world unrest, our own rapid transition from debtor nation to world empire, the generally accelerated kaleidoscope of latter-day social events, constantly require a technical vigilance which gives infinite scope to Mr. Ochs's training and talents as an administrative journalist. The *Times* has risen to its present position as the world's greatest newspaper organization in the

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period of the world's greatest unrest. And naturally this has only served to strengthen Mr. Ochs's belief that this is a pretty nice world after all.

No newspaper is freer from outside control. Mr. Ochs is inordinately proud, as he has every right to be, that the *Times* has no Ivory Towers, no Sacred Cows. The high-placed in any field are to him not Sacred Cows but high-bred Holsteins, provided they live up to their breeding. Hence his resentment flares up the more sternly when they indicate a meretricious desire for preferential grazing ground in his columns.

There is no doubt that the *Times* is given to the Idols of Authority. But in the nature of the case the views and deeds of those in authority *are* news, — very important news, — always were, and always will be. What Messrs. Coolidge and Baldwin and Trotsky think of politics; what Messrs. Green and Weisbord think of the Passaic strike; what Messrs. Hoover and Gary think of business; or even what Mr. Tunney thinks of the uppercut, or Miss Ederle thinks of the Australian crawl, *is* important. The radical paper is a failure as a *news*paper because it is iconoclastic. The function of the radical press is not so much to print news as to propagate social conditions in which its prejudices will become news. The only successful Socialist newspapers in this country, the *Jewish Daily Forward* and the *Milwaukee Leader*, are successful because Socialism is in authority on the East Side of New York and in Milwaukee, and they have news to report.

Mr. Ochs's respect for authority is natural, free, and independent. In fact the *Times* respects authority far less in the field of social and economic politics than in the intellectual professions, where none but ideological radicals could possibly accuse it of ulterior motives. It finds it often necessary to disagree with powerful politicians and the leaders in vested life. But the bigwigs in science, education, letters, and arts it respects indiscriminately. When the evolutionary controversy was at its height the *Times* did not invite Professor Morgan of Columbia or Professor Carlson of the University of Chicago or an expert of equally high standing to clarify the issue. It permitted itself to be used by notorious publicity seekers in high academic positions, whose views on evolution are more or less of a joke among professional scientists. And because of its very exhaustiveness the *Times* printed more nonsense on this subject than any other paper in the country.

III

The advertising policy of the *Times* is both sensitively honorable and technically extremely high. It exercises both an alert and a relevant censorship. Once or twice a week the *Times* shrewdly advertises 'its regret for the necessity of the omission of eight (or six or seven) columns of advertising' on account of the pressure of news, never failing to explain how the individual advertiser may avoid such annoyance in future.

In the early history of Mr. Ochs's ownership a very large advertiser asked for certain considerations which then were not considered peculiarly offensive. A correspondence ensued. Mr. Ochs finally wrote: 'You must excuse me from discussing with you the policy of the *New York Times*. . . . The *Times*, as long as it is under its present management, will endeavor to get along without your business.' Later on, the *Times* lost an advertiser whose business was worth over $1,000,000 because of a misunderstanding in which Mr. Ochs preferred to grant the

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benefit of the doubt to his own sense of freedom. The honor roll of such instances is the best testimony to the meticulousness of his independence. His independence of the advertiser is really due largely to his fine sense of workmanship, which is merely the other side of his shield of honor. The advertiser who is cheap enough to want to influence a newspaper's policy will sooner or later deface its advertising space; and in the long run this kind of independence secured for the *Times* the 'quality' market, which forces the individual advertiser to conform to its standards in spite of its touch of insouciance.

Mr. Ochs won the high-quality market of advertising in very much the same way in which he won the high-grade reader. Just as the news policy of the *Times* appeals to the rank and file of its readers through their imitativeness of the intelligent minority, so the advertising in the *Times* is framed to appeal to the great middle class through an upper minority of taste.

IV

Mr. Ochs is convinced that his is the freest editorial page in the world. 'I never in my life asked any man to write one word in which he did not believe.' And there are certainly few papers, if any, in which a more fastidious regard is paid to the writer's conscience. But it is an old ethical truism that respect for personality in itself is one of the strongest of influences. Mr. Munsey, who was in the habit of tearing up editorials of which he disapproved in the face of their writers, had to write the editorials nearest his heart with his own pen. At any rate to write, day in and day out, editorials for the *Times* without due regard for Mr. Ochs's opinions is inconceivable, for the sufficient reason that Mr. Ochs *is* the *Times*. There is no newspaper which, in the long run, would keep on buying articles wholesale which it would reject retail — as special articles. And on the *Times* this is especially true, for Mr. Ochs knows what he wants by just being himself.

Yet every personality fights shy as much as possible of the influence of another even in agreement, which probably accounts for the unusually large number of noncontroversial or even idyllic topics on the editorial page of the *Times*. Whatever differences of personality, if not in fundamental opinion, there may be between Mr. Ochs and his editorial writers are at least in part amiably sublimated in polite reflections. A recent, quite typical, *Times* editorial page has five editorials out of eight on the following subjects: A Fine Officer Gone; English and American Litterers; The Discoverer of Oxygen; The Arts in the West; A Great Maltese Writer. The other three editorials were of the usual liberal-conservative 'broadcloth' variety. They were undoubtedly written by men who did not object to them. And they certainly expressed Mr. Ochs's views to a nicety.

What is far more interesting is the psychological mechanism of Mr. Ochs's influence, not on the peripheral, but on the central opinions of the editorial writer. The *Times* staff member who writes its editorials on Russia, one of the most delicately ironic of American essayists, is a liberal with an early Socialist background. Were he an editor on a liberal paper, it is quite likely that his indictment of Communism would be of the conventional semisympathetic 'objective' variety. On the *Times*, where his liberalism is under a steady tug to the Right, Bolshevism has resuscitated his earlier Socialist feelings in all their anti-Communist bitterness. And so one can

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read once or twice a week in a *Times* editorial that curious Social-Democratic argument according to which the Russian experiment is the exact opposite of Socialism and is betraying it by its rapid drift toward capitalism. All kinds of economic statistics and Russian government edicts are cited to prove this strange illusion. Mr. Ochs, whose common sense tells him that the trouble with Bolshevism, in the light of American democracy, lies not in its Socialist failure, but, *exceptis excipiendis*, in its Socialist success, is of course very much pleased to learn that even radicals have no use for it, and he is even more pleased to learn that Russia is gradually returning to the capitalist economy. Furthermore, his sense of news scents Russian recognition in the comparatively near future, and he appreciates editorials which both indict Bolshevism and yet analyze changes in Russia which will render her worthy of our recognition. Mr. Ochs is pleased. The writer enjoys his militant opinion. And the *Times* editorial public is pleased for Mr. Ochs's reasons. His feelings and public opinion are usually in tune.

Mr. Ochs's very sensibility to public opinion shields him from the public view. Nothing delights him more than his own low visibility in his paper, which sees everything. It is this paradox which gives his modesty a curiously elated and childlike joy. His modesty is proud of his handiwork. This ambivalence of pride and simplicity is one of his greatest charms. Mr. Ochs is indeed one of those fortunate mortals whose virtues never cheat him of the pleasures of their corresponding vices. With excellent taste he realizes that to be behind the *Times* gives him a great deal more self-feeling than he would get were he in front of it. A born newsman, he knows instinctively that there is no publicity which compares with genuine modesty — if one is powerful. The editors and managers of the *Times*, being important people, take their legitimate place in the public view. Mr. Wiley is socially prominent. Dr. Finley seems to serve on every board. Messrs. Ogden and Van Anda are nationally known journalists. And for whom do they work? For Mr. Ochs.

V

The adjustment between Mr. Ochs and his environment is so perfect that it is a beautifully simple matter to trace the morphology of this adaptation. Mr. Ochs is an abnormally normal heir of his background, and a perfectly well behaved child of the age. It is this adjustment which gave him that marvelous power of prestidigitation with his 'ordinary virtues' which makes the *Times* look like a miracle of 'genius' while in fact it is merely the reward of a long training in these virtues.

Adolph S. Ochs was born on March 12, 1858, in Cincinnati. He was born strategically, not merely of 'self-respecting,' but of just the right combination of parents for his subsequent career. His father, Julius Ochs, came to this country from Bavaria in 1846, one of the very first refugee immigrants of the revolutionary movement which broke out two years later. When the Civil War was declared Julius Ochs joined the Union Army. His revolutionary youth in Germany and the Civil War completely exhausted whatever pugnacity there may have been in his gentle nature. In 1865, when little Adolph was seven, Julius Ochs moved his family to Knoxville, Tennessee, then a city of less than ten thousand. There he settled down to a life of good citizenship, and the citizens of Knoxville rewarded him with the justiceship of the peace. In 1872 he experienced a

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slight liberal resurgence and served as a delegate to the Liberal Convention in Cincinnati which nominated Greeley for President. But after that he lived in complete peace. He accepted the universe of the small-town Southern community. He joined the Royal Arch Masons, the American Legion of Honor, the B'nai B'rith, the Royal Arcanum, the Schiller Lodge, and one or two other orders which in those days had a libertarian complexion so sadly lacking in their present-day tawdry counterparts. He served as a lay reform rabbi of the small Jewish community, and as the religious teacher of its youth.

One of our most noted contemporary sociologists lived as a boy just around the corner from the Ochs home. 'As I look back,' he told me, 'I appreciate that Julius Ochs was probably one of the most cultivated men in the whole Reconstruction South. His wide reading, his whimsical knowledge, above all his exquisite kindness in the smallest things, still linger with me.' 'My father,' says Mr. Ochs, 'was a very lovable and a most versatile man, but he was not built for success.' Mr. Ochs could not have possibly issued a 'success policy' to his father. His were not the ordinary but the ineffable virtues.

It is from the atmosphere of his father that the son inherited his own deep respect for personality, his abiding kindliness. The wages on the *Times* are the highest. Discharges for reasons of economy and except for real cause are unknown. The *Times* really succeeds remarkably well for such a large institution in being a 'happy family.' Its welfare department, its old age and sickness pensions, have nothing about them of that meretricious counter-reformation with which so many employers are meeting social unrest. Mr. Ochs's annual Christmas campaign for the Hundred Neediest Cases, whatever its economic wisdom, is so free of all 'scientific' social work that it is very much like the delicate charity of Julius Ochs. And it is no doubt in the same spirit that the *Times* always keeps on its pay roll one or two broken-down newspaper men who have seen better days.

But the qualities which assured his success Mr. Ochs undoubtedly got from his mother. It is not platitude but a profound personal experience which makes Mr. Ochs advise the young man about to take out a 'success policy': 'You must strive faithfully to live up to the precepts taught you as a child by your mother.' Bertha Levy Ochs was an active, dominant, extraordinarily effective personality, and it was she who built the common virtues into young Adolph with a master hand.

At the age of fifteen, in the revolutionary year of '48, she made a daring revolutionary gesture one evening in Heidelberg. The next morning she caught the sailing vessel for America. She joined an uncle in New Orleans and grew up in the traditions of the conservative South, which proved very congenial to her essentially conservative nature. During the Civil War her ardent sympathies were with the Confederacy. While her husband was stationed as a captain in the Union Army in Cincinnati, she would wheel across the bridge to Covington a baby carriage packed with quinine destined for the Confederate Army, while little Adolph sat in blissful and round-eyed innocence on top of this contraband, as unaware of social conflict then as he has remained ever since. 'Yes,' Mr. Ochs reminisces with affectionate disapproval, 'Mother gave Father a lot of trouble in those days.' And, indeed, for a Southern belle and a mother in Israel to defy her husband and an entire army was no mean assertion in early militant feminism.

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Bertha Ochs began the task of training little Adolph in her own habits of thrift, industry, honesty, and responsibility when he was a mere child. Under her combination of ethical and vocational guidance he became a prodigy in the common virtues and their application. At the age of eleven he began delivering newspapers for the *Knoxville Chronicle* at four o'clock every morning. At the age of fifteen he rose to printer's devil. Two years later he became a practical printer on the *Louisville Courier Journal*. Then he returned to Knoxville as a compositor on the *Daily Tribune*. There he rose in rapid succession to assistant foreman in the composing room, to star reporter, and finally to the position of business manager. At the age of nineteen he became the manager of the *Chattanooga Daily Dispatch*. In 1878 the *Dispatch* failed and Mr. Ochs became the receiver. He liquidated its debts and a few months later, at the age of twenty, he consolidated it with the *Chattanooga Times*, of which he gained control with two hundred and fifty borrowed dollars. He still owns the *Chattanooga Times*.

During these nine formative years from eleven to twenty, which constituted a perfect apprenticeship for Mr. Ochs's subsequent career, his mother constantly extended her personality through him. Gradually young Adolph took over one family responsibility after another under her guidance. Julius Ochs became the nominal treasurer of the *Chattanooga Times*. But most of the father's life was spent in teaching, in charity, in living up to his own conceptions of good citizenship. It was Adolph who sent two younger brothers through college, forgoing such an education himself, and this left in him an indelible wistfulness for formal education and no doubt accounts for the *Times's* vast admiration of professors.

This intimate tutelage over his brothers goes back as far as 1872, when Adolph was fourteen, George eleven, and Milton eight. Though Adolph was going to school and getting up at four in the morning to deliver his newspapers, he found that his evenings were being wasted. And so he organized a company with George and Milton to sell refreshments at Staub's Opera House. And here is the contract, in its original spelling, written on the stationery of Julius Ochs, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public, and 'witnessed' by the tiny tot sisters.

STATE OF TEN — KNOXVILLE TENN
KNOX CY

This day of Nov. 1/72,
We Adolph, George and Milton Ochs,
do hereby agree to become partners,
In selling refreshment at Staub Opera house,
in the city of Knoxville Tenn, for
the term of one year ending Nov 1/73
under the firm name of Ochs Bros,
It is agreed that the sum invested
by Julius Ochs be paid to the said
Julius Ochs from the sale of the goods,
It is also hereby agreed, that Adolph Ochs
give his attention to the finicial matters
and to the selling and buying goods,
And that George and Milton Ochs, tend
to the selling of goods through the
Opera House, and it is also hereby agreed
That each shall have an equal share
in the Buisness and that the Profits be divided

Signed by
(Adolph S. Ochs (s)
(George W. Ochs (s)
(Milton Ochs (s)

witnessed by
Bertha Ochs (s)
Nannie Ochs (s)

This partnership has held good for fifty-four years. George and Milton are still working for Adolph. George W. Ochs Oakes is now the editor of *Current History*. Milton B. Ochs is the managing editor of the *Chattanooga Times*.

VI

The story of the *New York Times* under Mr. Ochs is very simply told. In the spring of 1896 he came to New York in response to a wire from a

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friend who was unofficially authorized to offer him the management of the *New York Mercury*, which somewhat resembled the present-day *Morning Telegraph*. Mr. Ochs was but mildly interested. And while he hesitated Henry Alloway, the Wall Street reporter of the *New York Times*, informed him that the *Times* could be purchased, as it was in extreme financial difficulties. Mr. Ochs became interested, and after a few weeks of negotiation he acquired the newspaper by a contract that gave him the controlling interest when he had for three consecutive years earned its expenses. The series of financial transactions which he manœuvred for the control of the reorganized company was so skillful that all he ever had to invest for his majority interest was $75,000.

On August 18, 1896, he took charge. The old staff was kept on. Mr. Ochs religiously lived up to his ideas of news. In two years he was nearly 'broke.' His friends advised him to raise the price of the paper from three cents to five. Then he took a desperate chance, which was a stroke of genius. He cut the price to one cent. Circulation went up, advertising came in. In 1900 the *Times* evenly turned the corner of the century. In 1901–02 it made $153,000.

Luck helped. The younger Bennett threw away his chances on the *Herald*. He was too erratic to follow his marvelous nose for news — news which he created when nothing spectacular happened. Greeley was primarily interested in Fourier and Owen. Godkin tried valiantly to live up to the political ideals of Cobden and Bright. Dana was busy with style and wit. Later on, Munsey began his career of murdering newspapers. The *Press*, the morning *Sun*, and finally the *Herald*, were killed. And the *Times* prospered. To-day its profits are around $4,000,000 a year, of which almost ninety-seven per cent are ploughed back into the business. It is the world's richest newspaper; and, I think, also its best — as a *news*paper.

In 1918 the *Times* was awarded the first Pulitzer Gold Medal in Journalism. Mr. Ochs is a member of the Executive Committee of the Associated Press. His power over public information is incalculable. He is a Commander of the Legion of Honor, an honorary Master of Yale, a Doctor of Laws of Columbia, and a Doctor of Letters of New York and Chattanooga Universities. But he himself is essentially the same simple boy who fifty-seven years ago ran a newspaper route in Knoxville. All this success was implicit in his mother's encouragement of the 'ordinary virtues.' To doubt this success is to doubt her. And to it he clings with childlike simplicity. In his ingenuousness are all the resources of his personality.

VII

Mr. Ochs is honest enough to suit the most sensitive honorableness. He could not sincerely manage the *Times* differently. The tower of the *Times* leans backward in meticulous propriety. By his own works Mr. Ochs has proven to himself the social value of impersonal journalism. But deep in him there is a balked censor which hesitatingly points to Garrison, Greeley, Bowles, Godkin, Villard, to the 'crusaders' of personal journalism. Mr. Ochs represses this censor; for he finely perceives that there is something very precious in the 'follies' of these crusaders, while his 'common sense' indicts these follies as querulous and absurd. Hence his extraordinary touchiness to all but conservative criticism. Hence the subtle defensive and protesting note about his success. 'I would trust these crusaders with my last will and testament, but with an idea I would not trust them around the corner,' he told

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me. Their ideas disturb his childlike fixation in the ordinary virtues.

The critic of the *Times* interprets this protest as a sense of guilt. It is the reverse. It betokens not a guilty but a baffled conscience, which is a very delicate conscience. Mr. Ochs cannot bear to have his simple recipe of life doubted, because that is all he believes in. And when he defends his deep-felt conviction that the *Times* is merely the logical reward of simple integrity a childlike hurt steals into his luminous eyes which is irresistibly human.

Possibly it would have been better if the spirit of Julius Ochs had now and then interfered with the success of the *Times*.

'LIFE IS ALL A VARIORUM'

A SAGA OF TO-DAY

BY CARL CHRISTIAN JENSEN

I

I WAS a man, and stronger than most men. Yet my second childhood began the day I entered my new country. I had to learn life over in a brand-new world. And I could not talk. My first desire was for chocolate drops, and I pointed my finger at them. My second was for fishing tackle, and I pointed my finger at a wrapping cord and heaved up an imaginary fish. I used baby talk. 'Price?' I asked. And, later in the day, 'Vatsprice?' Saleswomen answered with motherly grimaces.

I never quite got over my second childhood. I doubt that any immigrant ever does — with his hasty, often harsh attuning to the new world. My first birth was distant and dim and unreal, for I was almost three years old when I awoke, and most of the shock had disappeared. The old world and I grew up together. We just grew in blissful ignorance of one another's growing pains. And my first childhood stole upon me softly.

Not so my second childhood. I was born full-grown, so to speak, and, therefore, was aware of my new birth. I regressed to the greed of infancy. My curiosity was that of a child. My manners lacked the poise of adulthood. My angers, fears, and joys were fleeting and childish, and divided the new world into absolute categories — into good and evil. The new world cut into my clay and chronicled something which was not there before — another code of thoughts and feelings.

The moment I put foot ashore I dropped my sailor bag from my shoulder, awe-struck at my own puniness. For Battery Park lay like a deep valley under the towering cliffs and mountain crags of Broadway. A glance up at the columns of the Custom House and at the skyscrapers impressed me as no other world wonder could. The

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dome of heaven sighed over the crags and coulees like a huge seashell, and snow covered the majestic peaks of these man-made mountains.

The Atlantic blew its breath into the mouth of the harbor, straight through the Battery into the gorge of the Broadway Canyon. The snow blew its beauty over the wharves and warehouses, and over the ferries. On a moored barge a woman was pulling down a line of frozen washing. Knee-deep she shivered in the snow, her arms goose-fleshed, her hands red, and the baby clothes stiff as rawhide. Floating barges bulged with coal and steel rails, brick and ashes. A scow laden with dead horses, and another laden with scobs and foundry slag, floated by. Tugboats, with their smoke tails kinked and twisted by the wind, nosed their prows into the bulging hull of a 'sea hog,' rooting at the freighter like pigs taking suckle. Churning propellers hacked and prows of steamers clove through ice floes and snow broth.

And far above, the skyscrapers rose like cathedrals of alabaster, gleaming in the sun — Manhattan, the city of my second childhood.

II

I found shelter in Mill's Hotel — a slender skyscraper on Bleecker Street, where I occupied a cell with a shelf to sleep on and a rope strung up for clothes. There I rested myself the first night, already quite detached from the past, and stunned with a crazy feeling that I was somebody else.

At early dawn I was out on the street again to gaze at the buildings, one of which was large enough to house the people of my home town, and at Brooklyn Bridge, which was thrice as broad as the King's Highway running through Denmark, and at the trains above my head and under my feet that were ten times speedier than the narrow-gauge train of the dunes.

Frantic streams of sweatshop workers climbed the subway stairs, leaped out of street cars, poured forth from ferries, rushed down from elevated stations. Children carried box wood home from wholesale stores and market places. Bent old men carted bulky sacks of rags to their junk shops. Sailor tramps told doleful stories of shipwrecks in which they had lost their belongings, from the gold they had dug in Alaska to their mother's Bible. Years later I found one of the same tramps on the same spot, telling the same tale. But only the first time did I urge him to accept a loan.

On West Street tangled teams and trucks and peddlers' carts blocked the horse cars that clanged their bells with yowling petulance, while teamsters cursed, peddlers sang, ferries tooted. On one side of the street rows on rows of immigrant liners lay moored. On the other side old tilting rooming houses were crowded with dark-eyed children, and with women with Mona Lisa faces, and with men lamenting in strange tongues.

Labor bureaus shipped away immigrants to mines and mills and factories. The labor market was flooded. Weeping with gratitude they went. Every day brought fresh hordes ashore. For every man who found work a hundred others stepped ashore from the Ellis Island ferry.

I descended into a subway excavation, far beneath the traffic, where laborers ran in continuous gallop, balancing their wheelbarrows on narrow planks, and throwing mud and granite into steam shovels. When a man stumbled or rested to regain his breath, his foreman's curses reverberated against the walls. My ambition was to build a subway. But foremen drove me away from their gangs of

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toilers, watchmen threatened me with arrest, explosives threatened my life.

My next ambition — and one that is not yet dead — was to drive an elevated train. But where could I find the owner? I rode to the end of the lines and stepped off at every station to find the owner. I pestered passengers, ticket-takers, conductors, and the men that repaired the tracks. But never did I find the owner.

Along thirty miles of water front I wandered in search of work, — around Manhattan Island, on the Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, and Staten Island wharves, — waiting through rain and sleet and snow with gangs of longshoremen to reach the boss before he finished picking the men he wanted. It took strength, when a steamer arrived, to break the brawny barriers and stem the tides of human muscles. Strong men crushed each other to the ground in their passion for work.

Thirty hours these longshoremen worked without a rest, while thousands of envious idlers watched from ashore. Their eyes were wild with lust for work. Tobacco juice mingled with sweat from their brows and froze into icicles on their horned moustaches. Cargoes of wheat and fruit, coal and brick, boxes, bales, and barrels, these tireless toilers carried, while their gang boss, yelling like a demon, drove them in a continual trot.

Accidents they ignored in their great urge for work. The paw of a hoisting boom struck a toiler to instant death; a cable swept a row of men off the deck, down on the drifting ice floes; a scaffold gave way under a dozen men, who tumbled down with their barrels in a bleeding heap.

III

On my arrival I was in possession of a twenty-dollar gold piece, five silver dollars, a pocket Bible, and a good watch. My sailor bag was full of working clothes. A six-shooter and a Spanish pistol, which I had bought in Buenos Aires the previous year, and a linen shirt which I had worn at the age of one, lay hidden on top among a dozen handkerchiefs. The next day sailor tramps borrowed my gold piece. And when the rest of my money was spent I took refuge in the open, cuddling up in a pile of straw that kept the cement from freezing on the foundation of a new skyscraper. There my sailor bag was stolen the first night. My baby shirt I saved, finding it in my pocket the next morning. I had mistaken it for a handkerchief.

One evening, as I cuddled up in the straw pile, an old Norseman — of the Amundsen type — lay down beside me. He swore at the aftertaste of the free-lunch bologna on which the saloons kept us alive. 'I may as well join the navy again, instead of starving to death,' he grumbled. At the mention of the navy my heart began to pound. 'Could a fellow who can't speak English join the navy?' I asked. I knew but a few curses and vulgar phrases that I had learned at sea. 'Anybody can,' he answered. 'The officer asks if you speak English, and you answer back that you can't, but you understand everything.'

I lay awake most of the night, repeating the answer, 'I speak not much English, but I understand (yoonderstand) everything.' At dawn I was walking back and forth in front of a sign upon which was printed the picture of a handsome sailor and beneath, in bold type, 'Young Men Wanted for the United States Navy.' Several hours I waited before the office opened. A sailor was sweeping the room. A stern-looking officer in uniform was sitting at a desk. He eyed me while I was busy whispering the answer to myself, my heart tugging fiercely.

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'How old are you?' he asked. I knew at once that something was wrong. 'I — I speak not much English, but I understand everything.' The officer repeated the question in a louder tone: 'How old are you?' And I repeated my answer, also in a louder tone: 'I speak not much English, but I understand everything.' Then a flush of impatience darkened his face. He waved me out of the office, while the sailor grinned.

When a watchman drove me away from the straw pile, I took refuge in a Bowery hotel, where I was packed on the floor with other vagrants like herrings in a barrel. These were dime and nickel lodgings, and we lay sleeping, not only on floors and benches, but also in the halls and on the stairs, from roof to sidewalk. My watch I pawned for fifty cents. Many a night I was grateful to sleep on the stairs among drunken Bowery bums. We lay or sat intermingled in a solid mass that formed a large, sluggish organism with limbs stretching into every nook, whose breath was strong, and whose coughs and grunts, moans and snoring, were the weirdest music that ever touched my ear.

At dawn we disentangled ourselves from one another's grip. And weaklings, who during the night succumbed, were shipped to the morgue and to the potter's field — two places I followed friends to that first winter.

The Bowery hotels welcomed me, whether I had my nickel or no. They saved me from freezing to death. Why should I not be grateful? Yet they were like slave ships with cargoes of slaves sealed up under the hatches.

And there were other wonders on the Bowery: the daily bread line with its soup, the Bowery Mission with its midnight teas, and the saloon free-lunch counters — traps with cheese, where many a hungry rat was fed.

In the Bowery saloons the air was so strong from smoke and alcohol that I groped my way along the walls like a blind man, colliding against human beings who had hardly enough life left to stagger out and beg for another dime. I found mad orators, pouring forth their feelings to moping men. I met boys of many nationalities, engaged in petty stealing, boasting of their last police adventure. I saw the vile pander of the brothels and the effeminate pervert of the parks — two male types that made me shiver. And here I found the harlot in the last ditch — a stranded wreck of a woman.

I joined the bread line on the Bowery, which wound around the block, and diminished, when the soup was served, like a roll of wire chopped off into nails. Shabby were the men, gloomy their spirits. Like homeless dogs they were, skulking around for bones in back alleys, snapping and snarling if I stepped on their toes or squeezed them out of line.

At the Bowery Mission the pastor and his wife fed a strange family. I became a frequent visitor there, and among ex-convicts, drunkards, dope fiends, and not infrequently demented youths, testified in baby English about a benevolent Providence. We bragged about our sins, especially on Saturday nights, when wealthy American women went slumming. Here the blackest sinner was the hero.

The one person who gave me the heartiest welcome to the shores of my new country was a woman bartender, in a saloon near South Ferry. God bless her memory. The ferry and tugboat crews who frequented the place informed me that in her youth she had been queen among the sailors in the Red Hook district across the river. Although she was vulgar and seldom sober, she took a maternal liking to me from the moment I sauntered into the

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saloon, boiling me eggs and a pot of coffee, sending me to a Turkish barber shop in the neighborhood to get my clothes fumigated and my body steamed. She tugged me to bed in a hall room above the saloon and poured a bowl of burning 'medicine' into my throat. And for six weeks, while she was bartender and free-lunch cook, she nursed me back to health. Spring found me strong and full of hope, ready to tackle a job.

IV

I worked on a tugboat and lived ashore at night. On Hamilton Avenue in the Red Hook district I lived. There women greeted me from hallways and gay sailor saloons, and from the curtained windows above. One night a man dragged me inside a brothel. A wrinkled, greedy-looking creature — the procuress — sat in a corner of the reception parlor, puling at her rheumatism. There were five young immigrant girls with her. They were all Scandinavians, tall and stolid, clumsy and mechanical in their charms. The youngest one had an eye unhealed from a stab by a sailor's knife — a jellied film of an eye. I shuddered at the sight and forced my way out. But the procuress limped after me. She had a virgin hidden away in the attic, she told me — one fresh from Norway. I rushed away from the evil woman.

I was lonesome and drifted into sailor resorts on Columbia Street. Many 'joints' there were filled with girls, children almost, shockingly brave, stooping to all the tricks of seduction. I feared the bewitching creatures and was in a panic when I saw one coming toward my table. Young Jewesses and daughters of Italian immigrants sat down uninvited on my lap and wound their arms around my neck. They looked as innocent as my sisters in the old country. I patted their hands and fled.

I lived with a shipmate above a saloon across the way from the police station. Thérèse was young and slender, like Queen Esther, whom I remembered from a forty-pound illustrated Bible that I had bought from a book agent. She was my mate's sweetheart — a bird of passage. And often she entered our room in the dark of night as calmly as though she were taking her bath, bargaining and gesturing. Me she hit a hard blow with her fist. 'Dumbbell!' she whispered, with furious scorn.

I found a sailor mission in the Red Hook district, organized by a strong Norwegian preacher who kept his countrymen active in the useful work of saving sailors' souls. His followers were a healthy group of immigrants and not like the wrecks on the Bowery. On Saturday night the preacher held open-air meetings among harlots and drunken sailors. I was attracted by the preacher's magnetic face and by his megaphone voice. This earliest social centre — the Bethelship Mission — established me ashore. I should probably have drifted to sea had I not found it. The men who attended the sailor mission were strong dock laborers, and the women were robust servant girls.

I grew earnest about religion, as young men do when they are lonesome. Physically I was very strong — and, for æsthetic rather than ethical reasons, continent, as well. America fascinated my flesh. Every fresh stimulus took hold. My urge for self-destruction was as strong as my urge for self-preservation. Yet my senses were too sharp for 'trenchant living.' My comrades lived ten times more thoroughly than did I, and therefore died before they grew up to tell.

It was not 'salvation' that I wanted so much as to know God personally. It was Jehovah, not Jesus, that I

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desired. I was not fleeing away. The new world and I were growing accustomed to one another. And, though I compromised daily, I was able to hold my own without losing my dignity. I was, therefore, not trying an escape, and sought, rather, a youthful adventure into a still newer world. But Jehovah ignored me. I did not come anywhere near that spiritual Kingdom which the sailors bragged about. Jehovah was out there, somewhere. And He simply ignored me.

I tried prayers — verbal and written — and kept a sharp lookout. In my pocket Bible I wrote versified incantations from Genesis to the book of Revelation, until the book was worn out. I still treasure its remains.

I tried 'good works.' Many a sailor tramp paid for my failure as a saint. I wandered up and down Hamilton Avenue, picking them up and dragging them to the mission. And if the tramp was too dirty for presentation I led him down into a cellar and washed his face.

I tried fanaticism and became a nuisance to the sailor preacher. Then I drifted over to other missions that abounded in the Red Hook district, to the Holy Rollers, Full-Gospel People, Tongue-Speakers — queer groups of sturdy Scandinavian immigrants who, unlike myself, were fleeing away from the new world.

During the meeting they fell in heaps on the floor, shrieking out prayers hysterically and rocking their bodies like Negroes in a Southern Gospel camp. And they were hard-working men and women — longshoremen, dock carpenters, and servant girls. They spoke with 'tongues,' uttering frightful sounds and noises. They 'interpreted' these 'tongues' with holy awe. They 'prophesied' about wars and shipwrecks to a startled sailor audience. They 'healed' their sick by touch. One — an old Swedish janitor — claimed that he had raised a child from death.

But Jehovah paid not the slightest attention to me, no matter how wild my efforts. I made it a coöperative task for these endowed Scandinavians to give me a lift. In vain they put their hands on my head, and shouted imploringly, and poured 'three-in-one' oil down my neck. Finally they consoled me by quoting Saint Paul: 'Are all apostles? are all prophets? are all teachers? are all workers of miracles? Have all the gifts of healing? do all speak with tongues? do all interpret?' In the gray hours of morning I left them for my tugboat in the harbor.

V

I hoarded words like a coin-collector, and the language of my second childhood grew. Every day I found new words; for all the things and acts that I beheld in the new world had a name, and every name had many modifiers. I talked to myself as I had done in the rope spinnery during my first childhood — playing with my collection during all my leisure hours. I remember distinctly the day when four words which had grown familiar to my ear attached themselves to things that had grown familiar to my eye. 'Was the boss *satisfied?*' 'This is a *rush* job.' 'The whistle blew *long ago.*' 'I'll *O. K.* your time slip.' I was less of a child and more grown-up when these four words became part of my own living flesh. We had become partners, the new world and I, for we owned something in common.

My childish responses to the new world uttered themselves in my emotions. A bartender, giving me a plate of corned beef and cabbage, filled my heart with a rare joy. A park cop, poking my ribs with his club, made me angry enough to kill. A watchman,

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pointing his gun at me, gave me a fear that, literally, tasted salty. (Lot's wife must have had even a greater fear.) The new world, with its new words and new feelings, grew into a corporation — like the Trinity, almost. First in rank came the new world; second, the new words — which were only symbols and were a kind of 'substituting vicar'; third, the new feelings — which were like a 'spirit' that revealed and appraised its two triumviral peers, a sort of guardian ghost that told me the difference between good and evil. For the new world was neither all good nor all evil. I worshiped it with the faith of a child — that is, selfishly.

In Brooklyn I joined a public night school, where immigrants gathered to learn the language of their new country. The teacher was a young American woman of wit and refinement. She handled her forty husky pupils well. There was in the class an old, half-blind Italian doctor, who never learned to say 'I' instead of 'me.' There was also an English teamster, with black teeth and clothes that smelled of horses, who was learning a more limber handwriting. And there were many Swedes, who after the day's work at the water front were tired and sleepy, and always lost the page in their primers when they were called on to read. A German would leap up like a Jack-in-the-box to show them the page and paragraph.

We read the very same fairy tales which in my childhood had bored me. Danish fairy tales, strange to say, had always made me sick at my stomach — especially 'The Ugly Duckling.' Perhaps I had been too sensuous for such kind of symbolism, though the parables of Jesus always affected me pleasantly. But in the night school here I found the charm of Andersen. The words melted in my mouth like liquored candy. And when the teacher read a phrase I beheld a familiar Danish landscape — in colors — inside my eyelids.

We were proud of our teacher and we were all in love with her — even the charming old doctor, whose office boy often came into the classroom between bells, rushing him off to a sick bed. The teacher accepted my offer to escort her home after the late school hours. And when the Britisher heard this he grinned equivocally. 'I s'pose ye're goin' to marry 'er next, for to 'ave a wife to support ye?' How wisely the other immigrants smiled! They would gossip, though not maliciously, and they would lower their voices when I entered the classroom. Once I overheard the Britisher say: 'Sure, 'e is a sailorman, 'e is. And 'e 'as a gurrel in h'ivery 'arbor.'

One night she invited me to a Sunday dinner at her home. She wanted me to meet her husband. Her husband! Was she married? Surely she was married. She even had a little boy, whom her husband took care of while she taught night school. She laughed teasingly. She supposed that I was 'through' escorting her home? Certainly not, I told her. It would be an even greater pleasure. Why a greater pleasure? — not quite so teasingly. I grew confused and jabbered a platitude about 'burning love' versus 'unending friendship.'

This visit was my début into an American home. She came to the door herself and with girlish gayety pushed me into the parlor, where her husband was crawling on the floor, playing with the baby. 'Here is my prodigy, hubby.' She whistled a charming falsetto and ran into the kitchen. My teacher's husband was talkative, but I understood little of what he was saying. Later he laid the baby on my lap — what finer sign of hospitality could he have expressed? — while he helped his wife in the kitchen. I side-glanced awkwardly at the little fellow — a new American too. So this was my teacher's

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own flesh and blood! The baby eyed me, then welcomed me vigorously by taking hold of my hair.

At school the Britisher sat writing and panting and grinning. When I told him that the teacher was a married woman he opened his eyes wide and gasped: 'Look out, my friend! 'Er man'll kill ye yet.' And the other immigrants tittered and poked each other in the ribs.

VI

When the tugboat on which I worked was sold to a San Francisco firm, I was offered a chance to stoke her around Cape Horn, a great temptation to which I almost yielded. I found work in a parochial hospital, orphanage, and old people's home. And my duties were various, such as carrying patients from the wards to the private morgue, pushing old people around the yard in a wheel chair, and keeping an eye on scores of orphans, who during their class recess flocked around me like a brood of chickens. They would close in on me, these motherless ones, in the woodshed, while I chopped wood for the laundry, and risk a scratch from the chips, begging for another sailor story. They would follow me down to the furnace, where I helped the red-haired engineer hoist ashes, and to the stables, where I gave the consumptive ambulance driver a hand, and to the laundry, where I turned the mangle for an Irish laundress. And they would enter my room, which I shared with an old saint, the chapel organist, to take a peek into my forty-pound Bible.

Often when the little ones in the middle of their play caught sight of me they came trotting across the grounds. From day to day our friendship grew. The Father in charge looked on gravely from his office window. And the young internes and nurses flocked to the ward windows, while the good nuns, much disturbed, came mincing to gather up their charges. The Father sent me down into the cellars, which were like dark, enormous dungeons of a monastery, to sweep up thirty years of dust, while the orphans called in vain. Then one day I was discharged — 'for the good of the service.'

Between Manhattan and Blackwell's Island a bridge leaps across the East River and continues high above the massive jail buildings to Long Island City. On this bridge I balanced myself on a narrow plank, painting the underneath parts of the structure, and smearing barrels of red lead on rivets and steel beams. The other daubers were young and tough, and always half drunk. I worked too fast to suit them. And I was singled out because I received a quarter more a day than they. The gang boss, who had hired me especially for this job, shook his head and whispered: 'Look out for trouble, you sailor. Don't get them sore. They're a tough bunch, and they'll push anybody off — accidentally, you know.'

I was not brave with such a gang of boys over my head. And I did not know how to handle them. If I offered to chip in for a can of beer, they called me a 'damned scab,' a word that I was unable to find in my pocket dictionary. And if I ignored them my snobbishness irritated them. I had been in ships where one man was the target of the whole crew, yet no one had ever threatened his life. I knew that peace at any price was the cheapest. Either I must leave the job and run ashore like a presaging ship rat, or I must take my chances among the drunken desperadoes. I decided to quit.

But the same afternoon a foot struck my face a blow from above. The fight lasted but a minute. The boy was not quite quick enough to draw his foot away. I caught hold, and he came

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tumbling down upon the plank that swung in the ropes. I held on to his neck with one arm while I clung to the plank with the other, determined, if I fell, to have him follow. Others above battered my face. But I shielded it behind my opponent's head, yelling for help, as a man with death in his throat, until the gang boss intervened and saved our lives. 'I told you so,' he said, as he paid me off.

A week later I met the Britisher of the night school, driving a coal wagon. 'Good God!' he exclaimed. 'I thought ye was dead. I thought 'er man 'ad killed ye. But did n't 'e give ye an awful boxing, though?'

One morning a group of men crowded the sidewalk outside a factory, focusing their eyes on the closed gate with dog-like patience. An employment clerk appeared and picked out three men at random. And I was one of the fortunates. He handed each a pass for night work. At dusk I approached the factory among large crowds. A whistle sounded, and men and women began to run as though they feared to be left out of Heaven. When I arrived the gate was shut. And the watchman — a jovial fellow, this one, with a badge on his chest and a club in his hand — advised me to return at midnight.

I sat down outside the factory gate and waited until he opened it again. He led me into an oozing, overheated building of ovens, benches, and small slicing machines. Men were making cylindrical phonograph records, dipping gold moulds into black wax that boiled in tanks over blue gas flames, and slicing the frail castings at the edge before the wax hardened. Women worked in the storerooms.

I worked on a crew of four — the dipper, slicer, inspector, and mould-carrier. And we earned a quarter each for one hundred perfect records, and paid a fine of a quarter each when a gold mould was scratched by accident and had to be recast. That was fair enough, I thought. I was the mould-carrier, and during a ten-hour shift walked a distance of nineteen miles between the dipper and inspector. The blue gas flames and the smoke from the wax ovens were like a million smoky candles. Half-naked men slid along the waxy floors like haunted ghosts. Vivid as the picture was, it resembled Hell — that Hell I later grew acquainted with through Dante and Milton.

The gold moulds — embossed on the inner edge by inverted titles — were protected by thick, water-cooled layers of copper. 'Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,' was the mould at our oven. I read the title many times and peered through the wax smoke at the toilers leaning over their ovens, flitting back and forth between the benches and ovens, and slicing off the edge of the records like black bologna. I chuckled at the irony. Yet, often the lights and shades held me breathless.

In the bins 'Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht' piled up, until close on to Christmas — as I had anticipated — the crew was laid off. I spent my first Christmas Eve in the new world wandering through wealthy residential districts, looking in at the family gatherings, and hearing phonographs in the homes sing out the sombre melody, 'Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht.' My eyes blinked. I *was* a child.

VII

I was learning a trade. Eagerly I harried another unknown territory in the new world. It was always an outward voyage — a flight away from myself. And although I failed to find the Holy Grail until after I returned to myself, years later, these quests of a strong, impetuous, lonesome child-man made life more than worth living. I was

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learning a trade. Is there anything more salubrious for the body than to have its ten fingers do its thinking?

Voltage and amperage were the mystery of the age. What else, therefore, should I choose than the trade of an electrician? I was a humble helper, cleaning motors in hundreds of sweatshops of lower Manhattan, hauling new motors from the repair shop, and carrying burned-out armatures back to Prince Street. Even after I had learned the rudimentary tricks of this semimystical trade — such as the methodical waste of time and material on repair jobs, and the short cuts of contract jobs — new wonders continued to thrill me.

I beheld the interior of Manhattan — flour lofts with sparkling, high-tensioned ozonators that bleached white flour still whiter; power stations with dynamos that blew the breath of life into the new world; factories with steam hammers that shook the ground as they flattened ingots into bars, and yet were sensitive enough to cork a bottle.

I knew the cellars and roofs, the shops and offices — the machinery and vital organs of a great city. I all but drowned in a roof tank while I was wiring a pump switch, losing my balance, and keeping afloat in nine feet of water. Once I got drenched to the waist in a grocery cellar by falling into a pickle barrel. In a roomy refrigerator I was once locked up the night long. Out of a flooded cellar on the East Side I helped drag a dead fireman during a fire. Once when an Italian butcher was too generous with his wine I fell off my ladder and was caught, dangling on a hook between two butchered steers.

And not only the shops and stores and factories did my wondering child eyes behold. Coney Island's Loop-the-Loop I kept 'gorgeously bedizened.' Chandeliers I hung in spacious halls to illumine the mural decorations there. An intricate signal system I helped to install in a skyscraper hotel. A millionaire's estate at Long Branch I connected with private telephones. The arches of a Gothic church I strung with conduit. My hand controlled the stage lights of a Harlem club, amused by naked dancing girls.

But the part of Manhattan that I learned to know best was after all the sweatshop district. Between Canal Street and Greenwich Village I worked in several hundred shops: glove shops with rows on rows of sewing machines, and purring shuttles gliding out of and into thread loops, and the mad dance of glinting needles around a thousand tiny leather fingers; lace shops with looms growling appallingly, gears and pinions gnawing one another's teeth, spindles and spools whirring, and shrieks from a jungle of belts; trouser shops with forty layers of cloth cut by a pair of creeping scissors, and long, clattering needle races along the inseams; handbag shops with dies, punches, and curved knives, bronze, silver, and gold hinges, and a cargo of warty alligator skins; feather shops with cellars of vats and blowers, airy drying lofts, and downy assortment rooms — all the shops crowded with bright-eyed immigrant girls.

And there were the rag shops on Hudson and Water Streets, where old, hawklike witches squatted on the floor and examined the rags and ripped them apart — piece by piece — and with clairvoyant gazes read a story in each. The rags of Manhattan went into the right baskets — silk and wool, cotton and linen, plush, serge, and broadcloth rags.

There were also shops with old, old men, stitching fur caps by day and sleeping on their sewing tables at night — red-eyed, undernourished dreamers, some of whom seldom, if ever, ventured

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down into the street, except on the Sabbath day.

And I found an artistic hat shop, owned and managed by a bearded Talmudic scholar. There was no rush in this shop; young girls had time to steal a glance at me and I at them, the air was cooled by exhaust fans, and there was a cozy, tranquil atmosphere, as though I had entered a temple. Etchings and epigrams decorated the walls. The boss was like a peaceful prophet, pouring forth wisdom and holiness. Even the motors, unlike the whizzing overworked ones in other shops, hummed harmoniously, and pulled the belts with ease.

One day I came upon a man bent over a sewing machine in a dingy sweatshop, a pale, thinly bearded Jew with the melancholy glow of his race burning in his eye. He had suffered his share in this life, having been driven from Moscow into the Siberian ice, during his student days, from whence he had made his escape to America. At noon we lunched together at a sidewalk counter, devouring — and relishing — a glass of synthetic lemonade and a nickel's worth of doughnuts. I treated to ice-cream cones, though this extravagance was more severe on my resources than if, during my sailor days, I had treated a crew. My apprentice wage of a dollar a day barely covered the four essentials of Manhattan — carfare, clothes, housing, food.

My new friend was in a hurry to return. He was tutoring a youngster in mathematics, he told me. I held him back. Mathematics! The only language that made natural forces obey its command! The bridge between earth and the stars! The essence of voltage and amperage! He was preparing a youth for entrance examination to Cooper Union on the Bowery. 'If I took lessons, could I also enter Cooper Union?' I asked eagerly. 'One dollar I'll pay you every week.' He looked me over from head to foot — especially my head. 'Yes,' he said. 'I'll teach you.'

That spring and summer I studied algebra and geometry with exuberant joy and tenacity. My books were always with me. In the morning on the trains from Brooklyn I studied mathematics. And when I walked along Broadway from City Hall to the shop on Prince Street I solved quadratic equations, often colliding with people on the crowded sidewalk. When I hauled a motor to a sweatshop and the wagon got stuck in a tie-up, I would ponder over circles and triangles. When my foreman forbade me to hurry a repair job, and often kept me loafing for days at a time in the cellars of Manhattan, my book was under a plumber's candle, ready at a moment's notice to be tossed into my tool bag. Even when I rode on top of an office elevator the day long, repairing the bell-wire cable between stops, my book lay hidden in my tool bag. And the diagrams I drew in my notebook were not of the broken-down bell system, but were geometric demonstrations.

Short circuits blew my screwdriver into molten drippings, my pliers into clouds of smoke, and my wrench into meteoric dust. Invisible currents swept through my tissue, some gripping me with ecstatic thrills, some taking hold as a surge seizes a ship, and some hitting me a hammer blow that stunned my senses. But I mastered my trade and my mathematics.

What a glorious second childhood!

(The January number will contain Mr. Jensen's account of his American marriage)

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THIS BOOK-COLLECTING GAME

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

FIRST, let me say that our English cousins would not understand this title. 'Game' to them means something quite different from what it does to us — to them it suggests something tricky. A London policeman, seeing two or three rather disreputable-looking characters acting suspiciously on a street corner, will approach them with 'What's your little game?' He may say 'gaime'; in any event, he will tell them to 'move h'on' or 'be h'off.' We, on the other hand, say that a man on leaving college is going into the electrical game, meaning thereby that he has adopted the electrical business as his profession, and that he intends to play it with what skill he has.

I have been playing this book-collecting game for forty years; it is, indeed, the only game I thoroughly enjoy. I remember perfectly how it happened that I began to play it. For a boy, I was a sturdy reader: at school — before I ran away therefrom and never went back — I read Napoleon, having, as a small boy, consumed the 'Rollo' books, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, *Sandford and Merton*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Great Expectations*. But Napoleon as portrayed by Abbott enthralled me, and finally I came to have some twenty or thirty volumes about him — quite a lot for a lad. Then one day I awoke from my trance and saw Napoleon — as I still believe him to be — a monster in human form; whereupon I trudged off to Leary's, that famous secondhand bookshop in Philadelphia, and sold the lot, and was ready to begin what I was pleased to think was my intellectual life over again.

Then, just at the proper moment, I fell under the sway of a man old enough to be my father, who, without consciously intending to do so, undertook to direct my reading and suggested that I form a library. 'It will be a great delight to you when you are older,' he said. 'Fine,' I replied, 'but where shall I begin?' 'At the beginning,' he said. 'With Homer, Pope's translation: the *Iliad;* afterward read the *Odyssey*, which you'll like better.' I bought the books and have them still: two volumes, Bohn's edition, in faded green cloth; they are the corner stones of my library. Subsequently, at my mentor's suggestion, I read *The Cloister and the Hearth* and *The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini*. These led me to Motley and Prescott; by that time I was twenty, and had read Boswell's *Johnson*, had been in London, and my education — such as it was — was complete. Certainly this education might have been better, but then it might have been worse.

In between what I may have thought was my 'heavy reading,' I read Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, and Charles Reade. Then the problems of life began to press rather firmly upon my shoulders, but I managed to get some reading done; and someone was good enough to tell me when I bought

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a book always to get, if possible, a first edition. And when I inquired why, I was told that if I ever wanted to sell my books I might get my money back if I had first editions; whereas, if I had not, I should be pretty sure not to.

Years passed: I bought what books I could; finally got married, bought a home, had children, and came to feel the need of some sort of place in the country for the summer months. It seemed, at the moment, more important to have a place in the country than to have a few hundred first editions, and as it was perfectly clear to me that I could not have both, I decided to part with some of my books. After some discussion and correspondence, carried on through a third party, I decided to sell at auction in New York, and — to save money — to make and print the catalogue myself. And I still have a copy of the slender pamphlet in which were bound up my hopes and fears. There were in all two hundred and forty-six items. I had made my notes as interesting as I could, and on the afternoon of Monday, May 18, 1896, with my catalogue in my pocket and my heart in my mouth, I climbed up the shabby stairs that led to Bangs and Company's in lower Fifth Avenue, where the sale was to take place. One or two people nodded to me as I entered the room, but no one knew that the books were mine. On the other hand, I knew to a penny what each item cost, and to keep up appearances I bought one or two books that were going for less than they were worth; but I had to be careful, for the sale must net me twenty-five hundred dollars. And it did. As I remember, I ultimately got a check for something like twenty-seven hundred dollars; with which amount I built the cottage in the country in which I still live — with such more substantial additions as I have been able to make as I got a lead on the sheriff.

It was several years before my affairs permitted me to think seriously of again collecting books; meantime I had the mistakes to make that a city man always makes when finally, for good and all, he transfers himself to the country. How we raised every animal that could be raised — in adversity — and grew everything that refused to grow, until with increase of fortune we discovered that only the very rich could afford to milk their own cow and grow their own vegetables — of what interest is this to any man? Books are my theme.

II

A permanent bent had been given to my life and interests by my first visit to London. Its individuality was greater forty years ago than to-day: something — maybe it is democracy — is tending to make most of us colorless and uninteresting. In an effort to recreate myself in a less commonplace world, I became a reader of biography. Of soldiers and soldiering I had had enough; for politicians, playing their crooked and sordid games, I had — and still have — a feeling of abhorrence. The lives of actors and actresses always promise to be interesting but seldom are. My great regret is that, as a young man, I was never led to read Shakespeare, almost to the exclusion of everything else. But he once seemed too remote for me; and this feeling led me to neglect the seventeenth century; in the eighteenth I found the leisure which was lacking in my own. I became, ex officio, a member of the Johnson circle. I exchanged — happy exchange — my perplexities for those of Oliver Goldsmith: what shall be the name of the new play? — which was to deal a body blow to the artificial

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comedies of Congreve, the plots of which no man can follow without a compass. How will it be received? Under what circumstances and difficulties was *The Rivals* produced? And *The School for Scandal?* I had never seen *The Critic*, but I could read it; I owned a copy, for I had discovered — and it was the only discovery I ever made — that any book worth reading was worth owning. Almost unconsciously I began to buy books again: once more I was a book-collector.

I have followed the course of many book-collectors. If he be a rich man he begins by buying subscription books in binding, and if he continues to play the game he will come to hate them. If he be young, he will begin with some modern author, Dickens, or Stevenson, or Kipling, perhaps with Bret Harte; but it makes little difference where one begins, if one keeps on: sooner or later he will wish to own the masterpieces of literature in first editions, and will buy them if he can. The longing I had for a first *Vicar of Wakefield* is not to be expressed. And a professed lover of Boswell should have a first edition of his great biography, uncut and in boards, especially as a fine copy was then to be had for fifty dollars. A good resolution is never to be satisfied with a poor copy of a book at any price; a superlatively fine copy of a great book is always cheap.

I have referred to book-collecting as a game: it is, and a pleasant one, calling for all the skill you may acquire and as much money as you can afford to spend. If you play it with the 'rigour' that Sarah Battle enjoined when playing whist with Charles Lamb, it will take more money than you can afford — then it will prove positively exciting. I shall assume in this paper that if, and when, you stop collecting, should you decide to dispose of your collection, you will have no objection to getting your money back. To do this, you must not ride your hobby too far off the beaten track. Let me explain what I mean.

Let us assume that you have decided to make a collection of Kipling — the greatest English author now living, with the exception of Thomas Hardy. You may begin where you will, as your purse and opportunity afford. You may decide to buy a copy of *Schoolboy Lyrics* — his first book, if book it may be called — a tiny pamphlet, in brown paper covers, of which fifty copies were printed by his father; it is now worth fifteen hundred dollars. Or you may start with that excellent story, *Captains Courageous*, the manuscript of which has recently passed into the Pierpont Morgan Library, and of which three first editions are known: namely, the S. S. McClure edition, of which only five copies were published to secure the copyright, the edition published in New York in 1897 by the Century Company, and the edition published that same year in London; either of these last you can get for five dollars. It would, of course, be nice to have the edition of which only five copies were printed, rather than either the first American or the first English edition; but in any case a good beginning has been made, for these, any of them, are *books*. An article in a magazine is a different matter: it is practically impossible and almost useless to follow an author through the magazines. And, unless it is your purpose to present your collection of an author to some library or institution, stop with the important books and the important waifs and strays — if this contradictory phrase may be allowed. Otherwise, one's time and money are spent in an exhaustive search for an item hardly worth having when found. Long before the possibilities of Kipling are

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exhausted, I should turn my attention to some other author of equal distinction of the same period: in the case we are imagining, it would be Thomas Hardy.

Why, do you say? For this reason. Let us suppose an auction sale at which three or four hundred items of one subject are to be disposed of. Kipling does not fit into everyone's collection; not everyone — not even the booksellers, who are certain to be present — knows as much about the subject as a man who has for years specialized upon it, and it may happen that a unique item which may have cost you a lot of money will be knocked down for a song. Another reason: there is such a thing as 'sales fatigue.' It is difficult for the auctioneer to keep his customers' interest from flagging at a long sale in which there is no variety: variety is the spice of life, and nowhere is it more necessary than in the auction room.

It will be seen that I am at the moment writing from the point of view of the seller; from the buyer's point of view, these long and wearisome sales afford excellent opportunities for strengthening one's collection. And here let it be said that if the average man seeks to make a representative collection of a fairly voluminous author one subject will serve to occupy him for several years: occasionally it will occupy a lifetime. I have in mind the collection of *The Dance of Death*, the most remarkable of its kind ever formed, which was assembled by Miss Susan Minns of Boston. It was sold several years ago by the American Art Association in New York, and in the introduction to the excellent sales catalogue Miss Minns tells how she put the collection together, piece by piece, over many years. In dispersing it she sportily said: 'I have had the pleasure of collecting: let others have the same.' I applaud the sentiment, but the collection should have been kept together as a monument to the lady's unrivaled knowledge and industry. A bore once asked Oliver Herford what he would like most to see; after a pause he replied: 'I should like to see you throw a raw egg into an electric fan.' Now, were the question put to me, I should say I should like to see the ordinarily well-informed man, not knowing of Miss Minns's hobby, start telling her something about *The Dance of Death*.

III

To return to Thomas Hardy. His first book was *Desperate Remedies*, published anonymously, by Tinsley Brothers, in three volumes: in those days all novels were published in three volumes, and it was usual for the circulating libraries to buy a certain number of every novel when it came out, few people caring to venture thirty shillings — the established price — upon a work of fiction, especially if the author were unknown. Hence it is that almost all copies of an author's first book (I am speaking of novels) are known as 'ex-library' copies, meaning that a library label has been pasted upon the binding, leaving a stain if removed, and accounting for other damage. From this it will be seen how difficult it is to come across a fine copy in cloth. Bound copies make, of course, a fine appearance on one's shelves, but fastidious collectors have declared for original cloth, or boards with the paper labels, as the case may be, and are prepared to back their fancy to a pretty steep figure. Even as I write there comes to my table a catalogue from Walter M. Hill of Chicago, whose catalogues, by the way, always deserve careful reading. Note how lovingly he describes this item: —

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AUSTEN (Jane). *Sense and Sensibility;* a novel. In three volumes. By a Lady. London. Printed for the author and published by T. Egerton, 1811. First Edition. $900.00

In the original blue boards and with the paper labels, and in perfect state. No foreign element has entered into the physical condition of the copy. A most unusual book in the most desirable and rare state of perfection.

I need it to complete my set. The temptation to buy it is almost irresistible, but one can't have everything.

Of Jane Austen, Mr. R. W. Chapman, the Secretary of the Oxford University Press, one night, not long ago, told me an interesting story. A friend of his, dining with Lord Rosebery, was asked by the noble lord what was the second-best novel in the language. 'We are agreed, I take it, that *Tom Jones* stands first.' 'We are,' replied the guest, 'and I should say that the second-best was *Emma*.' 'You are right,' said Lord Rosebery. The noble lord spoke positively; I am not quite so sure myself, but then I am not a noble lord.

We were speaking of the difficulty of getting first editions in their original cloth or boards. The moment a book is rebound it must be viewed with suspicion. Half titles are frequently lacking, or, if present, may have been taken from second or later editions. Or it may be that some ignorant bookseller has taken upon himself to add a half title to a book which in its first state had none. Too much is quite as bad as too little: anything more or less than the book in the condition its author gave it to the world is not now favorably regarded. If you ask me 'Why?' let me say that what an expert binder can do to a book would make your eyes pop out of your head. A title-page, or any other page, can be reproduced so that even experts have been deceived. And it has always been so. A century ago, in London, a man named Harris supplied complicated title-pages with such skill as resulted in their being shown, for years, as original in the British Museum before detection. The 'recasing' of books, which sometimes extends to 'resewing,' the use of new end papers, and such sophistications, are pitfalls which should be avoided; I infinitely prefer to have the leaves of a book not overclean rather than 'washed,' because the process of washing involves the use of chemicals, some of which may remain in the paper, ultimately making it brittle.

And, obviously, rebinding a book, unless it is done carefully, usually means the reduction of margins — and size is a matter of the utmost consideration in buying a book. Binders, all of them, deserve to be hung by the feet until they are dead for the offenses their ancestors in the trade have committed. The nonchalance with which a binder put a book under a knife and removed a substantial fraction of its margins is now recognized as a crime. Every important library contains numbers of rare volumes which, had they been allowed to remain in their original condition, tied up with a bit of string if the leaves were loose, would to-day be priceless; as it is, they may indeed be so, but how much more valuable would they be had they not been subjected to the process of cropping!

Blessings upon the head of Daniel Charles Solander, a botanist of distinction, who after extensive travels became a 'Keeper' in the British Museum. He invented the leather case which bears his name. It is a box in the exact shape of a book, in which some precious volume may be kept, and which, when placed upon one's shelves, has the appearance of a

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book. Such cases are usually made of morocco, sometimes covering asbestos boards, which render them practically fireproof. I almost never have a book bound: the moment one does so, some question arises which could perhaps have been settled if the book had not been tampered with. Many collectors, in binding their books or in having slip cases made for them, — a slip case being a simpler form of case, — have their novels bound in one color, their poetry in another, and so on. This adds variety and beauty to one's books and makes it easier to recognize some particular volume when sought. After Solander's death in 1782, it was sought to honor him in some way, and a small island somewhere in the Pacific was named after him; but a 'Solander case' is more frequently referred to than the island, I am quite certain of it.

I have not animadverted upon the collection of books in sets. Let me explain what I mean. Certain sets one must have; no gentleman's library is complete without them: sets of Dickens, and Scott, or Parkman, or Motley, and hundreds of others. These are backbone books — one must have them; but their possession confers upon their owner no more distinction than a pair of pants. There are, however, other books which give perpetual delight; these vary with the wealth and learning of the collector. In my own case a fine copy of Benjamin Franklin's *Cato Major* in original binding, the first classic translated and published in America (in Philadelphia in 1744), would do it; whereas Mr. Henry E. Huntington would have to produce the original manuscript of Franklin's *Autobiography* — and he could do it, too.

IV

The only 'set' of first editions I ever bought, complete, in binding, is my set of Trollope. I bought it years ago before the renaissance of this great Victorian had set in. I am glad to have it, — many of the books are practically unobtainable in their original condition, — but it gives me no feeling of pride. When, not long ago, Michael Sadleir, an ardent English Trollopean, wrote to ask me a question as to the original binding of one of Trollope's early books, I was obliged to confess that as my set was in binding I could not answer his question.

I like to think that I am responsible in some measure for Trollope's present vogue, both with readers and with collectors. I have always delighted in him because of his humor, and his marvelous pictures of nineteenth-century English life. After his death a quietus was put to his fame by the publication of his *Autobiography*. In it he described the perfunctory way in which he wrote his novels, and, his own generation of readers dying with him, the next would have nothing to do with him. 'How can novels so produced be anything but stupid?' it was said. Years ago I wrote a small paper on the genius of Trollope, being led to do so by the appearance of a silly article in an English magazine to the effect that Trollope was as dead as Cæsar. And about the same time Professor Phelps of Yale wrote in his book on the English novel that 'no one would dare call Trollope a genius'; whereupon I rose and said, 'I do.' To-day Trollopeans are everywhere, even in England. He has more first-rate novels to his credit than any other writer. A complete set of his writings runs to sixty-eight titles, one hundred and thirty-four volumes! Anyone who wishes to spend a delightful evening or two with this novelist will read his *Autobiography*. And would you read an excellent novel? Try *The Eustace Diamonds*.

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I sometimes think that the greatest joy that comes from playing this book-collecting game is the delightful acquaintances one makes — tastes in common soon flower into friendships. Through my interest in William Blake I came to meet and know intimately Graham Robertson — an English authority and collector of that fascinating man. It happened in this way: I was in the British Museum one day, talking to Laurence Binyon. He asked me if I knew Robertson, and I replied, 'No, but I should like to.' 'I think I can arrange it,' said Binyon; and a few days later I received a letter saying that Mr. Robertson was out of town, but if I would call at a certain house in Knightsbridge his housekeeper would show me his collection of paintings. I did so, and saw some wonderful paintings, — they are now in the Tate Gallery, — and when subsequently I wrote Mr. Robertson thanking him for his courtesy I remarked that we had other tastes in common; and I mentioned Gilbert and Sullivan and Irving and Terry. Whereupon I received another letter from Robertson, saying that if I, in addition to being a Blake collector, was a Gilbert and Sullivan and an Irving and Terry enthusiast, he wished I would come down into the country and spend a day with him; that all his best Blakes were in the country, and that he himself had not been in his London house for several years. He said that he would meet me at the railway station; that I could not miss him, as he was a plain-looking old man, but that he would be accompanied by the finest sheep dog in England. I went, met Mr. Robertson without difficulty, spent a happy day with a most delightful gentleman; and I have never since gone to England without spending a day in his company, and his letters to me are a joy. And, of course, I know well Geoffrey Keynes, the splendid young surgeon of 'Barts.,' whose bibliographical studies of Blake would seem to be the last word on the subject — at least the Grolier Club thought so when it brought out its splendid volume.

Let me mention another man, John Burns, England's one-time Labor leader, and one of the most brilliant men I ever met. His acquaintance I made in Sawyer's bookshop. The Honorable John is self-educated, but what an education! He has half a dozen degrees from as many universities. What are his interests? Well, in addition to statistics on every conceivable subject, I should say they are Politics, London, History, Architecture, Town Planning, and Sir Thomas More, of whom he has the finest collection in the world. He is a seasoned book-hunter, has a wonderful library, and a memory which is bewildering to a man who, like myself, was born with a complete forgettery in place of that useful organ. He does not believe in war, gave up office and five thousand pounds a year for conscience' sake; but, England once in, he did what he could himself, saw his son and only child go, — never to come back, — and now, with his very charming wife, he lives in semiretirement, with his books.

Through book-collecting I came to meet and know that rare personality, Amy Lowell, and, through her, Professor Palmer of Harvard. The meeting with him came about in this way. I had been spending some weeks visiting friends 'down east,' and when I got to Boston one hot August day I said to myself, 'Well, it's been a pleasant holiday, but it's over now: all my friends will be out of town. Ellery Sedgwick I know is away, and Amy Lowell will be rusticating somewhere. Nevertheless, I'll go through the motions of calling them up.' I was right as to Sedgwick,

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but wrong as to Miss Lowell. After the usual delays came the rich, well-rounded voice over the telephone (the voice I shall, alas! never hear again): 'What brings you to these parts? Certainly you may come to dinner. I'll send the motor for you. You'll find a dear old gentleman in it: Professor Palmer. He's dining with me; he's a book-collector too.' 'Why, he's the very man I came to Boston to see,' I replied. 'You did!' cried Miss Lowell. 'I supposed you had come to see me! However, come to dinner and I'll show Professor Palmer to you.' Now Professor Palmer not only teaches philosophy — he practises it; his chief claim to distinction, however, is his knowledge of Greek. He has translated Homer's *Odyssey* into a 'best seller.' 'When 'Omer smote 'is blooming lyre,' as Kipling says, I wonder what he would have thought had he been told that some three thousand years later, in a world to him unknown, and in a manner to him unsuspected, a fellow by the name of Palmer would sing his songs, in a barbarous tongue, to an audience of over a quarter of a million people.

That evening when Miss Lowell's motor called for us we found Professor Palmer ensconced therein, and I soon discovered that a fine bibliographical evening was in contemplation; for the dear old man had with him a green baize bag, such as Philadelphia lawyers used to carry, full of rare books to show to Miss Lowell, in exchange for which she was to show him her wonderful Keats collection, which is now one of the treasures of Harvard. There is a fine spirit of rivalry among collectors, and I said to myself that there would probably be some exhibition riding of hobbyhorses, and I had a feeling of satisfaction in the belief that, although my nag might stumble once or twice, it would not get altogether out of hand.

That evening was one to be remembered. Miss Lowell was in fine form: she radiated hospitality as she welcomed us at the door of her stately mansion in its park of green velvet, studded with fine old trees — which I should describe as elms but for a story I once heard. A little girl was visiting at an English country house situated in a park famous for its fine old trees. As she strolled around with her host after dinner, knowing that she was expected to remark upon their beauty, she exclaimed, 'How beautiful those old elms are! If they could speak, what would they say?' To which her host replied quietly, 'They would say, I think, "We are oaks."' Anxious to avoid the chance of a tart correction from Miss Lowell, I content myself with describing her trees as stately, and let them go at that.

I soon discovered that poetry was to be the subject of the evening. Out of Mr. Palmer's green bag came one rare volume after another: Herrick, and Herbert, and Blake, and Milton; giants, housed in tiny volumes, one after another, all to be matched by Miss Lowell. And as I was not called upon to prove possession, it was easy enough for me to say, 'I have that, too.' Finally I said to Mr. Palmer, 'Let us see your Lovelace *Lucasta;* mine is in old sheep.' Out of the bag it came, but, unluckily, in a modern binding. 'I have you both there,' said Miss Lowell, displaying, with glee, her copy of the rare little volume; 'look at the title-page.' We looked, and found thereon the inscription, 'Ex dono authoris.' It was as pretty a game of 'authors' as I have ever seen played, and the sport continued till after midnight, at which time it was agreed that I should witness a game of what might be called 'solitaire' as played by Mr. Palmer in his library next morning.

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My visit to Professor Palmer will ever be remembered: he is a past master in the art of book-collecting, and has since my first visit to him given his fine collection of first editions of English poetry to Wellesley College in memory of his wife, the late Alice Freeman Palmer. He accompanied his gift with an excellent catalogue, — a large volume, well printed, and substantially bound, — and he has also printed a slender little volume, *Notes on a Collection of English Poetry*, of which he had thirty copies struck off at the Riverside Press at Cambridge, one of which is before me. Immediately following the title-page is a quotation from the famous translation of *The Ship of Fooles*, reading, —

> For this is my minde, this one pleasure have I,
> Of books to have great plentie,

and more to the same effect.

Then follows, after his explanation of how the collection came to be formed, the considered judgment of so fine a scholar and so eminent a collector that I cannot do better than to quote it: 'It is easy to overestimate the value of old books . . . their shape is often unhandy, their type and paper poor; they usually abound in typographical errors, and they are not supplied with such notes and introductions as enable a reader to stand where the printer stood. . . . But they have a sentimental value as having been used by contemporaries of the author, perhaps by the author himself. . . . In my feeling, the presence of the poet is there, as it cannot be in later issues.' He then goes on to say, 'The cost of such books is very great and it constantly and rapidly rises. A narrowing supply makes this inevitable. Every time such books are sold a good proportion of them go into some public library, from which they never emerge. Each year, therefore, diminishes the number open to purchase, while the desire to possess them grows with the spread of wealth and refinement. A few rich men have doubled their permanent price in a single year.' It would not be easy to better this explanation. And I am entirely in accord with Professor Palmer's ideas as to the best arrangement of books in their places on the shelves. He says, 'Ease of access is the first end of classification,' but he prefers, as I do, the chronological rather than the alphabetical arrangement. It offends him to see Crashaw follow Crabbe, or Burns follow Browning: 'When I go to a shelf I wish to find there the men who worked together, to see the little imitators gathered about their master mind. We view our poets, then, as living social beings each among his fellows. This is the instinctive order, setting forth relationships even to the casual eye.'

As I walked away through Harvard Yard after my delightful visit, my thoughts were of the not very Reverend Laurence Sterne who invented the hobbyhorse: the hobby — not the thing itself, but the name for it. Somewhere in *Tristram Shandy* are lines to this effect: 'Have not the wisest men of all ages had their hobbyhorses, their running horses, their cockleshells, their drums, their trumpets, their fiddles, their books, or their butterflies, and as long as a man rides his hobbyhorse peacefully and quietly along the King's highway and compels neither you nor me to get up behind him, why should we complain?' Why indeed! But that when one sees a fellow creature toiling along life's highway, going in our direction, should we not give him a lift? Especially if the horse we are riding will safely carry two; and it may happen, when 'your brother man' or 'gentler sister woman' gets up beside you, that you discover one having like

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tastes with yourself: if so, I say, the journey's as good as over.

A man without a hobby is to be pitied and avoided: if he is not exactly looking for trouble, he is, at least, willing to meet it halfway; he gets no joy out of life and he has little sympathy for those who do. I don't much care what a man's hobby is: he is a better fellow for having one. The name of Harry Worcester Smith occurs to me; he is a hobby-rider if I know one (he took his hunting stable and a pack of hounds to Ireland and gave good sport). Ask him to put a sentiment in his delightful *Sporting Tour*, in two fine volumes, in which his experiences in the old country are narrated, and he will write: 'A sporting life is sometimes checkered but never dull.' His presence in your house at breakfast is as exhilarating as champagne at midnight. He never stops to inquire whither you are going and whether you expect to be happy when you get there: he is content to take a chance and join you; for him the destination is not so important as the sense of progress.

Sometimes, when people see the pleasure I get out of my efforts to escape the monotony of life, I am asked: 'What hobby shall I ride? What shall I collect?' But to answer this question I have to know what you have in mind when you say 'collecting': whether it be merely for the sake of killing time — of all things in the world the most valuable — or whether, perchance, some one thing, some man or woman, or period in history, or thing accomplished by the sons of Adam, interests you enormously: in that case, *that is it.*

There are rules for collectors, of course, but the exceptions are numerous and brilliant. We are told, for instance, that collectors should begin young, and some, no doubt, do. About a year ago I received a note, written from New York, reading thus: 'I have read your books and have enjoyed them very much, hence I do not hesitate to ask you for your autograph. I am now eleven years old. When I get to be a man I am going to have a library like J. P. Morgan.' I shrieked for joy, to find, at last, a person not afraid to give Mr. Morgan a run for his money; and in my enthusiasm, after I had answered the letter, I sent it over to Miss Belle da Costa Greene, the librarian of the Morgan Library, saying that after she had worked herself out of a job there was another awaiting her — and such jobs do not grow on trees. In due course I heard the sequel: how Miss Greene had written my young friend a note telling him that if he seriously intended to form a library like Mr. Morgan's it was high time he got started, and asking him to call on a particular day and hour. The day and hour came, and the lad; Miss Greene was waiting. The boy was not overcome, as I was when first I entered that noble and beautiful building, filled with some of the greatest bibliographical treasures in the world; but, walking up to Miss Greene, he introduced himself, and, in answer to her question, explained that at present his means would not permit of his buying any books, but that he was making a collection of catalogues of Mitchell Kennerley's Anderson Galleries, and the American Art Association, and that *he had priced copies of the more important sales* of the past year. Miss Greene does not often meet her match, but she did then, and when, to hide her confusion, she asked him if he wanted to see any particular book, he replied, 'Yes, I should like to see the first book printed, the Gutenberg Bible.' It was brought him, whereupon he at once began to count the lines to discover whether the first pages were of the forty or the forty-two line issue. And

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this at the age of eleven! On the other hand, Mr. Huntington, who has formed the most important library of modern times, did not begin until he was a man of middle age. One reads of an automobile in five seconds getting up to a speed of twenty-five miles: this is nothing to the speed that Mr. Huntington has developed.

V

After a man has rowed his way across a river, it is hardly worth while for him to regret that he has not crossed by the bridge; he has arrived, that is the important thing. But I cannot free my mind from the belief that if I had my life to live over again I should take on 'Americana.' There is no element of 'fad' about it, as there may be about Conrad or Stevenson, for instance. It has come to stay, but it is now too late for me to get up any interest in a badly printed tract describing what is now Virginia, or to go into an ecstasy at the sight of a map, which at a glance one can tell is a gigantic error, simply because I am told it is the first map of what is now North America. But other men, wiser than I, not only can but do. I spent some hours a year ago in the William L. Clements Library, which is now a part of the University of Michigan, and I have read with interest Mr. Clements's admirable volume describing his books, which accompanied his gift to that university. It is a remarkable book for a business man to write, and it only goes to prove how entirely mistaken are those who think that American business men are without ideals: the very reverse is the fact.

Visit Ann Arbor and see the simple but beautiful temple which contains the books which were, a short time since, the hobby of a busy man of affairs. Read Mr. Clements's modest but scholarly essay in which he says: 'All collections must have their beginnings, and in 1903 the foundation of this one was made by the purchase . . . of a library of about a thousand volumes.' I would not say that his account of the growth of his collection is as fascinating as a romance, but anyone who cares to read about books relating to the discovery of North America and its development from nothing to that great nation that we call the United States — the greatest romance in the world — will find that a new planet has swum into his ken. That the custodian, Randolph Adams, practically grew up in my library suggests that he is a book-lover; his admirable little book, *The Whys and Wherefores of the William L. Clements Library, or a Brief Essay on Book Collecting as a Fine Art*, is an excellent treatise written by a scholar whose proper subject is American history. And when I read the excellent reviews that Adams's *History of the Foreign Policy of the United States* is receiving I was thankful that I did what I could to persuade him to become a happy and useful citizen rather than to attempt to make a living by practising what is called 'the law,' which — I agree with Bernard Shaw — is not a profession but a conspiracy. I was amazed to learn from Adams that the United States had a 'foreign policy': it certainly did not have under Bryan.

I have not suggested that every state in the Union offers a fair field for the collector; that the subject will continue to grow in interest and importance; and that the time will come when books which can now be had for a few dollars will be worth hundreds, perhaps thousands of dollars. I am sure of it. 'What books?' you say. Ah! I do not know. Ask the college professors who are working in the subject, or Lathrop Harper of New York, a most

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reliable guide; ask Dr. Rosenbach, who only a few days ago exchanged a monarch's ransom for a small specimen; ask my friend J. Christian Bay, who is now lecturing on the 'Incunabula of Chicago,' — delicious title, — meaning, thereby, books printed in Chicago before the fire! And then think that there are thousands of men who were not children when that city was still smouldering in ashes. The growth of Chicago is the measure by which we should judge the interest in Americana.

Book-collecting is a great sport; every day new players are joining in the game; we amateurs are playing it against professionals, and sometimes it costs us money, but not so much as one might suppose. To play against Dr. Rosenbach is like trying to break the bank at Monte Carlo; yet even he has sold me items which he would now take off my hands at three or four times what I paid for them. A rare book should, and usually does, advance in value, but it is a good deal more fun to anticipate the rise than to buy it at a high price after it has risen. There are thousands of excellent books by important authors which will never be 'collected,' for the reason that the first edition was so large. The books to collect are those the success of which was at one time problematical, or those which the subsequent work of an author has made important: these constantly rise in value. Of books of yesterday: de la Mare's *Songs of Childhood*, Masefield's *Salt Water Ballads*, Housman's *Shropshire Lad*, Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Tramping Methodist*, Morley's *Parnassus on Wheels*, keep on advancing in price, to the bewilderment of their authors. How long they will hold their present value, or whether they will go still higher, nobody knows; but it would seem safe to say that an author's first book, if his subsequent work survives the critics, could be bought with impunity. Collectors of modern books now have excellent bibliographies to guide them: these were entirely lacking when I first began to play the game. Some of these are monuments of bibliographical exactness, others are of errors all compact; but, good or bad, as Dr. Johnson says of dictionaries, the worst is better than none.

VI

In the book market I have seen many changes: no longer is London, or indeed England, the only market in which to buy books. For almost a century we have been drawing on that great reservoir, and the level of the supply is permanently lowered; there are now more good booksellers in England than there are good books. There is a glamour, a romance, about prowling around in the bookshops of the old country, but the best picking is now to be had at home, especially in New York City. The book-collector, early in the game, will do well to attract the attention of some good bookseller. This is easy: half a dozen purchases and as many intelligent questions will do it. But he should also study the catalogues, which, once his name gets on the booksellers' lists, will come to him by every mail, and the auction sales should always be kept in mind. It is great fun going to book auctions, and the auctioneers' catalogues are mines of information. In the auction room in New York a great book will always bring what it is worth, and frequently more. Not long ago a copy of Milton's *Comus* brought twenty-one thousand, five hundred dollars. Now I don't mean to say that it is not worth what it fetched, for where will you find another? And if and when you do, it will bring more. But less famous books, equally scarce, frequently bring less than they are worth. The fact is, —

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and I state it reluctantly, — we collectors do not know our literature as well as we should; we concentrate our attention too much on star items. This makes the market 'spotty,' as the stockbrokers say. These are facts to be reckoned with, and one must remember that scarcity alone will not make a book sell at a high price; or, to state the matter another way, it is always unwise to wrench a book out of its natural habitat. A book much sought in Paris, sold at auction in New York, may bring little or nothing.

Let us not neglect the wood for the trees. What a glorious thing is English literature! The man who elects to study it in first editions is riding a noble hobby. Consider its venerable age, its unbroken continuity, its tremendous range. We have the greatest poetry, and drama, and fiction in the world; in essays we yield the palm only to Montaigne, and we have the only biography worth speaking of. What a variety! We book-collectors each of us can ride an animal differing, in some respect, from every other animal; but we are alike in this: that as we put it through its paces and explain its good points to our auditor — when we can find one — we are enjoying life to a degree that a man without a hobby knows nothing of. The exercise keeps the breath of life in us long after we have outlived our usefulness. Whether this be a good thing or not, let our heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns say. I once knew a Philadelphian, Ferdinand J. Dreer, who retired from business before he was forty to prepare himself for death, which he thought imminent. To occupy his mind he began to collect autographs, and lived to the age of eighty, forming one of the finest collections ever made in this country. At his death he bequeathed his priceless collection to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and his name will ever be remembered. May it not be said of the accomplished hobby-rider, as Johnson said of Shakespeare, that panting Time toils after him in vain?

THE URBANE INTOLERANCE OF AMERICANS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

THERE is a familiar story oftenest ascribed to Disraeli, though I have seen it — as is the way with all good stories — in different settings. The Prime Minister, it is said, answered some careless, or perhaps impertinent, question concerning his creed by saying that it was the religion of all sensible men. 'But what,' persisted his interrogator, '*is* the religion of all sensible men?' 'Ah,' replied the sphinxlike defender of Church and State, 'that is what no sensible man ever tells.'

It sounds like Disraeli; but if he said it he voiced a sentiment which was even then rapidly disappearing from the world. In 1896, fifteen years after his death, the Honorable Augustine

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Birrell observed that religion was being widely and loudly discussed by people who, thirty years before, would have considered the topic unfitted for polite conversation. The nervous dread of religious enthusiasm, of expressed emotion, of anything appertaining to spirituality, which had characterized the eighteenth century (*ce siècle sans âme*) had gradually given place to a lively and chattering interest in matters once relegated to the clergy, and which even the clergy — unless they were Methodists — were expected to keep closely confined to the pulpit.

It may be that this reticence concerning religious belief was an unconscious survival from earlier — but not much earlier — days, when confessions of faith were liable to lead the confessors into trouble. A fifteenth-century money-lender in Spain was not likely to make public his formula, 'Why I am a Jew.' Men of original views, but of sober understanding, who found themselves in Constance in 1415, or in Geneva in 1553, would not have seized these inauspicious occasions to state in print 'Why I am a Heretic.' No one was disposed to publish a paper saying 'Why I am a Protestant' when Mary Tudor reigned; or 'Why I am a Papist' when Elizabeth took the helm; and, when the father of these ladies ruled rampageously, it was best to call no attention to one's religious views, whatever they might have been. On the thirtieth of July, 1540, six men were executed at Smithfield. Three were 'Reformers' who were burned for heresy, and three were Catholics who were hanged, drawn, and quartered for nonconformity. Justice could not have been more impartially administered. I say nothing of the fourteen Dutch Anabaptists who were burned five years earlier, because everybody who had a chance burned Anabaptists. It was one of the few points on which all churches agreed.

There is a wide gulf between such earnest and vigorous ecclesiastical discipline and the kind of intolerance which we lament to-day, and which the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick has branded as an obstacle in the path of civilization. So stern is his disapproval that the Crusaders are obnoxious to him because they could not tolerate Turks; and the mere notion that 'a church should be a group of people holding the same opinions in religion' is, in his eyes, 'suicidal,' though to some of us it seems a natural and reasonable conception. He even regards intolerance as 'ungentlemanly,' an interesting criticism, and one on which conflicting testimony can be brought to bear. Charles the Second, who had undergone some severe experiences with Presbyterianism before he pronounced it a religion 'unfit for gentlemen,' would have agreed with Dr. Fosdick; but Horace Walpole, who abominated 'fractions of theology and reformation,' stoutly maintained that 'Mahomet and the Popes were gentlemen and good company.' Now some of the Popes may have been fairly tolerant (two hundred and sixty-one prelates must in the course of nineteen hundred years have exhibited varieties of temperament); but Mahomet never yielded a canonical inch, and his followers have reverently followed his example. The essence of religious intolerance is contained in the speech of a Moor of Tangiers, who was denouncing the Jews to George Borrow: 'Fools, they trust in Muza when they might believe in Mohammed, and therefore their dead shall burn everlastingly in Jehinnim.'

A great deal that passes for intolerance to-day has little to do with religion. Who can believe that distaste

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for Judaism as a creed is, or has ever been, the motive power of anti-Semitic agitation? This irrational conceit has survived because both Christians and Jews have preferred, for reasons of their own, to cherish it. What is called religious antagonism in the United States is largely political antagonism, based solidly and securely upon the affiliation of religious groups with governmental measures. Americans have, as a rule, a strong and sound mistrust for any alliance of Church and State. It is too much the habit of reformers to call upon a body of churchmen to 'get behind' their particular reform, thus alienating other bodies of churchmen, to say nothing of a great number of people who are content to let all churches go their way, but who do not want to be ruled in mundane matters by any of them. No issue which is exclusively moral can survive political handling. The lust for power degrades it. From a desire to benefit mankind, it sinks into a determination to coerce mankind, and such coercion brings dry rot into healthy human activities. Of what avail is any virtue which is not the virtue of the free?

The tolerance of American colleges for 'Freethinkers' Societies,' the tolerance of the American public for 'Associations for the Advancement of Atheism,' the tolerance of American audiences for wandering Buddhists who adjure them to close their churches and seek religion in the field and in the market place, would seem to indicate a large and easy unconcern. Suppose Shelley, instead of being 'sent down' from Oxford, had been invited to become the chairman of a collegiate freethinkers' society, to work off his steam in speeches, and to have his *Necessity of Atheism* printed at the society's expense — how different his life might have been! Less keen perhaps, and certainly less enjoyable; but free — for a time at least — from tragic complications. The New Yorkers who listen to fluent Orientals may make them an excuse for not going to church; but the urban substitute for field and market place is the subway; and the subway, while teeming with human interests, lacks the serene atmosphere of spirituality. It is too hurried and too bewildering. If we paused to think about our souls, we should get into the wrong train.

With the 'Association for the Advancement of Atheism' the case is different. Already it is following the lead of the churches, and treading the familiar path to politics. The move to stop the payment of salaries to army and navy chaplains is purely political. It may be in accord with the Constitution, but it is out of harmony with the sentiment of the nation. The army and navy chaplains are deservedly popular. They are seldom idle and never rich. Soldiers and sailors hold them in esteem. Shane Leslie says that in the Boer War the British sent a special train to take a priest to a dying Irish private. Human nature will have to change considerably before such an incident fails to touch our hearts.

For a long time past, sermons have been the order of the day. One does not need to go to church to hear them. There are societies formed for no other purpose than to preach sermons unrelated to religion. Magazines which we have read and loved and trusted for years publish sermons under misleading titles, and we have been sore at heart over such betrayal. They also publish appeals to Christian churches to please eliminate dogma ('no dogma, no deans'), and substitute that flexible adjustment of mind to mood which will harmonize with fleeting points of view. 'Any habitual and regulated enthusiasm is worthy to be called a religion,'

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said Sir John Seeley; and who would forbear, or who could escape, being religious on such terms?

As a matter of fact, the passion for religion is deep bedded in the human heart. 'Man,' said Disraeli, 'is born to believe.' He has learned in the course of centuries that actively combating his neighbors' beliefs is unprofitable labor; and when he is told that one hundred and eighty varieties of creeds may be found in the United States to-day, he has a shameful impulse to laugh. Much has been said concerning the boldness of mind, the singleness of soul, the sympathy with time and place, which impel a man, or a group of men, to launch a new religion; but, in view of the numbers launched, it must be easier than we think. The changing framework of society is favorable to novelties; the restlessness of the human mind prepares it for hastily drawn and loudly voiced conclusions.

II

The really remarkable thing to-day is the lively interest which is taken in confessions of faith, and which seems to me as remote from intolerance as from enthusiasm. Mr. Edgar Lee Masters has entitled his confession 'In Search of a Better Religion,' which leaves the way open to all followers. A Moslem gentleman, who claims to be descended from the Prophet, has confided to us in *Collier's* why he is a Mohammedan. He says that Islamism is a creed of universal kindness and 'spiritual democracy,' that it has a 'Wilsonian modernity' and a 'Jeffersonian simplicity,' all of which should recommend it to Americans if they can get their wives to assent. The *Forum* has published twelve papers by leading members of eleven churches, and by one member of no church. They are amiably written and have been very amiably received. They are not technically controversial, inasmuch as they do not seek to score 'under set conditions,' which is the aim and object of controversy. They are prefaced, curiously enough, by a paper from Bishop Manning, who expresses a certain bleak regret that Christian faith should have so many interpretations, and who calls for greater unity of belief. 'The time has come for the churches to repent of their schisms and divisions, and to find the way to fellowship and reunion.'

I wonder if the time has come, and if our friendly unconcern brings us nearer to assent than did the old ferocious arguments of stake and fagot. That in unity we should find peace and strength, no Christian doubts. It was the dream of Cardinal Mercier's life, though he had seen the utmost that rage and hate could do. 'Agreement,' says Santayana, 'is sweet, being a form of friendship. It is also a stimulus to insight, and helpful, as contradiction is not.'

If differences of creed were like hurdles which brave men could leap, we might all be riding in the open road together. Three hundred years ago Robert Burton lamented as loudly as Bishop Manning laments to-day that while the Turks counted all giaours as dogs and all Moslems as brothers, and while the Jews stuck together like so many burrs, Christians could not be persuaded or coerced into unanimity. But Burton's idea of unanimity was universal acquiescence in the 'pure Protestant faith' of England. For all other creeds he had a hearty and sincere aversion. Never did he dream of moving one step in their direction. And if tolerance has become a milder sentiment than in Burton's day, his notion of Christian unity is familiar to us now. We are all ready to open our doors to those who repent of their errors.

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When we remember that theological disputes are as old as theology, we understand how the very intensity of men's regard inclines them to disagreement. Northern Africa, in the first centuries of the Christian era, had almost as many varieties of religious experience as has the United States to-day; and their upholders were more ardent and more implacable. Indeed it is safe to say that only in our own time, which Dr. Fosdick finds so intolerant, have theologians displayed the faintest symptoms of that urbanity which makes them appear gentlemanly in his eyes. The great religious upheavers did not care a rap about gentlemanliness. Scherer says that Luther and Calvin were 'virtuosos of insult'; yet Luther and Calvin were soft-spoken by comparison with John Knox. There is a quality about Knox's abuse which, while undecipherable, makes all other vituperation seem pallid and polite. His description of a polemical opponent as a 'fed sow' carries with it a dreadful — and unreasonable — sense of indignity. It is useless to ask ourselves why 'fed,' why 'sow' ('*O gloriosa femina!*'), or why a worthy animal, quietly fulfilling the duties of its station, should be the sign and symbol of degradation.

The moral element involved in taste is not always apparent to men of angry mood. Neither are they quick to share the generous belief that convictions which are not their convictions, and emotions which are not their emotions, may yet have in them elements of beauty and of grace. It is a far cry from Scotland in the sixteenth century to the United States in the twentieth, from the furious preacher 'dinging the pulpit to blads' to the genial and good-humored gentlemen whose confessions of faith in the *Forum* have been received with genial and good-humored tranquillity. It seems needless to bemoan the intolerance of churches whose representatives claim so little and grant so much. It seems absurd to bemoan the indifference to religion of a public which stands ready to read eleven semitheological papers in order to know why eleven men believe in their respective creeds. Perhaps if the eleven theologians emphasized points of difference, rather than points of resemblance, controversy might take a keener edge. As it is, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton is the only one who has so far provoked acrimonious rejoinders from that portion of the public which has the leisure and inclination to write letters to an editor. Having been a Catholic for only a short time, his arguments are all on the firing line.

The able churchmen who confide to us why they are Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Lutherans, and so forth, steer as clear of dogma as confessions of faith permit. Most of them have been born in their folds, and have seen no occasion to stray. 'I have suspected,' writes Bishop Slattery of Massachusetts, 'that, if I had been born in some other communion, I might have stayed there just as contentedly.' Mr. Edgar Young Mullins, President of the Baptist World Alliance, is the son and grandson of Baptist ministers. His reactions are as strong as heredity can make them. Dr. Frank Mason North's conscious acceptance of Methodism dates from his eighth year. Mr. Rufus M. Jones, teacher of philosophy and ethics at Haverford College, listened as a child to the preaching of a Quaker uncle and two Quaker aunts. He went as a boy to a Quaker school, and as a youth to a Quaker college. He taught as a young man in two Quaker schools, and he edited a Quaker periodical. He has never in his life stepped out of the Quaker atmosphere, and he has never wanted to. He believes that people are

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better for being Quakers; and he has gone by invitation to 'interpret his views' in China, where goodness knows they are needed.

The faith of Archbishop Söderblom, Primate of Sweden, is also an inheritance. As the devout little son of a devout Lutheran minister, he believed naturally and happily that all Christians were Lutherans. When he discovered his error, he was none the less satisfied to remain where he belonged. The thrill afforded by Luther's catechism to his childish mind bore lifelong fruit, and the only thing which is not to his liking is the name 'Lutheran.' It suggests a narrow confine, a party bias, which displeases him. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin of New York concludes an appeal for breadth of vision with these remarkable words: 'I may say finally that I am a Presbyterian only temporarily. The name carries many hallowed memories and associations; but it seems to me to belong to the past rather than to the present. It connotes primarily a particular mode of church government.'

III

Now it is impossible to doubt the sincerity of such writings, and it is difficult to charge them with intolerance. Societies for the promotion of religious persecution are not nourished on arguments like these. The far-flung challenge of Augustine Birrell: 'What, then, did happen at the Reformation?' has not been taken up by any of the disputants. Yet to ignore it is to leave unexplained the extraordinary vehemence with which men slaughtered their fellow men in the august name of religion. We cannot even account for the clear-cut antagonism which for centuries divided creed from creed. Andrew Lang says that the Calvinistic Synod of Poictiers was of the opinion that Satan stood responsible for the English liturgy — which was one way of looking at things. Dr. Johnson, who loved and reverenced the English liturgy, said comprehensively of Catholics: 'In everything in which they differ from us, they are wrong' — which was another, and very conclusive, way of looking at things. And Dr. Johnson's dictum was borrowed from Dr. Heath, Catholic Archbishop of York, deposed by Queen Elizabeth for contumacy. 'Whatever is contrary to the Catholic faith,' wrote the prelate, 'is heresy; whatever is contrary to unity is schism.' As Dr. Heath suffered the displeasure of his sovereign (they had been friends of a sort), the loss of his see, and three years' imprisonment, rather than move an inch from this position, his way of looking at things must have seemed to him a sacred and inviolable truth. 'Men believe a thing,' said Spinoza, 'when they behave as if it were true.' There is no other test.

Santayana, who does not suffer his love for agreement to impair his understanding of dissent, writes luminously: 'The attempt to speak without speaking any particular language is not more hopeless than the attempt to have a religion that shall be no particular religion.' This clear-cut thinking is more suggestive of the last century than of our own. When we soften the edges of things until they blur, we become mannerly, but inexact. There is a sentence of Sir Andrew Macphail's, in *Essays in Puritanism*, which has long provoked my interest and curiosity: 'To one who has tasted and found the richness of Calvinism it is no use appealing with the doctrine of Wesley.' Now Sir Andrew, who is Scotch, and has a Scotchman's innate grasp of controversy, must have had some definite outline, some closely knit reasoning, in his mind when he used that brilliant and comprehensive word,

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'richness.' 'The richness of Calvinism.' There is nothing in Dr. Coffin's *Forum* article to elucidate the phrase. The American says confidently: 'Communities under Presbyterian influence are God-fearing, law-abiding, intelligent, and independent.' But this is probably more than the Scotchman is prepared to grant. He is thinking of theology, not of behavior. If any one Christian church could prevail upon its members to behave better than the members of other churches (not in their own eyes, but in the eyes of the world), there would be a stampede to that fold. Unhappily, the imperfections of human nature are not incidental; they are fundamental; they may be trusted to subvert intelligence and nullify endeavor.

'I have not yet discovered of what I am to die,' wrote Sydney Smith in 1842, 'but I think I shall be burned alive by the Puseyites.' Which characteristic jibe would seem to indicate some ill-will, or at least some lack of concord, between the Liberals and the estimable High-Churchmen, whom the equally estimable, but less well-disposed, Tupper denounced in his day as

> semi-papal bandits
> To the Babylonish beast.

Macaulay, who was an Erastian of Erastians, had somewhere in his comfortable constitution a penchant for old forms, old customs, old alliances between church feasts and cheerful feasting. He wrote to his little niece, Margaret Trevelyan, asking her if she had read 'the beautiful Puseyite hymn on Michælmas-day.' And as its beauties existed only in the depths of his own consciousness he proceeded to extract a verse for her edification: —

> Though Quakers scowl, though Baptists howl,
> Though Plymouth Brethren rage,
> We Churchmen gay will wallow to-day
> In apple-sauce, onions and sage.

I am sure little Margaret loved that letter; but I am equally sure that doting uncles do not, in this era of civility, compose such poems for impressionable child nieces. Somebody might think them rude. I have seen anthologies from which one verse of Thackeray's 'White Squall' was deleted, as impolite — which it certainly is — to the Jews.

IV

What makes the situation to-day a trifle paradoxical is the fact that we are painstakingly courteous on the one hand, and, on the other, unaccountably attentive to opinions which do not concern us. Take for example the case of Mr. Luther Burbank, which was widely discussed some months ago. Mr. Burbank had achieved a great reputation and a boundless popularity. He had produced so many new varieties of fruit and flowers and vegetables that the earth seemed hardly big enough to hold them. His exploits had been vaunted from ocean to ocean. The ever-ready name 'wizard' had been triumphantly applied to him. Then one day, for no particular reason, he confided to the world, through the medium of the *San Francisco Bulletin*, that 'as a scientist' he considered all religions to be built on a tottering foundation, and that he was an infidel 'in the true sense of the word'; adding somewhat petulantly that, if this avowal awakened thoughts in 'narrow bigots and petrified hypocrites,' it would not have been made in vain.

Now what happened? The people who read the *San Francisco Bulletin*, instead of saying 'Dear me!' or 'Oh my!' which was all the occasion called for, repeated Mr. Burbank's words with grief and consternation. Newspapers commented freely upon them. There seemed to be an unwarranted impression that a horticulturist and

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master of applied science ought to know more about the nature of God and the immortality of the soul than a banker or a mining engineer. When the incident was about to be forgotten, interest in it was suddenly revived by Mr. Burbank's death. Kind-hearted people then suggested that he had probably not meant what he said; and his friend, Mr. Henry Ford, undertook to set our minds at rest by assuring us through an interviewer that the 'Plant Wizard's' religion was 'much the same as anyone else's.' 'He loved children, and thought that they should go to church to learn to think right. I am sure that his instinct told him that there was a hereafter.'

It is hazardous to disagree with a man whose views upon all subjects are sought as sedulously as are Mr. Ford's. But really and truly the religion he outlines so sketchily is not 'the same as anyone else's.' Mr. Burbank may have meant what he said, or he may have meant something entirely different. It is of no importance. His views were his own, and he was privileged to hold them. But there is more clear-cut thinking in the world than is dreamt of in Mr. Ford's philosophy. Man's mind is circumscribed, but not necessarily nebulous. 'God did not create us to supplement His intelligence.' But understanding of a sort is ours.

The American is said to be more emotional than logical, a characteristic which he shares with men of other nations. He is certainly more sentimental than emotional, more curious than self-absorbed, more reasonable than vehement. Therefore is he controversial after a fashion which the great ages of controversy would have disowned. Therefore is he ready to listen to the arguments put forward by men of varying creeds, by men of no creed, and by men who, creedless themselves, are disposed to share Frederick Locker's gratitude 'that woman is a churchgoing animal.' He understands that varieties of belief are closely related to varieties of temperament, and that varieties of temperament are as superabundant as varieties of weather. If he be a churchman and a man of parts, he accepts these differentiations with regret, as does Bishop Manning, but without belligerence. 'It would be the death of controversy,' says Hilaire Belloc, 'to demand a real conquest. When people get into that mood, controversy ends, and fighting begins.'

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TREE OF LIFE

BY KEENE ABBOTT

I

One tree remained. To be descried from any section, it crested the highest slope, cone-shaped and darkly green. Search the entire blue-violet rim of the world and you would see no other.

The ridges, now scarred with scooped-out sandy hollows by the ceaseless battering of prairie winds, had been stripped of cedar and pine. For roof beams of sod houses, for the construction of log cabins, also to provide fuel, the natural forestry had long ago been riven down and hauled away.

Standing there in its pride of place, the surviving pine was protected not by law but by tradition. Old Indians of the Dakota tribe used to hang beads and shells upon it, venerating the tree for its beauty and its strength. It rose tall, straight, pointed, a thing truly majestical. And as a coast bleakly sinister with jagged rocks may need a lighthouse, so did this country need that tree.

It had saved lives.

People speak of the Indian scout, Jeff Maynard, who fought off the wolves and climbed to safety after his horse had been downed, hamstrung by slashing fangs. People likewise tell of the peril that came to the teacher, Emma Wainwright, in the time of the great winter storm. She had been shepherding homeward all the pupils from the sod-built schoolhouse when they floundered off the road and were likely to be overwhelmed by the same deadly smother of snow that entombed many thousands of cattle. Eventually the landmark put her right. Hopeless confusion was dispelled by fleeting glimpses of the pine tree. Thereafter she knew which way to go. She reached a meadow, she found a haystack, she helped the children burrow into it. There were fourteen of them. All night long they lay tucked in, snuggled together, keeping each other warm. And not one perished.

Of this same tree Lancaster was thinking, Buck Lancaster from the line camp of the Circle Dot outfit, when he reined in his horse to listen. It was snowing. Indian summer had held until late in December, but now the country lay in a white hush. For a space, while the rider hearkened, there was neither clink of spur nor creak of saddle leather. Could there be anything portentous in this ghostly animation of large moist flakes continuously flowing down?

He had come no less than fifteen miles, and still greater distance remained to be covered before he could reach the holiday entertainment, a night of fun, frolic, shrill music, and dancing at the Bar W ranch.

As yet the snow was no more than fetlock deep, and the wind slept. But the prairie, like the man himself, appeared to be listening. Transformed by the silent fairy foam daintily heaping itself over everything, the bushy bristle of soap weed had been hidden. Each clump was like a strange white

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blossom. Tussocks of long grass drooped in downy curving webs; there was bridal array of the loveliest kind for every coarse stalk of resin weed, for every scraggy cluster of wild sage.

The rider said to his horse, 'Air's awful still.'

There is a certain kind of silence which makes the plainsman hearken with the most acute attention, and at such a time every sound is suspicious. Listen! What was that husky rasp as of a coiled serpent about to strike? It could be nothing else, as Lancaster knew, than the wild plant known as loco or rattleweed. The seed pods shook. A mysterious air current, which he himself could not feel, had set them shuddering.

The cow pony understood it. Sharing his rider's uneasiness, he sniffed and shivered. Already white spurts were being torn off the surface of the ground, to run in shredding wisps and whorls. Then began the race to get out of the way of what was sure to come.

It came. The gale burst upon man and horse, pouncing out of the north. But even after the wind had struck, enormously slashing across the Great Plains, the snow was still too heavy with moisture to choke the air with powdering drift.

The pony ran; he kept running until light failed, until blind air matched a blind sky. Now you could no longer tell that day was day, for all had come to be one vast scud of hissing snow.

During such a storm don't ever suppose the wind is going to hold steady and blow always from the same direction. Beware of confusing shifts. Watch out for a treacherous whipping round of the gale from north to northeast, or capriciously back again to the northwest.

Lancaster realized that something to go by would be needed. Believing, as from time to time he peered into the billowing velocity, that he would presently 'raise the tree,' as Westerners say, he still felt in some measure a comforting sense of security. At intervals the bandana handkerchief drawn over his head, with ends knotted together under his chin, had to be readjusted to keep the wide felt brim of his hat folded down over his ears.

All at once he had the distracted notion that someone was hooting through the wind, calling him.

'Hey, Buck! That you?'

Astonishing voice; astonishing shape smirching up beside him. He had been overtaken by a rider, who leaned toward him and shouted to be heard above the vociferant tumult. And in pleased surprise — for it's something to have companionship at such a time as this — Lancaster cried out, 'Hello, Hughie! How's things?'

'Weel eneuch,' answered Scotch Hugh from the Box Four, a ranch owned by English stockmen. 'Ou, but Maister Mon,' he added, 'it's a wee taste o' weather this time, and na mistake!'

Heading for the dance, was he?

'Ay.'

Presently he yelled the assertion, 'I tak my whusky straight; but sal, it will be nae so bad if they hae something hot.'

Buck whooped forth the hopeful anticipation, 'Might be eggnog they'll have, or Tom and Jerry.'

He gave himself a rub over the stomach, thinking how good it is, how it warms you up, a big hot dram of that steaming holiday beverage.

What with the wind making such a row, it was hard to talk; and the two riders, both hunching forward with heads sunk low and faces averted from the buffetings of the gale, stopped trying to be sociable.

Having reached a district of rough broken land, the men believed the tree

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should now appear; but still they could n't see it.

'She'll be farther on, farther east,' Buck announced.

Hughie shouted: 'Havers! If we hae passed it, noo!'

'Keep a-goin',' the other insisted. 'That's all we got to do. Jest keep on, and we'll sure spy out the landmark.'

None too much encouraged, the Scotchman said, 'Ay, weel — maybe.' Then he doggedly affirmed, 'Ay, we maun come to it presently.'

They rode on, and after a time once more began to talk a little, yelling to be heard, each one anxiously trying to make the other believe that he did n't feel the least bit anxious. Hughie even made playful reference to the seethings and siftings that came pricking right in through their clothes like needle points of ice.

'I'm partial,' he said, 'to cauld baths the year round; but tod, this is mair than I choose.'

Lancaster shouted back, 'Same here.'

Yet it could n't truthfully be said that he was partial to baths of any kind, at any time. This day, however, he felt virtuously clean. He boasted of the clean flannels he had on, and even bawled out the information, 'Scoured up good before I left. Rio Red, he soaped my back for me. A hot tub.'

They rode on and on. Now and again, when shoved by a heavier broadside of wind than common, the horses staggered, nearly flung off their feet. And they kept wanting to turn and drift with the storm. Take care. That must n't be allowed.

The thoughts of Lancaster were n't quite happy about something else. 'Too bad,' he roared. 'Be a pity if our feet swell on us when we start a-dancin'.'

'Ou, ay! But we'll off wi' our boots, an' stand in the snow. That'll be best — afore we gang in.'

II

To reach the dance the men must go east, always east. But how be sure that they were headed right?

Once again a strident voice penetrated the screaming sibilance of storm.

'Ought to show up, had n't it — the pine tree?'

'It will, it will,' Hughie stoutly affirmed. 'Most michty queer if it dinna show itself.'

That he preferred not to think about the possibility of such a painful queerness was revealed by the way he clutched at something else, something trivial to consider.

'Am thinkin' ye've put it on for this day, your beaded waistcoat. Hev ye noo?'

Buck's fancy vest was something to see, the front of it being all covered with Indian beadwork. And for buttons, what else than five-dollar gold pieces? A whole row of them! To have the garment admired would usually warm its owner's heart. But now he only shouted, 'Lookee! Look there!'

Amid the racing bursts of snow-surf a shadowy object had cut in ahead of the riders. The obscure gray phantom must be a horse with someone on its back, and at once the men set up a clamor, yelling and spurring after the vague figure that went with the wind, aimlessly drifting.

Try as they would, it was impossible to get any response from that individual. Asleep? But his eyes were open. In a rime of ice they were staring straight ahead.

He had to be plucked from the saddle; he had to be shoved and shaken and roughly pummeled before he could be roused. Groggily wrathful at last, he fumbled for his six-gun, ready to hammer somebody. Not until then could the others succeed in making him understand what was what.

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'If it ain't Ranger Ed!' shouted Lancaster. 'Is that who you are?'

'Was when I started.'

Although he walked with toilful effort, badly limping, it would n't do for him to get back on his horse. The others kept with him, all three on foot, all three flapping their arms against their bodies, thrashing in rigorous exercise, stamping and knocking their benumbed feet together.

Ed had once been an expert 'top rider.' But in the breaking corral a broncho had pinwheeled, giving him a nasty fall, and leaving him with a right hip that would always be troublesome.

Why should a cripple of that kind want to go to a dance? Well, of course waltzing would be quite out of the question; but he could still, as he said, 'rassle through a quadrille in good style.' The very thought of it brought from him the jubilant shout, 'Enough womenfolks are goin' to be there to run three sets!'

Then, too, there is so much more to a dance than mere dancing. Annie Lewis would be present, and in a saddle pocket he had something for Annie — a velvet case, satin-lined, that held a cut-glass bottle full of perfume. None of your cheap kind. Oh, no! But the kind to be got at eight dollars an ounce, the kind suitable for a Christmas present.

'We'll get there,' Buck avowed. 'Sure will.'

'Ou, ay!' Hughie agreed.

Did they believe it? They must at least try to believe it. So they went on. They struggled up a ridge and down again.

No pine tree.

Across other ridges they fought their way.

No pine tree.

Finally a dispute arose, a fierce disagreement as to what direction ought to be taken. The men wrangled, accusing each other of ignorance. Stupid to persist in this blunder of moving southeast. Ed could tell by the lay of the land just where he was. Scotch Hugh, who had kicked up a lump of dirt, could tell by the color and quality of the soil that Ed did n't know at all what he was talking about.

'There's nae doot aboot it: we noo gang straight west instead o' due east.'

'Stick with me,' Buck declared, 'and you'll wear diamonds. My bump of locality don't never play me no tricks. I go by instinct.'

Ranger Ed disdainfully howled, 'Holy snakes, but we're a smart outfit! Three wise men in this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and freeze to death! If you want to croak, I'll stay by you. We'll all croak together.'

The others were ashamed of him. One should n't blather like that. Fight on, keep going, never for a moment admit the grim probabilities of such a situation. Being a lame man did n't save Ed from a cuff and a kick for those words of dismal half surrender.

Even though powdering welters from above, from below, from the side, went on swishing over the men and their led mounts, had not the worst of the gale blown itself out? The horses had moaned in labored gasps; but now, plodding on with muzzles gray from their frozen breath, they appeared to breathe more easily.

III

When the men decided to take another turn at riding, the one in the lead knocked his foot against something and stumbled. What could it be his boot had struck? A stump? At first he could n't be sure. All looked, bending down to study the ground. They began staring at broken bits of evergreen, at chips half under the snow, also at the

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track still obscurely showing where something heavy had been dragged down the slope.

Incredible thing! Doubting and unwilling to believe this ugly fact, everybody glanced upward — in remembrance, if not in hope, thinking of the stately presence which had so long towered here, a point of aspiring beauty to glorify these harshly naked hills.

One man said, 'Gone!' Another likewise said it, 'Gone!' 'Ay,' said a third. 'A needful thing. And now gone!'

Temples no longer ached with the pain of frost. Lips blue with cold had lost their pallor, going suddenly bright.

All of a sudden Ranger Ed gruffly blurted out, 'Come on.'

Did he mean to the dance? Not at all. As he flung into the saddle it was to follow where the tree had been dragged through the snow. Against the bare flesh of his body, having thrust his fingers under the breast of his clothes, beneath shirt and undershirts, he was warming his pistol hand.

Scotch Hugh's rifle had come out of the saddle holster, and was now carried with naked barrel resting across his left arm. Lancaster fumbled at a stiff thong to get his 'las-rope' undone.

No great distance had been covered when he observed, peering ahead, 'See that. Looks yellow, like a star does when dust is blowing.'

The golden mote, low down, winked, vanished, came back, and once more disappeared.

Being less keen of vision than the others, Hugh said, 'I dinna see it. Oh, yes; now I do!'

Not so remote and brighter, the iridescent fleck was truly like a star fallen to the ground and intermittently twinkling amid the blurs of snow. Needless for the men longer to follow the trail of the tree. They fastened their gaze upon the trembling fire drop and steadily approached, watching it get clearer and larger.

They could descry near it a bulky smirch which turned out to be a wagon, a prairie wagon with canvas running into swells, now collapsing and now ballooning up from the inflation of the wind. At the rear of the ponderous vehicle a man appeared and bent down to lower a tin coffee pot upon the flames.

He wore no gun belt. The object leaning against a rear wheel must be not a rifle but an axe. So, then, unarmed. He would have no chance to resist.

The horsemen separated and rushed, charging in upon him from three sides. A successful foray. Before he knew it they had him between them, surprised, without a weapon, and near his feet an incriminating pile of split wood.

Buck Lancaster did the talking.

'The landmark's gone — drug away. And we've fetched up at the place where it was drug to. This committee, stranger, has come to do business with the man who chopped down the pine tree. You're him, I guess. Ain't you?'

Startled, yet hardly frightened, the accused looked from one to the other of the three horsemen; and they, staring at him with a gaze as bleakly cold as the ice upon their eyelashes, could see he was nearly ready to drop with fatigue. What human being anywhere was ever more fagged, beaten, used up, more utterly worn out than this man? Yet there was something strange about his exhaustion. Especially his eyes showed it — as if a sense of well-being were unaccountably mixed up with his extreme weariness.

Could n't he see his time had nearly come? Apparently he could n't see that. What ailed the fellow? To behave as if these strangers did n't matter, as if he need not be concerned

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about a loaded revolver, a loaded rifle, or even about the noose that had been grimly opened at a rope end.

Lancaster said, 'No tree or telegraph pole bein' handy, I reckon we'll just have to hist up the wagon tongue and make that do.'

Almost as if this sinister trio of riders had been invited guests, the man genially said to them, 'This one on the fire is a small pot. But get down, and I'll have out the iron kettle for a big bilin' of coffee.'

Lancaster spoke once again.

'If there's any word you want to send your folks, I guess one of the boys will write it out. So now's your chance. If you got anything to say, speak up.'

He told who he was — a well-digger by trade. Lived in a sod house on the north fork of the creek. 'Yes,' he said, a little boastfully, 'and it's a right snug soddie I've put up.'

Pause. Then he spoke again, spoke in disconnected fashion, haltingly.

'This mornin' — pullin' out for town — a right early start. Thought there was goin' to be plenty of time. Was n't, though.'

At this point he seemed to forget the men on horseback. He had cocked his head on one side, and with strained attention stood listening for any stir or sound within the wagon.

Perhaps his air of troubled detachment was only put on. Ranger Ed roughly shouted, 'Better speak up, if you got anything to say.'

'Hush!' the man cautioned. 'Hush! She's asleep now. I got some bricks het for her, and I think she's going to pull through all right.'

His head at this instant gave a quick, spirited lift. He heard something. It was heard also by the men. But what could it be? What bird had cried in the storm? What snow wraith had faintly whimpered? Even the rowdy wind seemed trying to listen, to behave better, to be no longer quite such a ruffian.

For a voice was calling, a wee voice, very thin and little and helpless — and altogether new to the world!

The riders heard and gave a start. They heard. They glanced at each other; they nudged each other. Sudden understanding had come to them of the look in the man's face, a look frightened and glad. He smiled. They heard him announcing with a hushed, proud voice, 'It's a boy.'

Buck Lancaster, after first giving his icy moustache a swipe with his hand, gulpingly declared, 'Looks like — near as we can figure it — looks like that there li'l nester has come it on us pretty cute. Looks like he's dropped his loop on us, and got us clean roped and throwed.'

The three men dismounted; they went off to the fire to warm themselves; they put on fresh sticks of fuel, using the wood prodigally.

'Burns good,' said Buck.

'Ay,' Hughie agreed.

'On account of the pitch in it,' Ranger explained.

They were trying to be easy and nonchalant; but how uncomfortable they looked, and shamefaced, and foolish, and awed, and really scared! Presently they put their heads together, earnestly conferring. Two insisted that Hughie, being a widower who knew what it was to be a family man, ought not to be bashful. He had to be prodded with elbows before he cleared his voice and solemnly affirmed, 'They — if it's nae askin' ower much — they'd lak it fine to hae a wee look at the bairn.'

Hearing this request, the father uneasily fidgeted; then he questioned whether it might not be, maybe, just a trifle too cold for unwrapping the baby.

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Of course it would be too cold. Of course! Buck and Ranger Ed said so at once. And looking reproachfully at their mate they declared that the idea had n't been theirs. No, it was his — altogether his. Just a silly Scotch idea! They did n't want to have a look at the baby.

'No, and never even thought of it,' Ed avowed.

'Would be foolishness,' said Buck, 'to unwrap him. Would be rotten reckless.'

They did n't know how anybody *could* be so senseless as to propose such a peril. Their scorn of Hughie was to let him see that they considered him abysmally ignorant.

With cowhide overcoat undone and coat opened, Buck Lancaster had got at his beaded vest. A knife blade nipped off two gold buttons; not the top one, but the one next to it, and after that the fourth from the top. He dropped these five-dollar coins into the father's hand.

'Them,' he said, 'are for the boy. For at a time like this it's right to sweeten a little.'

'Sweeten? I got something more suitable for that,' announced Ranger Ed, and brought out a parcel from a saddle pocket. 'Here you are. This — it's perfumery. It's guaranteed strictly high-class verbena flavor. Give *that* to the boy.'

Now came Scotch Hugh's turn to step forward. Near the fire he stood, holding a white poker chip, and saying while he shook his head over it, 'I dinna ken if it's suitable.'

Was that the best he had? No — something else. From under his overcoat he produced a small oval object darkly glossed with lacquer — an old-world snuffbox, with a dancing girl on the cover, a tiny figure whose dress was like the petal of a peach blossom.

'I doot noo,' said Hughie, 'if it's suitable.'

'Hell, yes!' Buck exclaimed. 'Will do first-rate.'

Taking the gifts with him, the father stepped from hub to tire, clambering in the front of the wagon. Meanwhile the visitors went around to the lee side of the vehicle, standing there pressed close to the rear wheel and waiting as they had been asked to do. They could hear meanwhile not merely the deep voice of the man but now and again the thin frail tones of a woman's utterance. By and by, as he drew up the canvas, he said to them, 'The wife, she'd like to thank you.'

Awkwardly, being thus bidden, they put their heads inside the wagon sheet, and by the yellow beams of a lantern they could dimly see a prone figure bedded on hay and snugly wrapped with blankets. When a corner of the covers had been drawn down and the mother's young face clearly revealed, she turned upon them her luminous dark eyes; but, after all, spoke not a word. She did no more than press her face the least bit nearer to the warmly swathed bundle held in the hollow of her arm.

The men saw her do that. They saw her smile. Then, embarrassed and awed, their heads were hastily withdrawn. They bashfully laughed a little. And it was like a carol, a merry Christmas carol, to hear those three men laughing in the winter storm.

Buck was the first to speak.

'Us and our saddle ropes will come in handy to pull this wagon through the drifts. The thing to do is to give these folks a boost. Get 'em home.'

'That's the ticket,' Ranger Ed agreed.

'Ou, ay!' said Hughie.

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THE SAINT

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

SAINT FRANCIS of Assisi, do you remember
the sacred mountain, green above the lake,
where first the vines and then the olives clamber,
and the flowers, so lulled with beauty, never wake —
gold, crimson, blue,
on the long drowsy terraces you loved and knew?

Still in the lake the painted island-town
to the brown shelter of its Minster creeps,
and still the kerchiefed boatman, bending down,
scarce stirs the burnished water with his sweeps,
and from the hill
the monastery bells affirm your gospel still.

Your gospel of the birds and of the flowers,
how every petal God has deigned to paint
has by its mere enamel all the powers,
and more than all the beauty of the saint,
and how the swallow
worships with arrow-flight that prayer is feign to follow.

Your gospel of acceptance, that transposes
God, and this earthly beauty He has made,
finding the resurrection in the roses
and all the angels in a single blade,
and having heard
the Twelve Apostles in the voice of a bird.

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And, as with beauty, so with ugliness,
asking the mire that your feet had trod
with its long patience to redeem and bless
the soul's impatience, when the feet of God
pass by, as though
He cared not what He crushed, and did not even know.

With ugliness, or what so seemed, and sin
that is no more than beauty's other side,
your gospel, like your Master, entered in
and by acceptance proved what sin denied —
that wickedness
is part of the soul of God, and calls to Him no less.

You sought no cloister, but the rose-white briar
of perfect understanding and its pardon
built walls, that shut out envy, hate, desire,
or changed them into flowers in your garden,
since all were part
of the burden of man, and therefore of your heart.

Still on your sacred mountain the cold lances
of the moon ring the target of your mere,
and while one man loves birds and flowers, Saint Francis,
you and the company of saints are here,
while one man knows
that all creation is simple as a rose.

Fades like a rose, and has the rose's thorn,
but sees behind the fallen petal the bud,
and understands, although his heart is torn,
there was and is salvation in blood —
while anyone
lies down to sleep, accepting everything beneath the sun.

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NATIVE WOOD NOTES

BY HENDERSON DAINGERFIELD NORMAN

I

EVER since that day in the 1860's when Colonel Higginson wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly* his history-making article about the Negroes' plantation shouts, then aptly rechristened 'spirituals,' these have had their share of attention. When Joel Chandler Harris, a little later, published the Uncle Remus stories, learned men as well as little children became interested in the Negroes' wisdom about 'the time when the critturs could talk.' The publication of Paul Laurence Dunbar's first book of poems was an event that stirred philanthropists and a few watchful men of letters. And now the critics generally are awaking to the fact that more than a few Negroes are writing admirable verse and prose. Yet no savant seems to have made a study of Negro composition as a whole either for its own sake or for the light it might throw on other literary origins.

The Southern children who tag at the heels of the Negro servants from nursery to kitchen, from kitchen to cabin and field, can listen all day long to hymns, work songs, and ballads that are the spontaneous expression of an illiterate race, and theirs is an experience that scholars well may envy.

It is an opportunity that will vanish before long. Education is already encroaching upon this spontaneity. There will doubtless come a time when more sophisticated Negroes will despise these crude beginnings; and then it may be as hard to evoke these Negro folk songs as it now is to coax from the old people who remember them the ballads that are fresh with the dew of our Anglo-Saxon morning. But now, with a little diligence, the whole literary history of the American Negro can be retraced. Its utmost span is three centuries. Practically it is a much shorter time. Though the slave trade in America began in the spring of 1619 and nominally ended in 1807, it is well known that Yankee traders ran 'black ivory' into Southern ports almost up to the time of the war between the States.

My own mother's beloved Negro mammy was so brought to this country. She used to sing to her nurselings strange songs in a tongue they did not understand, and when she lay dying she sang a lament of which faint echoes lingered in their memory ever after: 'Marco way, marco way' — was it the death wail of the Kroos in Africa?

The Negroes' songs are still chiefly anonymous or communal; improvisation is part of their daily lives; and there is an alluring parallel between the verse forms they have developed and the English verse forms that have come down to us from 'the high and far-off times.'

Work songs and river songs probably come early in the tradition of every race. Most of our work songs survive only under the disguise of children's games, while a chance sailor's chantey may hold an echo of our river songs;

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but the Negroes sing theirs still from dawn to dusk. For these they are, in all likelihood, in no way beholden to us. Such songs are heard in Africa, sung by the tribes from which our Negroes came. What does it matter whether the words are Kroo or English or whether the river invoked be the Congo or the Mississippi? A river song that belongs to my valley of Virginia is a work song too. The Negroes sing it as they wind a windlass, bringing a dripping bucket from the well: —

'O Shenandoah, I hone to hear you.
Come on, you rolling river.'

Such invocations cannot long survive in a time when all water is drawn from a faucet. But so far the work songs seem rather to multiply than to diminish. Even factory conditions cannot silence the Negroes' singing, and the tobacco factories in Lynchburg and Richmond are vocal with these chanteys.

Students of variation in traditional balladry might find the variation in these occupational ditties informing. For example, as 'Way down in the cotton field' leaves the cotton states, the scene of action becomes a tobacco patch or a cornfield and there are suitable alterations in the action. To a Virginian, born in the valley that was 'the granary of the Confederacy,' the best of Negro work songs is the cornfield chantey, 'Shuck along, John.' That song, by the way, seems to puzzle Dr. Krehbiel, who speaks of it in his admirable study of Afro-American Folk Songs as 'Shock along, John.' Probably Dr. Krehbiel never shucked any corn. Maybe he called it 'husking' if he did.

Only a fragment of the street vender's cries has survived, here and there in England, the competition of the hoardings and of newspaper advertising, and perhaps they were never heard in our New England states; but even today in every Southern town the cries of oysterman, crab-seller, and vegetable vender make marketing a musical and colorful event. A collection of these street cries has been published, as a gayly illustrated book 'for very little children.' Isaac Blanchard issued it under the uninviting title, *Jingle Jangle Jumbly Lays*, and it is, one fears, out of print. Its naïveté makes it treasure-trove if it can be retrieved.

II

From the plantation shout, 'Ol' ark's a-movin',' to the Northumbrian Hymn is a far cry; but the source, the general subject, and the epic treatment make them kin. The Vulgate of Saint Jerome must have been to Cædmon what the King James Bible has been to the plantation Negro. Is it a great matter whether one learn the Book from 'ol' Miss' or from the Abbess Hilda? Fundamentalists may find aid and comfort in the fact that the Caucasian hymn-maker begins with the creation and leads up to the redemption, while the sons of Ham begin with the flood and go to doomsday.

In many a spiritual it appears that the Negro's preoccupation with doomsday is like that of Cynewulf, and the emotion that animates the 'Vision of the Cross' moves in the heart-searching Negro hymn, 'Were you there when they crucified my Lord?'

In spite of these points of resemblance the gulf between such poets as Cædmon and Cynewulf and the plantation singers is, undeniably, very wide. But there is actual likeness in form and substance between 'Little David' and 'Cursor mundi,' whose Latin title belies the purpose of its anonymous author of the fourteenth century to write a poem for

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English folk of Engeland,
For the commons to understand.

Not only is the subject the same, but there is the same metre, the same rhymed couplet, and the same touch-and-go treatment of the episodes. Here are four couplets, two from each poem: —

After this I tell to you
Of Jacob and of Esau too.

Elijah slew the prophets of Baal;
The rain came down and did not fail.

Of Saul the king and David too,
How he Goliath fought and slew.

Joshua was the son of Nun;
God was with him till his work was done.

Is it easy to tell which lines are from the Negro hymn and which from 'Cursor mundi'?

Interesting as is the parallel between Saxon and Negro poetry, the differences are no less so. From the beginning, we Caucasians seem to have embroidered our thought with words. Negroes embellish theirs with music. The refrain is usually the predominating element. As to words, they make free use of rhyme and assonance, but they can do perfectly well without either, for theirs is literally 'the way of the makers.' The distinctive element in their folk poetry is onomatopœia. It takes the place here that alliteration held in earliest English versification. It is heard in 'Ol' ark she reel, ol' ark she rock.' It startles the listener in the music of 'Death goin' to lay his cold, icy hand on you.' It rolls in 'Hear that lumberin' thunder,' and it goes haltingly along 'A mighty rocky road whar I'm mos' done travelin'.'

Amid all the praise that has been heaped upon the spirituals one looks in vain for adequate recognition of the range and beauty of their metre. It seems to cover the whole scale of natural emotion and varies from the arresting shout, 'O mo'ner!' to the majestic rhythm of such a line as

When God commanded Michael in the morning.

Some of the Negro dance songs are made on the spur of the moment, — the wings of the dance, — and others are echoed year after year, generation after generation, and are sung from Chesapeake Bay to the Gulf of Mexico.

Perhaps one has surprised narrative balladry at the source in such an episode as Dan Tucker's mishaps when

Old Dan Tucker he got drunk,
Fell in the fire and he kicked up a chunk.
Red-hot coal got in his shoe.
Great Day in the mornin', how the ashes flew.

In the Southern states, 'Dan Tucker' is danced wherever dancing feet are found, and there are those who contend it originated in Europe. Be that as it may, the quatrain just quoted is pure Afro-American-Plantation-Negro.

The field hands in the South have a form of improvisation that is like the *chantes fables* of Old France. Wherever they gather for cotton-picking, hay harvest, hemp-breaking, or like gregarious enterprise, they are apt at the dinner hour to call on one of their number 'to give out the news.' The recital is nearly always concerned with local happenings and it is impossible to cite an example that would give a just notion of it. One hopes that before the Negroes learn, like the rest of us, to depend too much upon print or radio to 'give out the news' some appreciative scholar may hear that rolling blank verse, that polyphonic prose.

Nearly all illiterate Negroes improvise with complete readiness. I recall a half-witted Negro house boy who was the delight of my childhood because I never heard him speak prose. For example, he would gravely report on a rainy morning: —

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'Comin' to my work, the road was muddy.
How to get across? I had to study.
Got me a rail, and a stick to prod;
Planked her down and I crossed dry shod.'

What little girl could fail to think that such rhymed conversation was more entertaining than other people's prosaic speech?

III

It is a long time since we others have voiced our grief in coronachs above our dead; the Negro's unimpeded flow of song is still heard best at funerals. Everybody who has read *Porgy* will recall how Porgy and his friends sang for the 'saucer-burying' and at the grave; and there is still another kind of dirge even more closely akin to the ancient coronach. One of these I heard when as a child I was taken to the funeral of an old Negro servant, a man loved and respected by two races. Of prayer and Bible reading I recall nothing. There was no sermon. Instead the Negro preacher lifted his splendid voice and sang a couplet in praise of his dead friend. From a corner of the little church a woman's voice took up the story. There was no chorus this time. One by one his friends wove for their dead comrade a chaplet of song. Probably no one present could have repeated a line of it afterward, but to a little listening child it seemed a better tribute than the flowers at a 'white' funeral.

Many of the Negro ballads have more kinship with dirges than with the dance. Has that clue been followed in any ballad-hunting? The Negro ballads that I know differ, indeed, from such coronachs as I have spoken of in that they are by no means beautiful. Instead, they bring the Congo disconcertingly close. But their theme is often death, and the music to which they are sung is slow and like a dirge.

Probably every Negro in America can sing the ballad of Buggah Burns, whose tragic history begins, —

Buggah Burns has gone to rest
With a forty-four calibre in his breast.

Long before *Spoon River Anthology* was written, Negro balladists luxuriated in dreadful realistic detail that told how

They put old Buggah in the hoodoo wagon
With his mouth wide open and his toenails draggin'.

It is only fair to record that music solemn as the 'Dead March' from 'Saul' redeems the naked savagery of the words.

'Frankie' is another ballad of death, though in this case the protagonist was not victim but avenger. Students of ballad variation might find much to interest them in it. The opening line varies with the standard of the singer. Sometimes it is

Frankie was a lady, everybody knows.

Again, a sterner judge will declare that

Frankie was a bad one, everybody knows.

In the far South her weapon was a cane knife; in Virginia she was represented as using a corn knife; in Georgia she has been known to handle a razor; but in Kentucky

She drawed her great big forty-four forth and shot her baby through.

But always the long line ends with the wailing refrain, heavy with all sorrow of a dark, primitive race, —

He was her man, but he done her wrong.

A very queer recurrence of an ancient form is in a cumulative song called 'Pretty Pear Tree.' The Negroes sing it on summer nights and the music ripples on, piling phrase on phrase, till it tells of the very 'song on the beak of

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the bird in the egg in the nest in the pretty pear tree, down in yond' beautiful field.' It is strangely like the traditional carol whose refrain is

> He bear him up, he bear him down,
> He bear him into an orchard brown.
> Lully, lullay,
> The falcon has ta'en my make away.

Again, there is a Spanish folk song beginning

> Al' puerta del cielo venden zapatas,

which is so like the Negro shout,

> All God's chillun got shoes,

that one might almost be a translation of the other.

Conscientious students might, of course, fall to hunting for evidences of Spanish influence on African tradition or African on Spanish, but probably the chance likeness only proves the essential kinship, under like conditions of poverty and simplicity, of 'all God's children.'

People who have heard Roland Hayes sing some of the Negro songs in lighter vein must have been struck with their likeness to the flytings, or floutings, of the childhood of literature in Europe and in the British Isles. 'Poor old Piedy' is such a flyting, and there is one in dialogue form that stirs the hair on the heads of Southern children, white and black. That one begins innocently, to all appearance: —

> What you got for supper, my good old man?

and the answer, equally innocuous, is 'Aigs.' But with question and answer the flyting runs on till that supper of eggs results fatally, and the listening children hear the crickets chirp above the corpse.

Not all the dialogues are grotesque. The form is sometimes used in meditation that is like the Hebrew psalms.

One of these begins, —

> Who will be a-living when I am dead?
> Trees will be a-living and a-waving
> When I am dead.
> Birds will be a-living and a-singing
> When I am dead.

It goes on and on till the listener feels utterly diminished — less than the grass, less than the dust. Suddenly the song restores his spirit with a triumphant shout: —

> Who will be a-living when I am dead?
> I will! I will!

Work songs, river songs, dances, and hymns, chantes fables and flytings, coronachs and ballads — through the centuries these have emerged in our literary tradition, and some we have lost and some we have retained. The Negroes in America, neither helped nor hampered by instruction, made use of all these forms before they learned to read. It seems to show that life, not learning, is the mother of the arts.

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A GIRL'S FRIENDSHIP WITH RUSKIN

NEW LETTERS FROM BRANTWOOD

EDITED BY LEONARD HUXLEY

'Anybody may publish any letter I ever wrote, provided only they give the WHOLE of it.'
— RUSKIN

'There are some faults slight in the light of Love, some errors slight in the light of Wisdom . . . but Truth forgives no insult, and endures no stain.' — J. R.

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe.'

I

My earliest association with the name of Ruskin dates from the school days when I learned from a textbook, among short notices of 'Living Authors,' that John Ruskin, author of *Modern Painters*, *Stones of Venice*, *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and so forth, was 'a great master of English prose.'

It is a humiliating confession to make, but for years afterward, except for reading with much enjoyment *The Elements of Drawing*, brought to my notice by an artist cousin, the name of Ruskin almost entirely passed from my memory. It was not till I myself was teaching that I chanced one day in a newspaper on a rather savage notice of a just issued number of some serial publication which bore the odd name of *Fors Clavigera* and was by John Ruskin. I well remember with what a shock of surprise I learned that the 'great master of English prose' of my old textbook was not only still living but still writing. It seemed almost as if I had stumbled on a criticism of a new play by Shakespeare or a new poem by Milton.

Curiosity impelled me to procure a copy of this so much abused publication. But unexpected difficulties presented themselves before I could do so. One bookseller after another in our county town rather haughtily disclaimed all knowledge of *Fors Clavigera*. However, I persevered, and at last one more kindly than his brethren not only explained to me that there was 'a war on' between Ruskin and the bookselling trade, but told me that I could procure what I wanted by writing to George Allen at Orpington.

In after days one of those who knew and loved the Master best asked me which of the Professor's books I liked best.

'Why, *Fors*, of course,' I answered without hesitation.

'Ah, then you are a Ruskinite indeed,' was his reply.

Of course it was not *Fors* only which fed the flame of my admiration. Libraries were diligently ransacked and every Ruskin on which I could lay my hands was devoured in eagerest haste — principally the works on political economy, for, beautiful as the art volumes were, they did not appeal to me to the same extent. *Unto this Last*, *Time and Tide*, *The Crown of Wild*

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Olive, and *Sesame and Lilies* stand out most prominently in my memory.

Perhaps a year or more had gone by in this way, when in the latest number of *Fors* I came on some words of weary discouragement which smote heavily on my heart. Suddenly the thought flashed across my mind, 'If this man had only passed you the salt at table, you would have had the manners to say "Thank you," yet you are taking from him lessons beyond all price with never one word of gratitude. And he is thinking and sorrowfully saying that nobody ever heeds what he writes.'

It was late at night and I was alone in my quiet room. On the impulse of the moment I hurriedly set down on paper something of what filled my heart to overflowing.

An answer was far from my thoughts indeed, and yet when a few days later a little old-fashioned envelope reached me, addressed in a strange handwriting, — that small, quick, but clear writing one day to be so familiar and so dear, — some instinct told me at once whence it came. I gazed at it in breathless astonishment. My own name in Ruskin's own writing! No convent-bred novice receiving a missive from the Holy Father himself could have felt more *exaltée*, or more unworthy of so great an honor.

That little oblong envelope lies before me now, and as I look at it the enthusiastic, excitable, hero-worshiping girl of forty years ago lives again in the memory of the gray-haired woman of to-day. It was with trembling fingers that the seal at last was broken. And here is what I found within:—

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
28th July, '80.

DEAR MISS L. —

It was entirely right and kind of you to write, and I am much more than grateful for your letter.

I need all the encouragement that my true friends can now give me, to support me in the healthy hope which is the main spring of usefulness, and which the approach of evening shadow is but too likely to obscure — for oneself — whatever message of morning it may be one's duty to bring to others.

It is also a great and rare gladness to me to hear of a governess whom I have kept from being spoiled. But what nice people you must have to govern for — what nice subjects to govern — I should like to hear more of them — if I may?

Ever very gratefully yours
J. RUSKIN.

Promptly and joyfully this gracious and graceful letter was answered. But, while sending fully the information desired, I was careful to ask no question, and wrote no word which could imply hope of any further communication. And when none arrived I was neither surprised nor disappointed.

Three months later, however, I was bold enough to write again, this time on a totally different subject.

The textbooks on English history at that time in general use were widely different from those which the young student of to-day enjoys. Dates innumerable, long and intricate genealogies, wars, battles, and insurrections, told without any attempt to trace their causes or meaning, — no effort to tell the story of the nation's life and social progress, — it was indeed the dry bones of history. And sometimes the bones were worse than dry — they had a nasty smell.

One morning, in the chapter which I and my two girl pupils read together, we came on a most ghastly account of the execution of Monmouth. Perhaps with the benevolent intention of enlivening his dull pages, the writer

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launched into a most gruesome description of the scene when the executioner pursued the unhappy young Duke around the scaffold, aiming, as he ran, blows of his axe at the partially severed head of the victim.

Small wonder that my elder pupil, a thoughtful girl of about fourteen, asked me what possible good it could do them to learn about such horrors. I could only echo their disgust and promise to do my best to provide some better nourishment for their mental digestion. In justice to myself I must add that this particular textbook was new to me, or the page would have been left unread.

So I summoned up courage to write to Mr. Ruskin, telling him the tale, and begging him, if possible, to give us some portions of our country's story on which I could base lessons for my pupils more edifying for English maidens than such grisly accounts of murders and executions. This letter brought a prompt reply. Dates given in brackets are supplied by the postmark.

ARTHUR SEVERN'S, HERNE HILL,
LONDON S.E. (*2nd Oct.*, '80.)

DEAR MISS JESSIE, —

I am greatly pleased by your letter, for the thing you want is exactly what I've been longing to do, this twenty years; but whenever I tried, I lost myself in a wide sea of various questions — every wave of it foam-white with interest — jets this way and that — creamy like a nice novel — but I could n't get anything set down for sure — the modern wretches of historians as they are called — are full of frank lies — and the old ones are not easy to read!

Anyhow I'm going to do something soon, now, for Sheffield Museum — and I should LIKE to address it to girls. Only there are a great many naughty things one has to tell — and one does n't like quite to look girls in the eyes as one's telling them — and one can't skip them in a real history as one could in a school lecture — so I suppose I must write it for the workmen — and I shall leave you girlies to find out where I've been only pretending to write to them — and really to YOU.

Ever affect[ly] yours
J. RUSKIN.

This letter was quickly followed by another, dated from Amiens.

AMIENS,
14th Oct., '80.

MY DEAR MISS JESSIE, —

I have two letters to thank you for, both of extreme value to me — that of first August — describing domestic life of rarest kind and comforting me with the assurance that there was still law and fatherhood and childhood in England; and this last, telling me of your own interest in 'Fors' — with many other things delightful to hear. — But I am tired this evening — and the words will not come, only I thought you would like to know the work that has tired me, — planning a little guide in Amiens, with history of things quite as much English as French.

Please write to me about anything you would like to ask — or ask for, and if I can I'll answer — and do it! and am always faithfully yours
J. RUSKIN.

And thus was born *The Bible of Amiens*, which, speaking of it to me, he always called 'your book.'

II

My Christmas holidays were spent in London, and I frequented the National Gallery a good deal. I was

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greatly struck by the 'Entombment' of Francia. In my next letter I asked Mr. Ruskin whether my admiration were justified by its merits.

The Lord Kinnaird story to which his reply alludes was as follows: —

An uncle of mine, who knew the Lord Kinnaird of that day well, told me that the latter was in the habit, when in the country, of making a tour of inspection of the premises before breakfast, and if in the course of his ramble he passed by where the boot-boy was at work and saw, when the house was full of guests, an unusual number of boots, he would say, 'Why, Fred, what a row of boots you've got this morning! Here, give me a pair of brushes, and I'll polish while you black.' Then he would go into the breakfast room where his guests were assembled, rubbing his hands with glee.

'There! I've earned my breakfast, at any rate! I've just polished seven-and-twenty pairs of boots and shoes! That's something learned at Eton, anyhow!'

I told this tale to Mr. M——, the father of my pupils, and he answered:

'Lord Kinnaird ought to be ashamed of himself. He has no business at all to be doing the dirty work himself. He ought to employ and pay a second boot-boy, instead of doing so.'

A true trades-union verdict!

I laid the case before my Master, and asked his verdict on it. His reply is specially interesting, and settled the question once for all in my mind.

BRANTWOOD,
23rd Jan., '81.

MY DEAR JESSIE, —

The cold is quite well; but I'm generally feeble and stupid, this winter.

The Francia is a lovely picture, but moves you more from its pathetic subject and quiet grace than from any very high quality — I'm too stupid to tell you more about it just now.

Lord Kinnaird is entirely right. The logger-head public can't, or — more truly won't — understand that by doing the dirty work himself, he saves the price of it to enable somebody else to REST, and be for the time — as happy as a Lord! They think — the poor wretches — that it's impossible to give money to buy rest with — or to do cleaner work for. The Universal law for all noble people is, Work YOURSELF — that others may REST who need it.

All the Tyranny of the Earth may indeed be summed up in this one popular order — Black my shoes — that I may dance in them, and do nothing.

Ever your affect.

J. R.

Carlyle etc., shall come directly.

A long spell of hard frost set in just at this time, and I apologized in my next letter for not having written sooner on the plea that my pupils and I were busy skating most of the day, and that I was too tired at night for any mental exertion whatever.

BRANTWOOD,
(*3rd Feb.*, '81.)

MY DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

So you're fond of skating! (as well as of my books)! —

And you *do* dress nicely? — Do you know — I think if the lake freezes again — (lovely ice five miles long by ½ a mile wide, a week since, only!) — you MIGHT venture to let me see you — here?

I've kept enclosed [Revised Rules for the Daisy Guild] too long, and am busier than when I got it — and I forget what I was to send you beside the Carlyle (which I hope will be very deeply interesting to you). PLEASE tell me ONCE more!

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I've kept your letters, but they're in a heap. Have you seen *Vanity Fair* with Boehm at work on my ideal Bust?

Ever your affect.

J. R.

With the idea that before any actual meeting took place I should like to prepare the Master's artistic eye for the worst of me, I now ventured to send him two new photographs, one of them 'muffled up' in coat and hat, the other a vignette only. I waited very anxiously for his verdict on them, but none arrived for some ten days or so. Then it came.

BRANTWOOD,
St. Valentine's, 1881.

MY DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

I'm afraid (and more than afraid) that I've been keeping you in much pain, but I COULD not write till to-day, and in the ordinary sense — *ought* to be writing to other people than you now; but in St. Valentine's sense, I do right in thanking you for the photographs. Please, I want another, full length, and not muffled up, but showing whatever waspishness there is in you. And you SHALL come — God permitting — and let me see you skate, next winter. If the lake freeze, I can promise you such ice as I know not the like of, — of course there's finer on Highland lochs, but I've never seen them in winter. And if the lake freeze not — I can yet almost promise tarn skating of the sublimest — and a fairy Ice palace under every waterfall.

And if neither freeze, you'll have your head less turned — and be able to talk over future Daisy Chains more rationally.

Ever affectionately yours

J. RUSKIN.

What dreams of happiness this letter evoked! How I reveled in thoughts of what the next winter might bring! Hardly daring to think of such a joy as possible, I yet constantly found my thoughts dwelling on the promised visit with a delight that it was a joy shared with no one, not even my own dear sisters.

And then from out of this apparently clear blue sky there fell a bolt so sudden and so heavy that even now I can hardly bear to recall the sorrow and anxiety of the months which followed. Sudden and terrible illness had struck down the Master so dear to so many.

Through the dreary months which followed, all that could be done to help me to bear the suspense was done by the great kindness of Mr. Laurence Hilliard, devoted pupil and faithful secretary, who sent me constant bulletins of the Master's slow recovery from his nervous breakdown and his consequent wavering in the expressed determination to live alone for the future. In April Mr. Hilliard wrote:

BRANTWOOD,
April 1, '81.

My last letter to you was, I think, written before the Master ordered me to FORBID ALL friends to write to him, and desire them to consider him in California.

This prohibition therefore does not extend to you. The return of the books you have would be an admirable pretext for a letter, IF you like to run the risk. You MAY receive a reply which will pain you, but I hope not now.

'Upon this hint I spake,' though in the greatest doubt and trepidation, for if old, tried, and valued friends were in future to be kept at a distance, what hope was there for one so new and insignificant as myself?

When in a day or two the dear Master's handwriting once more met my eyes, it was with trembling fingers

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that I drew the little note from its envelope.

But no stern rebuke or final farewell met my eager eyes. Once more all was well.

BRANTWOOD,
3rd April, '81.

MY POOR LITTLE JESSIE, —

I had nearly written you a line when I first felt myself steadily gaining; but have been afraid to say much, hitherto: — I believe however I am safe past the chance of any relapse now — and I know what to guard against in future — but for a while yet must be very quiet. Don't send those books back till I ask for them, as I am encumbered with arrears of parcels, letters, etc., and confusion is fatal to me more than anything.

Forgive this mere line — I dare not begin any talk.

Ever your affect^ate^
J. RUSKIN.

I can go on *quietly* with Amiens, however, even now.

III

My Easter holidays were spent that year with friends at Dartmouth, and from there I sent the Master a little collection of Devonshire stories, bearing on the subjects which most interested us both.

BRANTWOOD,
21st April, '81.

DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

I'm really quite well again! and your delicious Dartmouth letter has made me better than well. It is such a joy to me that you like Fors to the end, and that you see how it is all every where else, in the true book of the Two Worlds. And the Dartmouth stories, and the peach one, are all one better than another as they go on.

Amiens is going on too nicely! though I say it that should n't — but it won't be quite so saintly! — The strange thing is that work on the saints always makes me ill! I'm on Early Franks this time, who are more amusing, — but I hope to finish up with St. Geneviève for a little pious flirtation.

Ever affectionately yours
J. RUSKIN.

I think you'll have to come here in your Midsummer holidays, to see the heather, instead of waiting till Xmas.

Quite seriously, I believe the illness, though fearful in itself, has left no more trace than a terrible dream would. But the way it mixed dream with fact was amazing to me, and the warning not to dwell on some classes of subjects, driven home with a witness!

[On the envelope] Please write me some more stories.

Was not this letter indeed clear shining after rain? Joyfully I replied that my summer vacation would begin in August, and asked whether any date in that month would be convenient for my promised visit to Brantwood.

A month passed before I received any answer, but it was charming when it did arrive.

BRANTWOOD,
22nd May, '81.

MY DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

It is partly St. Geneviève's fault — but I am not busy — only enforcedly idle — forbidden to write — but disobedient to all orders — for necessary work, and 'jealous' of every minute when I have pen in hand — and millions of things I *want* to write, but never shall.

Then, if you only knew the worry it is to me when people are running about and changing addresses! — their letters are always at the bottom of the

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letter drawer — and won't open when one gets to them, and open anywhere but at the address — and then one wonders what shire it's in, and whether the postman at Ambleside won't send one's letter to the United States first.

But your letters were both lovely — and you can't possibly write too often. And August or any time will do for here — if we have n't primrose, we've wild rose — if not wild rose — heather — if not heather — golden fern — if not golden fern — silver snow — and skating.

Ever your affec.

J. R.

I regret that most of the stories which gained such warm commendation have, after so many years, slipped from my memory. But I well remember that the expressions quoted in the next letter — to my mind one of the most charming and interesting in the whole series — refer to my having told him that I had just met a girl who some time previously had had the pleasure of a personal interview with him, and that when I eagerly inquired of her, 'What was he like?' all I could get from her was the emphatic pronouncement, 'He's GOOD — he's a GENTLEMAN — he's like a PRINCE!'

In my anxiety for his health I had begged him to 'stop writing' for the present — and got called a goose for my pains!

BRANTWOOD,
1st *June*, '81.

DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

It's all right — I'm going on very well — but I'm not 'good' — nor 'like a prince' — and as for being a 'gentleman' I could as soon make myself into South Down mutton.

My dear — I've written it twenty times in different places — a gentleman MEANS a man of pure race, and farther — one *bred* from childhood in certain ways. I am no more a gentleman than my uncle the Croydon baker. My race is FAIRLY good — but my breeding! — good lack — I never so much as learned to dance! and I had a great gift in that kind — but was too shy!

You're a little goose (but I've told you that before — and you DO write delightful letters! and very useful ones) — to think I could stop writing. You might as well tell a swallow to stop chattering. But I've stopped writing pious things — *they're* the dangerous ones for me! I'm doing just whatever I like — and so — nothing good, you may be sure.

Ever affect[ly] yours

J. R.

SEASCALE,
27th July, '81.

MY DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

Indeed I've been vexing myself at not having been able to write; but I've had extreme difficulty in arranging matters this year — a number of old friends have wanted to come and all in August mostly — and if later, it was no use, for we've got some alterations to make in the house which have to be finished before the winter. — I'm really afraid I shall not have a room at Brantwood till the 15th — but I wonder if you would mind coming a day or two before that to a little lodging with an old servant of mine, now married, who is a very loving landlady and has her little cottage in the sweetest place under the hillside.

I'm going home to-day, having been here at the western beach for some salt breeze — and will write again to-morrow.

Ever your affect.

J. R.

From the 15th I can keep you at Brantwood for a week — if you can stay.

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BRANTWOOD,
Sunday, 31st July.

MY POOR LITTLE JESSIE, —

I have been a cruel monster to you — but not willingly, any more than the people who are changed into bears and frogs in fairy-tales. But I really hope you will enjoy yourself, in spite of the Sylph — from whom also I expect nothing but torture! When we send her back to 'her own place' — we'll console each other, wisely. Yes — it is really Kate that I meant — and she can take you whenever you like to come, and I should really like you to come there and enjoy quiet and the free hillsides, — without (after you've got over the first nervousness of seeing me) being less able to enjoy yourself because Brantwood is on the other side of the lake, and your little room ready there for you on the 15th.

Write me now just a little word saying when you would like to come. I am sure Kate will make you comfortable, as far as you or I *could* be comfortable in a *modern* — not cottage, but parlour and bedroom of the smallest — 'genteel' type. — Kate lives in the kitchen, rightly and simply and does her work and minds her couple of — not exactly babies, but they're not big enough to be called children — as she ought. — But you'll have to bear with parlour style on the minutest scale, and no view neither, only quiet and trees, and the open hillside within thirty yards of the door. And the weather is evidently minded to rain till you come. — Perhaps it may drown the sylph like a butterfly! But it must clear some day — and I believe if you come it will clear for you — and save the sylph — and you'll be ever so happy in the loveliest way — and I really am

Always affectionately yours
J. RUSKIN.

Come by rail to *Carnforth*, beyond Lancaster — then change for Coniston; but you must change *again* at Foxfield, and then our 'guards' shall look after you. And don't bring any money with you — it's such a bother, and you won't want any here. I think they book through to Coniston at Euston — come by first class and be comfortable.' . . . [illegible]

BRANTWOOD,
Friday.

MY DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

I have been over to Kate's to choose your room (back or front) — I've chosen BACK! but will leave you to find out why.

Euston 10 or 10½ trains used to be quite safe for Carnforth — but every month one has to look them up. You'll easily manage to get there in time, from Staines. You arrive here — (Coniston station) at five minutes to six, usually, and shall find a fly waiting, — you'll be at Kate's garden gate by 6.10 and if the evening's fine — will like your rooms well enough.

I shall come to see you on Tuesday — if it's fine — and hear if you're pleased.

Ever your affect.
J. R.

IV

Monday, August 9, 1881, saw the beginning of what was to me the Great Adventure.

We reached Coniston at a quarter past six, and there a manservant met me and put me into a waiting carriage, which in a few minutes brought me to Kate's little house. She hurried out to meet me, her face beaming with smiles of welcome.

'The house is not a mansion, ma'am,' were her first woods. 'But the Professor has been over himself to choose your room!' An honor which in Kate's eyes evidently sufficed to atone for any and every deficiency. 'I did n't a bit

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like putting you into the back room, but he would have it so!'

And when she ushered me into my bedroom I fully understood his choice. Scarcely ten feet below the small square window low down in the sloping ceiling — or rather in the little bit of wall below the ceiling — ran a foaming mountain stream, with the loveliest banks covered with the greenest of dripping ferns, and shaded by trees whose boughs almost touched the little torrent tumbling beneath them.

High in the background rose great hills, strewn with huge boulders of a beautiful warm-gray color, and carpeted with purple heather and golden bracken.

Kate called my attention to some charming pictures on the walls: 'The Professor chose those pictures himself for you, ma'am, and sent them over from Brantwood to make the room pretty for you.'

Three of them were lovely water-color sketches from his own hand, as the signatures told me. The fourth was a beautiful reproduction of an Italian Holy Family, one of the Medici series.

Nor had more prosaic details escaped his kind thought for my comfort; for when, seeing that the little house boasted no bathroom, I asked if I might have a tub of some kind for the morning — a literal washing tub if necessary — Kate drew herself up with dignity.

'No need for that, ma'am. The Professor has sent a bath over from Brantwood for your use.'

Later on, in a gossip over her kitchen fire, she told me that Mr. Ruskin's mother and his old nurse Anne always used to tell him he was 'enough to spoil a whole parish of girls!' and I thought they had good reason to say so.

It had been a terribly wet season in the Lakes, but I had good fortune for my first day there. The sun shone nearly all day, with only two short showers. Directly after my breakfast I started for a walk, as Kate assured me I was 'quite safe from the Professor' till after twelve o'clock, probably till after lunch time.

I followed the course of the little stream whose music had soothed my dreams during the night — the 'Miner's Beck' — till I reached high ground whence I had a view over the whole lake, and could see Brantwood nestling among its woods on the opposite shore. Coniston is a very long, narrow piece of water, five miles long by half a mile wide, with low, gently swelling hills on the eastern side and steep mountains on the western shore.

Brantwood lies at the foot of a wooded hill, close to the lake, on the eastern side, and my cottage abode lay at the foot of the 'Old Man' of Coniston on the western. I followed the course of the beck till I reached the mines which gave it its name. Just by an old bridge of rough gray stone I found a lovely little waterfall, not very high, but perfect in its modest beauty. Beautiful ferns hung over it in clusters, and beyond, the purple heather glowed richly in the sunshine.

I returned to Kate's little house in good time for my early dinner. After that was disposed of, there remained nothing for me to do but to await with what calmness I could command the ordeal of that longed-for, dreaded first interview with the Master. But, with my best efforts at courage, I grew so nervous that at last I fairly ran away upstairs to my bedroom, and there strove to bury myself in a novel.

But that did not prevent my hearing Kate's first footfall on the staircase and waiting with a fast-beating heart for her knock.

'If you please, ma'am, Mr. Ruskin is downstairs in your parlor.'

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I went down; Kate announced me in due form; and I was at last face to face with the Master who had for so long been to me a voice and that only.

It was a terribly anxious moment to one so conscious of all lack of personal charm — and my visitor so loved beauty! But in five minutes I was nearly at my ease — in ten minutes completely so.

And yet I was exceedingly puzzled and surprised. I entered that little parlor expecting to meet a tall, dark, very ugly, and rather gloomy-looking man with melancholy dark eyes and clear, rapid speech. I found myself in the presence of a small, slight, fair man, much younger-looking than I had pictured to myself, with the brightest of blue eyes, a most winning smile, and a remarkably gentle low voice — a good deal of hesitation in his speech, unable fully to sound the letter *r*, and a curious half-foreign, half-Scotch accent.

None of the various photographs I had seen had done anything but mislead me. Since his last illness he had grown a beard, which was still quite short. He wore his invariable blue tie, dark Oxford blue, and was wrapped in thick coats of gray homespun.

He came forward to meet me and took my hand in both his own, with kind little speeches of welcome.

'So nice to have you here. So glad you were able to come! And it really is not too small for you? And you don't mind being here? And does Kate take good care of you? And does she give you plenty of nice things to eat? Did you have a comfortable journey? Did the beck keep you awake at night? And did you understand why I chose the back room for you?'

He sat in a low chair with his back to the window, and I had to sit facing the light, so that I could not see his face so clearly as he could see mine. But after the first few minutes I forgot all about this, and could answer his questions quite easily and naturally, for I found it hard to realize that this gentle, fair little man, with the soft voice and merry laugh, was indeed the great John Ruskin whose scathing words could cut like a sword when he so chose to use them.

He told me a little about 'Sylphide' — that she was younger than he had imagined, only fourteen, and her sister only ten. He had been teaching the latter a bit of Spenser that morning, and found that she did not learn more quickly than most children, but he had been much pleased with her thorough comprehension of all he told her. He found her interesting, but had not 'got to the bottom of her yet.'

'I shall have some nice boys at Brantwood for you next week,' he added.

'I am glad of that, for my last pupils were boys, and I like boys.'

'Most girls do,' he said, smiling mischievously. And presently I found that one of the 'boys' was a practising barrister, and the other was house surgeon at a large children's hospital.

'Now what books would you like me to send you? Nothing of my own, mind! You have been reading me a great deal too much, and it is high time you had a change of reading!'

No pleading could soften this stern decree. The only concession I could obtain was that he would let me have his just-published *Notes on the Brantwood Turners*.

'That will perhaps help you to enjoy the pictures more when you come. I'm getting on nicely with all my work just now. Only I've had my publisher down lately, and he has bothered me dreadfully. I sent for him to scold him, and then, instead of letting me do so, he worried me for revision of this and continuation of that till in the end he got me to promise any amount of work. And I am so lazy! I'd do anything

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to get rid of the Saint George's work!'

'How is that getting on?'

'It is n't getting on at all, but waiting till I can make up my mind about various things. And it is such a bother to have to plan anything — to me at any rate. Arranging a room, even, is to me such a labor.'

'Is that because you have an exalted ideal in your mind, which you cannot get carried out?'

'No. It is simply that I have no faculty for planning and arranging. I can explain and criticize, praise or blame, what is already done, but I cannot conceive what does not already exist. They are waiting now at Sheffield for me to say what I want built, and I cannot make up my mind what I do want.' Changing the subject, he said: 'Your being here will lead me into a nice train of thought, and I shall probably get on with the *Bible of Amiens*.' Then, smiling, he added, 'I think you ought to be a little proud of having set me to that piece of work!'

'I am so horribly proud of it that I have never let myself say a word about it to anybody!'

Speaking of some of his 'jealous' lady friends, he asked me if I did not think he was very good not to have let so much flattery from girls spoil him. I told him that it seemed to me the spoiling was on the other side, and that Kate had said he had always had the character of being 'enough to spoil a parish of girls.'

'As to that, I can say nothing, for I have never had a parish of girls to spoil. The clergyman always does that!'

Speaking about my journey of the day before, he said that, taken as a whole, the London and North-Western line was the dullest of any railway in England. There was not a single thing of interest the whole way, except one pretty view of Lancaster from a bridge, 'and that they prevent you from seeing by a regular cage of iron girders on each side.'

I told him how horrified I had been by the dreadful darkness of the Black Country in general, and Wigan in particular. I had never imagined such sunless gloom, or such absence of all greenness in a whole countryside.

'Ah, then, you will now better understand much that I have written of late years.'

Then he rose to go. But first he presented me with a long, light stick, a regular alpenstock, to use in climbing the hills.

'I think you will find it light in the hand and smooth. I chose it carefully for you at our little village shop. Mrs. Severn shall come to see you to-morrow about this time. Now I must go and have a few words with Kate, or she will be hurt.'

And so the fateful first interview was over. In a few minutes I saw Mr. Ruskin walk quickly down the little garden path, in a heavy rain, umbrella-less, crushing his soft gray felt hat low down on his face, and stooping very much as he walked.

Then quickly in came Kate, to ask how I had liked her beloved Master. Had I liked him more or less than I expected to do? And did I really think him ugly, now that I had seen his beautiful blue eyes?

And she was genuinely delighted when I told her how greatly I had enjoyed his visit, and how perfectly charming I had found him.

Next morning I started out for a walk in a slight rain, got beguiled into climbing that part of the Old Man just beside the house, got thoroughly interested in getting to the top, scrambled on and up through ever heavier rain, got so wet I could not be wetter, so persevered till I stood at last alone and triumphant on the highest point I could see. There was, of course, no view,

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except that of the heavy clouds rolling about the hillside below me, and the peaks all round me. I tried a different way down, but it was not a success, as I presently found myself standing on the edge of a precipitous crag, with no means of getting down it. So I had to retrace my watery steps and climb to the top again, to find the sort of gully through which I had ascended. Coming down was much harder and less pleasant than getting up, and I was glad to find myself safely home again.

Kind Kate was not in the least disconcerted by my drowned-rat aspect and, when I apologized for soiling her spotless kitchen floor, remarked cheerfully: 'Oh, no matter, ma'am. That's how the tourisses always come in!'

The day was so wet and the lake so stormy that it did not at all surprise me that the promised visit from Mrs. Severn did not take place.

At my request, Kate brought her last baby and sat with me in the evening, and we had a good gossip. I asked her how she came to enter Mr. Ruskin's service, and she told me a long and amusing story, and told it with admirable verve.

She was country-bred, but went up to London to seek a situation as parlormaid. She advertised, and received sixty-five replies! Among them was one from Denmark Hill, but this she put aside, as being too far out of town, for she was keen to see as much of the sights of London as was possible. But she was so dismayed by the underground dark kitchens she saw in several houses she visited that at last she decided to see what the Denmark Hill place could offer.

The first person who interviewed her when she presented herself at the house was a young lady scarcely as old as herself, Miss Agnew, now Mrs. Severn, who seemed to have little idea what questions to ask. Then she was told that Mr. Ruskin wished to see her himself. This frightened her not a little, for she had heard something of his fame. But he only asked her a very few questions, and then astonished her by saying that he saw she would do very nicely, and could she come there and then?

'But oh, sir, you have not had my character yet.'

'Oh, never mind about that. I see you will do quite nicely, and it is not worth while troubling about the character.'

But Kate was so horrified at such an unconventional mode of procedure that at last to pacify her Mr. Ruskin consented to write for the important document. But he startled her again by wanting her to come at once without waiting for the reply.

'Can you come to-morrow, then?'

'No, sir, not to-morrow, please.'

'Well, the day after — Friday?'

'Oh, please, sir, not on Friday! That's an unlucky day!'

About which objection he has teased her ever since. Before she left the house, however, she had a very different interview, one with old Mrs. Ruskin, who questioned her in quite another fashion, though she kept breaking off her queries to say, 'But there! It's no business of mine! You will be John's servant, not mine!'

The old lady was extremely averse to having a new face about her. All her servants had been there for years, and were at least middle-aged. As long as she lived Mrs. Ruskin was her own housekeeper. At her death Kate succeeded to the office, and retained her former position also, that of Mr. Ruskin's personal attendant. It was one of her most trying and important duties to protect him from interruptions during his working hours.

'I managed to keep most people out, ma'am, but Mr. Froude was sometimes

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too much for me! He was the worst of them all. He would just put me on one side and walk in, as if I had not been there.'

'How ever did you make up your mind to leave the Professor after being with him so many years?' I asked.

'I'm sure I don't know, ma'am! I suppose I was just took silly!'

Which sage remark ended our gossip for that evening.

Early next morning Baxter, Mr. Ruskin's personal attendant, brought me a large parcel of books and a brief, kind note. Later on I had a note from Mrs. Severn saying she hoped to call next morning.

BRANTWOOD,
11*th August*, '81.

DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

I enjoyed my visit greatly; but could not send your books — nor even a word of letter yesterday. — I'm just pulled to atoms by big company now. It is n't Sylphide's fault — though she *has* a good deal of odds and ends of time; but the big company knock one to bits — Governors of islands and that sort of thing (not Sancho, alas).

Ever affectionately yours
J. R.

Books sent at a chance shot.

It was rather late next morning before Mrs. Severn arrived, for she had had to cross the lake in a small sailing boat, against a contrary wind. But when she did come she quite charmed me. She was then about thirty-three, very fair, very stout, and with the most remarkable golden hair standing out like a halo round her head. Her ease of manner was delightful, and she possessed in perfection the art of saying the prettiest things conceivable in the prettiest way possible. She had many charming things to say to me about the great favor with which 'the Coz' regarded me — and the pleasure my letters always gave him. 'He is always in good spirits for the day whenever he has had a letter from you.' She also told me how much pleasure it had given him to arrange all the details of this visit for me. 'He said the rug in the room you are to have was not pretty enough for you, and he sent to London for another. Unfortunately the lady whom he commissioned to buy it chose one with a good deal of black in it, and he wrote at once for her to send something gayer. I was not sorry,' she added, laughing, 'for he gave me the discarded one, which I much admired, for it is a beautiful Persian one; so, as I don't dislike black, I came off very well.'

I told her that some instinct had warned me of this dislike of black, and that for this reason I had temporarily discarded the mourning I was wearing.

'I am truly thankful you did so, for nothing depresses and worries the Coz so much as to have people about him in black.'

Another note reached me next day.

BRANTWOOD,
August 14*th*, '81.

MY DEAR JESSIE, —

Mrs. Severn brought me back radiant accounts of her visit — and I am looking forward joyfully to your coming to-morrow. — I don't think Sylphide will tease you a bit — I believe you'll fall a little in love with her yourself — and we shall be fighting for her in the end!

Please tell Kate I think I shall want *all* her rooms now, — but I'll send word to-morrow.

Ever affectionately yours
J. R.

I wonder what you two were crying about!

(To be continued)

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'MACHAN'

A MYSTERY OF JAVA

BY T. VAN HOUTEN

It is commonly said that tigers no longer exist in Java. Nevertheless, it still happens sometimes that one runs across one of these ferocious animals in the very heart of the Preanger district, in its deep gorges and on its thickly bewooded hillsides, or on the steep slopes of its rocky ravines, where the grass grows scarce and high, swaying rhythmically at the slightest breeze.

When the nights are blackest, large panthers frequently prowl about the countryside in search of living food. From time to time the news is spread that a royal panther has just made a fresh victim in the neighborhood somewhere, causing havoc and spreading death in its path. Filled with terror at this, the native inhabitants then tremblingly hide themselves in the comparative safety of their villages, daring to venture forth from them only when strictly necessary.

A great number of rivers and kampongs, or native villages, in the Preanger are still designated by the name of this awe-inspiring lord of the jungle, *Machan*, which in the Javanese language means 'tiger,' and which, when preceded by the word *Tji*, always signifies 'running water.' Machan! A terrifying name, which fills all hearts with fear and is mentioned only in a whisper, for every native knows that to speak of the tiger without adding the necessary terms of respect invariably brings down evil upon the culprit. 'His lordship' they call him, and not one of them ever makes a mistake about it. The royal Indian tiger does not like to have its name taken in vain, and woe indeed unto those who are fools enough to make use of it too carelessly, without being careful to add to it the title of respect due to the supreme lord of the jungle!

I once had at my service a little Sundanese maidservant called Sekas. She was a pretty, frail child of eighteen, born on one of the vast and perilously steep slopes of Mount Pangerango, and whom no threats on earth could have forced to mention the feared beast's name.

'Little Sekas,' I asked her one evening, 'why art thou so afraid to speak of the tiger? Thou needest have no fear in answering our questions in this little house, which is always safely shut at night and is perched so high on the top of our hill, out of all danger. And besides, Sekas, dost thou not know that there no longer are any tigers in the environment of Sindanglaya?'

Sekas looked around her with a frightened gleam in her eyes.

'Hush, noble lady — hush!' she whispered. 'I pray thee, in the name of the Merciful Allah, do not speak so loud! Do not offend his mighty

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lordship by thus referring to him so carelessly! Alas, woe unto thee, noble lady, if by chance he has heard thee, for the neighborhood of our village is not so deserted as thou seemest to think, and at times his lordship still prowls around our meadows and our rice fields in the moonlight. On dark nights he is often out looking for an easy and unsuspecting victim on the shores of our peaceful lake, with its shimmering waters; and he follows the trail of belated coolies whose torches have gone out, coming home in the heart of the night along the difficult slopes of Mount Gedeh, or hurrying through the deep precipices of the Poentjak pass.

'Let me tell thee, noble lady, of what once befell Sekas, when she was but a small child and playing one day in front of her parents' tiny hut, which seems to be suspended on the dangerous slopes of Mount Pangerango down yonder.

'My father, the day's work being done, sat smoking on a mat, while my mother, kneeling in a corner, was busy cooking the rice on a little stove in which the smouldering coals were smoking unpleasantly. In those days, noble lady, my father was *mandoer* in the large tea estate situated high up on the Goenoeng Mas, the high peak of which, encircled with woolly clouds, is easily discernible from thy windows. Through the bottom of its valley flows the small river called Tjimachan, which, as thou knowest, means "the river of the tiger."'

Here Sekas lowered her voice and threw quick, furtive glances around the room. Then, lifting large, frightened eyes to us, she went on speaking.

'At the very moment that, in obeyance to my mother's orders, I was about to set out with my girl friends down the road leading to the valley, where every day I was in the habit of drawing the water we continually needed, the young white Master, owner of the tea estate, was seen suddenly walking up to our little house.

'He was very kind and handsome, noble lady. His eyes were as blue as the skies during the east monsoon, and his curly hair was of the color of our golden rice when it is ripe and our coolies have tied it into shining bundles.

'"Kromo," he said to my father when he had come up to us, "I have been told that yesterday a tiger was seen roaming about in the neighborhood of the estate, and that he even carried off an old woman working in the rice fields."

'"Alas, it is true, Master! Old Naima could not be found again, and terror reigns among thy coolies, Master!" answered my father respectfully.

'"Well then, my friend," went on the white Master, "warn all the men that they are to hold themselves ready, for to-morrow at sunrise I intend to set out myself to hunt down that wild beast. It will be my first tiger, and I sincerely hope he will not escape us."

'With a frightened look my father had risen to his feet.

'"Hush, Master!" he exclaimed in a low voice. "Kromo begs of thee, do not speak so lightly his lordship's feared name! Thou wilt offend him. And should that be so, then woe unto thee, O Master!"

'The young man burst out laughing.

'"My poor Kromo," he said gayly, "this is all nonsense!" Then, turning toward me, he called me to him, as he was wont to do often.

'"Here, take this, little one," he said to me with his charming smile, producing a large silver coin out of his pocket. "Here is something to buy thyself a pretty coral necklace until we make thee a new one with the claws of our tiger, or rather of 'his lordship,'

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as thy father so nicely puts it! Goodbye, little Sekas. To-morrow, when we have returned from our little expedition, thou shalt see for thyself how beautiful is a large, shot tiger. I will send for thee and all the other children of the village to come up and admire it."

'Having said this, and calling his faithful dog, the young white Master left us, whistling merrily as he walked off. At the same time my father bowed down his forehead into the dust, and, turning his eyes toward the Holy Mecca, called upon the name of Allah and prayed for his Almighty protection.

'Alas, noble lady, it was to be the last time that Sekas's eyes looked upon the youthful and handsome Master! For on the following day we learned that he had been carried off into the depths of a ravine by his angered lordship, whom his reckless words had offended!

'That same evening, shortly after he had gone, my mother called me. "Take the water jug, my child," she said, "and go down to the river to fetch the water that I need. My rice is burning, little one. Hurry!"

'I called Djahar and Yamina, my two little friends, and, lifting up the heavy earthenware pot to my shoulder, I secured it there in safety by means of my long *slendang*, which was of very fine batik work. The sun was already setting and, as its great ball of fire slowly dipped away out of sight behind the green rice fields in the distance, its dying rays played on and lit up the steep mountain sides, while the shadows rapidly began to lengthen in the valleys below. The air was cool and serene; in the trees the song had gradually died out of the throats of the countless birds and they were falling asleep with a soft fluttering of wings.

'Laughing gayly and feeling happy and unafraid in our childish hearts, in spite of that day's dangerous news, we were tripping along the steep and narrow path which, between well-nigh impenetrable bamboo bushes and tall grass, leads down to the waters of the little river flowing merrily at the bottom of the valley. Instead of hurrying, as my mother had told us to do, we idled, and ran after a few butterflies which from time to time still fluttered about in the thick vegetation around us.

'Djahar, very proud of it indeed, was showing off a new necklace of gold beads that her father had just purchased for her. It shone on her comely neck; and on her brown skin, which was like satin in its softness, the beads glistened like a lot of fireflies in the shadows. At the very bottom of a ravine through which we were walking we found a fragrant bush laden with *mulatti* blossoms. The white flowers stretched out their starry petals and exhaled their exquisite, penetrating scent into the serene air of the falling night. We stopped and lingered for a moment in order to stick some of them into our raven-black hair, for we were already conscious of our appearance, as if we had been little women.

'More than an hour had gone by since we had left my parents' hut. The sun had vanished altogether by then, and only a few last pink and golden rays streaked across the horizon. The night was now falling very rapidly. For a few more moments the skies again assumed faint crimson tints, and it seemed as if the waters in the quiet rice fields reflected a great fire in the heavens. Then they disappeared also, and black shadows enshrouded the deserted countryside in their inky darkness.

'Then suddenly Djahar stood still — petrified. In the thicket before us a

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pair of eyes shone and gleamed like two burning coals!

'"Machan!" she breathed. "Allah the Merciful! Machan!"

'At the same moment a deep and hoarse growl arose from the thickness of the bushes and the peaceful atmosphere seemed to tremble. The two coals still glistened fiercely at us in the sombre shadows. Then suddenly, mad with terror and no longer knowing what I was doing, I picked up a large stone, then another, and another, and with all my feeble strength I started throwing them at the clusters of bamboo in front of me. Djahar and Yamina followed my example.

'The glowing coals went out as if by magic. A sound like a deep snort disturbed the warm air, and at the same time a dark and silent shadow passed swiftly over our heads and vanished into the darkness. His lordship, O noble lady, satisfied no doubt by the result of a recent hunt, had not even deigned to look upon us!

'The next morning at dawn, however, as the rising sun was piercing through the mists encircling the lofty summit of the volcano down yonder, the coolies of the tea estate, who had gathered and were on their way to answer their young white Master's bidding, found hanging on some bushes at the side of the road a few pieces of what had formerly been a garment, pitifully torn and besmirched with blood, and several curls of hair, the color of ripe rice when it has been tied into bundles.'

Greatly impressed by the young Javanese girl's tale, we remained silent for a long time.

'But, little Sekas,' said my friend finally, 'thou surely dost not believe, I hope, that the tiger spared thee and thy little friends because of the way in which thou expressed thyself when speaking of him? Nor that he avenged himself upon the young white Master, as thou hast called him, because on the eve of his horrible death he had omitted to call him "his lordship"?'

Putting a slim finger against her lips, which had been made scarlet with the juice of the betel nut, the young Sundanese threw a frightened look around the room.

'Hush, O noble lady! Sekas begs of thee, do not speak thus! Who may tell that his lordship is not listening to us to-night from the heart of some thicket or in the depths of the precipice near by, where he may be watching and waiting for his next victim! Hush! Sekas assures thee it is dangerous to speak so lightly of him!'

We both started to laugh. The young girl seemed terrified.

'Come now, little Sekas, it's all right!' I said softly when I saw her fright. 'It is getting late. Go and prepare our rooms, for we wish to retire rather early to-night.'

Without saying another word Sekas left us, no doubt very happy to escape any further questioning. Dainty and sweet, she seemed to float out of the room, with that charming and unaffected grace of movement natural to only the daughters of Java's burning soil. A few moments afterward she came back to say that everything was ready for the night, and thereupon she went off herself to her tiny room at the end of our little verandah, swinging a torch in her hands which flickered dimly, and casting frightened eyes around her at the shadows following her along the wall.

I had been in bed for more than an hour, reading with the help of the feeble light from a small oil lamp with a pink shade, for when one is high up in the Javanese mountains one has to be content with what one

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can get. Suddenly a faint and almost indistinguishable noise outside the house attracted my attention. It was weird and — silent. It might have been made by a very large dog, a huge dog roaming softly around our little house on velvety paws.

My two little dogs, which usually, at the slightest stir outside, would start to bark loud enough to wake up the whole household, crept tremblingly and very quietly into a corner near my bed and hid themselves without a sound in their basket.

The animal outside, whatever it was, continued its silent round, coming and going on the grass of the lawn with soft movements which indicated an extraordinary suppleness and agility. I could hear it walking over the thin basketwork mats lying out on the ground, mats which in the daytime were used to protect some freshly planted flower beds from the broiling heat of the sun. Its breathing, short and powerful, which from time to time floated up into the deadly stillness of the night and reached my ears, sounded rather like the purring of a monstrous cat. Then all of a sudden my heart stopped beating, as realization came to me!

Machan! The tiger! It was his lordship himself, as Sekas would say! It could not be anything else! His lordship, vexed by our careless words of to-night, and come from far away to punish the culprits!

For more than two hours the wild beast prowled about in the neighborhood of the house in the profound stillness of the night. The dogs trembled in their hiding place, while I crept closer under the sheets, wide awake and with my ears alert to the faintest sound. Then suddenly the almost uncanny patter of those soft paws stopped altogether and complete silence reigned about the place again, not even disturbed by the fluttering of wings of a night bird flying about in the shadows.

All night long until morning I left my little pink lamp burning, spreading its reassuring glow around the room. I could see that my friend had done likewise and lay in her bed hardly daring to breathe. With the arrival of dawn, even before six o'clock, she came into my room and I saw that she looked very pale.

'Did you hear — ' she said to me, 'in the night? That strange and silent beast — what could it have been?'

We were still staring at each other, not daring to put into words what was in our minds, when Sekas came bursting into the room, trembling violently and looking frightened out of her wits.

'O noble ladies,' she cried, 'did Sekas not warn thee of what would happen? His lordship came here in the night! His fresh tracks are yet on all thy flower beds, and he has carried off all the chickens of the *kebon* [gardener]. All night long Sekas has lain shuddering inside her little room, while she heard him prowl around the house! Ali will show thee the marks of his paws in the grass, noble ladies. But hurry, for the rain which washes away everything will not be long in coming down!'

And indeed, in the very middle of one of the largest flower beds two huge paws, with powerful claws, had left their clear imprints in the soft, damp earth. Also, a little farther along, on one of the sides of our small house and under my very window, two more brown paw marks were clearly outlined on the whiteness of the wall. Smelling my dogs, the ferocious beast had no doubt stood up on its hind legs to look for an opening.

That same evening my servants, with a great deal of ceremony, laid an

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offering, meant to appease the anger of his lordship, under some sacred *cambodjia* trees at the end of the garden, in the shade of which, overlooking the great ravine which slopes down almost vertically along the sides of Mount Gedeh, lies concealed the grave of an old and respected hadji. This quaint offering consisted of boiled rice wrapped up in fresh green banana leaves, a single egg, two or three large fruits, several bananas, and — one cigarette! The whole proceeding was terminated by a host of weird incantations, followed by the most mysterious and incomprehensible gesticulations.

On the following morning, at the first rays of the sun, it was seen that all of it had gone.

'His lordship is satisfied,' our little Sekas came and told us with a brilliant smile. 'He has deigned to accept our offering, O noble ladies! His mighty wrath has been appeased, and he will not come back if we do not repeat the offense. May the Almighty and All-Merciful Allah be praised for it!'

And unto this very day, verily, his lordship has not returned.

INTELLECTUAL DEATH AND SPIRITUAL LIFE

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I

As the Dayton controversy of a past summer went on its way, wakening laughter among the thoughtful of the earth from London to Peking, one could not help being aware, in spite of the frequent use of the word 'religion' in the reports of the trial, how far removed from any consideration of religion in its deeper meaning was all that heated interchange of opinion regarding the genesis of earth and the origin of man. Equally remote seem the issues of the Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy, which we have ever with us, regarding various points of formal doctrine, but centring in the discussion of the virgin birth. Thinking of religion as one has known it in consecrated lives, as one has known it in one's profounder experience, one begins to wonder how, for the many, religion ceased to be an individual consciousness of living reality, and came, mistakenly, to be regarded as a mere matter of abstract opinion, mere intellectual assent.

Puzzling over this, I turned with open mind to the Gospels. This idea, held by many, of religion as acceptance of a statable formula or a series of such formulas was not there. The words of Christ concern not attitude of mind wholly, nor even primarily, but attitude of being. 'I am in the Father, and the Father in me.' One cannot by any stretch of the imagination conceive him pausing in his admonitions regarding showing mercy, loving God, loving one's neighbor, and doing justice, to discuss as a matter of religion any major point in the Dayton controversy, or in the

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Fundamentalist debates, so wasting precious moments of life in a world of need. One cannot imagine him interpreting after the flesh the idea of his being the Son of God, he who was the Son of God by the spirit that spoke through him. Christ made no demand for assent to complex intellectual affirmations: he asked only that life should be conceived as spirit, not matter, and, specifically, as love, with practical outcome.

'This seems to me like religion,' I said wistfully, turning over the pages of the Gospels.

In delving further into the words and lives of the disciples, the one outstanding fact was that they, living, had known the Master; that they went to touch other lives to that vital contact with holiness.

I went to Saint Paul, thinker, something of a philosopher, organizer of the early Church. I found in him a burning sense of the personality of Christ, a burning desire to make this sense a band of union between man and man, in search of perfection of thought and of conduct. Here was an utter consecration of mind, of spirit, of body; endeavor for entire control, lest the light that came from God should be blurred; a longing to be translucent to the divine.

'This seems to me like religion,' I said, and, encouraged, went further, searching out lives of the saints, — we have authentic records of many, from Saint Benedict and Saint Cuthbert down to Cardinal Mercier, — and so passed the autumn and winter pleasantly in the company of those to whom religion has been the whole of life, saints of different countries, different periods, different religions.

To one and all, whether those whose minds turned inward to find God, the mystics, those of the contemplative life, the Friends of God; or those whose minds turned outward, sharing with their fellows, active, busy in good works, Brethren of the Common Life; or those who are greatest, in whom these two tendencies are balanced, in perfect adjustment, such as Saint Francis of Assisi and Bernard of Clairvaux — to one and all religion was no mere matter of opinion, but a live contact with something vital, bearing out the statement made by William James: 'By being religious we establish ourselves in possession of ultimate reality, at the only points at which reality is given us to grasp.' Life is heightened even by brief glimpses of lives like these, across the centuries, across theologies; there is something quickening in coming into contact with them. In all was a great simplicity of feeling, of intellect, of being. As, saint after saint, they passed before me, — devotion after devotion, self-sacrifice, utter consecration, — they made me newly aware that the basis of their sanctity was something far deeper than any matter of mere opinion, of intellectual assent.

While, with the din of modern controversy in my ears, I followed these lives whose one pursuit was holiness, with the question ever in mind as to why rationalistic conceptions had, for the vast majority, been substituted for the sense of immediate communion with the divine, I was driven back to study some of the early stages of church history. They who hold special dogmas to be the all-important part of religion should read those who have traced their history, found their origin, — going back to the Greek Apologists, to Clement, to Origen, — and have followed the influence of the Greek Sophists upon the early Church. A growing intellectuality where there had been the touch of spirit on spirit marked the struggle, in the second and third centuries, to

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adapt Christianity to the conditions of the Greek world, to make it meet the thought of the time, and some of its formulated doctrines bear the imprint rather of pagan philosophy than of the words of Christ — noble philosophy, but philosophy that fell from human lips rather than from immediate dictation of the Almighty, as many who hold it now apparently believe. 'The line from Plato to Origen, and, we may add, to the present day, is unbroken. . . . Greek philosophy furnished the general plan for a statement of Christianity which should be intelligible, attractive, and convincing to the learned and the simple alike,' writes Professor C. H. Moore, in his *Religious Thought of the Greeks.*

But that early intellectualization was in its day a something vital, growing, an attempt to set forth Christianity in terms that the thinkers of the time would understand, learning to speak their language, that of philosophy. Though the departure from primitive simplicity meant the loss of something that has never been regained, except by individuals and by small groups in different ages, that thought in that day was alive, searching out truth, not petrified into formulas, never to be changed.

II

The deepest tragedy in the history of the churches is the tragedy of conceiving religion as primarily a matter of intellect, and yet ruling that thought shall stop. Here is the dilemma in which the modern Church finds itself at a time when new knowledge is pouring in upon the world, and the need of alert and vigorous thought is greater than it has ever been since the day when Christianity was born. One would think that, the principle of interpreting Christian truth in the light of advanced thought having been accepted in practice by the early Church, it would have been accepted once for all, that succeeding generations would recognize active thought as a duty, even more fully a sacred heritage from the past than were the special doctrines then formulated. We could honor our religious forbears more deeply by doing as they did than by taking unquestioningly the results of their thought, which have come to be held by many, especially certain Southern legislators, as one holds tangible heirlooms, such as mahogany chair or sofa, the one solicitude being to keep the article exactly as in the father's, grandfather's, great-grandfather's day. If church leaders might think in those early centuries when the Church came into existence, why may they not think now? 'Surely it is unreasonable to make intellectual death the condition of spiritual life.'

Later landmarks in the history of theology are marked by free use of the intellect in the light of the thought of the day, and represent effort to meet some crisis, some special danger of the time. Even Calvin — whose tenets, most rigid of all known systems, were most rigidly held by succeeding generations — was, in part at least, thinking in terms of the thought of his day: legal thought, unfortunately, with overstress upon code and statute. Leader at a decisive moment, he attempted to create a wall of definite dogma, firm, aggressive, to separate the new Church of the Reformation from the Roman Catholic Church; the new faith must be buttressed and built up on a solid foundation of doctrine which he felt himself called upon to construct for all time.

Calvin's mind was alert and working when, in 1536, alive to a special danger, he wrote the first draft of his *Institutes;* are the minds of his followers, who still are many, alert and working when

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they say over by rote his conclusions — monstrous conclusions, some of them? There is little in the history of human thought more discouraging than the hold still upon many of the boy Calvin, full of the overassurance of youth, who laid down the law at twenty-six, with dogmatic assertiveness which he never outgrew, and who thereby determined the measure of mind of many in each succeeding generation. That in certain ways he rendered great service is undoubted, especially in his demand for high rectitude of conduct, but it is a pity, great beyond all computation, that the man whose dictates have left a stronger stamp than that of any other single theologian should, as an interpreter of Christianity, have missed the significance of the New Testament; that the utter simplicity and directness of Christianity as taught by Christ should disappear in terms of law; that that which is sublime in his statements about God should have been overshadowed by his presentation of Him as the jealous God of the Hebrews, magnified and perverted into a spectre terrible beyond all imagining, foreordaining Adam's fall, yet holding Adam and his descendants wholly responsible; electing, *out of his mere good pleasure*, some to everlasting life, and damning others to everlasting death, yet claiming that that doom and that salvation were both acts of choice of the individual.

Again, that group of divines who, in 1563, in the reign of Elizabeth, set the stamp of their approval upon the Thirty-nine Articles, that group of laymen and divines who, at the bidding of the Long Parliament, drew up and published in 1648 the *Westminster Confession of Faith* and the *Westminster Catechism*, were still fighting the battle of the Reformation, with their own weapons, in their own way. Their dicta bear the stamp of thought of their respective periods, and are uttered with the authority of those who believe that it is possible to settle all points of doctrine definitely and for all time. It is not ours to judge how they served their purpose in their own day; ours only to recognize that their time is past. The glory and the challenge of our age is the discovery that no thought can be settled definitely and for all time. It is the nature of the human intellect to work, and work it must, even though obloquy and misunderstanding be its reward. The human spirit refuses to be bound.

Why accept as final the dicta of Calvin, abstract thinker, trained in law and in theology of the sixteenth century, with its cramped knowledge and its mediæval methods of thought, and eschew the philosophic thought and information of a later era, when knowledge is incomparably vaster than in his day, for knowledge grows 'from more to more'? Why accept as final the conclusions of those who formulated the Thirty-nine Articles or the *Westminster Confession of Faith*, who were human, like the rest of us, and, though they did not know it, merely groping their way toward truth? There is no other department of thought in which the intellectual methods of the sixteenth and the seventeenth century would be allowed to rule to-day, dogmatic assertion, based on the letter of the text, sometimes wresting the letter to prove the preconceived idea. The crux of the whole situation is, of course, the difference in regard to the Scriptures, whether to accept the old idea — of verbal inspiration from Genesis on: the lesser reverence that escapes thought by attaching magic value to the letter — or to show the deeper reverence of searching for the spirit. The thoughtful of the modern world know that their hope lies in the latter course.

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Whose fiat was it — surely not God's — that thought should stop in 1536, or in 1563, or in 1648 A.D.?

III

The unfortunate effect of over-elaborated stationary dogma is that it has meant, and means, excluding from the Church hosts of the strongest, of the most genuinely religious, in Christ's interpretation of the term, whose only sin is a refusal to part with their intellectual integrity. There are unnumbered people, of devout ancestry, of deeply religious instincts, who yet cannot affirm as fact that which they do not know, or presume to put into words that which is beyond words, beyond thought, who, because of inability to subscribe in full to theological creed held by family and friends, enact the age-long Tantalus of religion, the water of life so fenced in by dogma that they who are athirst may not drink. Doubtless many of them are convinced that religion is more than a matter of mere knowledge, that much that should be left to faith, to hope, is, in overformulated dogma, forced down into the lesser world of the understanding; perhaps they shrink from 'perverting the idea of God,' making it the 'foundation of a science, dogmatic theology, which applies the categories of substance, cause, and the rest, to a Supreme Being, as if he were an object presented in sense experience.'

There are hosts of those now doing the will of God, but not recognized as the sons of God, in a world where men have taken it upon themselves to narrow His greatness to the petty limits of their own thought, to circumscribe the illimitable into definition. Organizers of movements protecting the weak and helpless of the earth, many a modern surgeon, many a nurse, battling with disease and with pain, many a social worker, profoundly Christian at heart, think themselves irreligious because the orthodox think them so. And indeed they may have denial on their lips, not of the words of Christ, but of the words of Calvin, or of later formalists. Many of these unnamed Christians are perhaps nearer the heart of the Master than many who call themselves by his name; at least they are remarkably like the saints in act, and deeply religious in the true sense, after the best definition of religion ever made: 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.'

What is to be done with the great army of those doing the Father's bidding yet not bearing the stamp of any sect, nor even called Christians, though Christian in feeling and in deed? Lonely, they suffer from a sense of lack of fellowship, of that élan, impetus to step, that comes from a sense of many marching together, to the same music. The Church must beware of longer excluding those who make brief profession in words, but whose acts reveal their lofty creed, for the Church needs these people, even more than they need the Church. The world has no greater hope to-day than the silent Christianity of the unsectarian. Christianity is here to stay; it has sunk too far into the inner consciousness of the race to be eradicated or forgotten, is too deeply imbedded in the minds and souls of men to vanish; spoken or unspoken, it is imperishably ours. The question is not whether Christianity will live; it is living. The question is as to whether the churches will live, and this is for them to say. If they could become simply Christian, there is no question that their vast organizing power could work

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greater beneficence than the world has ever known.

IV

The hour has struck for change. If the Church is to live, it would seem as if two ways were open to it, and only two, one of which must be chosen. One is to return to the primitive simplicity of Christianity as taught by its Founder, dogmaless, spiritual, and practical, as men from time to time have attempted to do, trying to recover that sense of immediate contact with the divine known to Christ and to the disciples, trying to live self-sacrifice. Hosts would rally about the banner if only Christ's demands were upon it, if belief in him as the way, the truth, the life, were accepted as a full confession of faith.

The very thought of real Christianity, the thought of reviving it throughout the land in its simplicity and immediacy of belief, its selflessness, its scorn of earthly possessions, leaves one breathless with sorrowful hope that dare not quite be hope. There are faint strivings, questionings as to a truer way of swearing allegiance to the Master: Episcopalian suggestions of relaxing the hold of the Thirty-nine Articles; even Presbyterian qualms about the wisdom of worshiping their own dictates; and there are practical efforts toward uniting different sects, but they are tentative and timid. The churches dare not go far enough to meet.

The records of the saints bespeak the truth of how little in their deeper lives depended on special dogma, how much on insight into Christ's personality, and developed will to follow him. Both the great opposing organizations, Protestant and Catholic, have had, and have, great saints. It is perhaps impossible that these churches, with their vested interests, their stubborn pride of dogma, could ever combine to enter the kingdom of heaven of preaching, teaching, practising a gospel as simple as Christ's, as devoted; to vitalize, touch to the quick the souls of human beings, sting to desire for holiness, devoting their vast material resources to caring for the poor, the suffering. It is inconceivable, of course, that the religion of Christ should be revived and taught in its simplicity, as he taught it — and yet?

V

But if, — and this is the other alternative, — as many of the wise say, dogma is necessary to hold the host together, and organic relationship cannot exist without it, then let the leaders of the Church to-day show the pluck of the leaders of the early Church in wrestling with the advanced thought and knowledge of the time. To flinch from this is to repudiate the early history of the Church, and to deny the processes by which Christian dogma first came into existence, keeping abreast with Greek philosophy, influenced by some of its doctrines.

Minds were yet seeking truth when those early doctrines were formulated, not merely repeating, and the mind that seeks is alive, vital. Those later landmarks in the history of the Church — Calvin's *Institutes*, the Thirty-nine Articles, the *Westminster Confession of Faith* — represent active intellectual effort; they served the need of their respective centuries; why should not our formulas serve ours? If our belief is to have intellectual content, we must bear the burden of thought of our day, must keep pace with ascertained knowledge. If we are to think, let us think. To try to hold back the centuries of growth and of new discovery is as hopeless an effort as that of King Canute in attempting to stop the

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incoming waves. Theologians must be permitted to share the thought of the age, must not be expected to dwell in a world walled about, apart from the main trend of human progress; yet persecution has too often awaited those who have attempted to make chinks in the wall to let in the light.

It is apparent as in no intervening century that some revision of Protestant articles of belief is necessary, now, when new discovery has compelled us to refashion our whole theory of the universe, when, in part at least because of lack of intellectual readjustment, the churches are emptying, and when hosts of the young cry out that they believe nothing because they find that the information given them in the pulpit and at home is false. Our age, like the ages most productive of theology, has its own crisis, its special danger. There is need of a Renaissance within the Church, for frank facing of the challenge of our time, lest we fall into the intellectual and spiritual blindness afflicting those who are content with formulas settled once and forever. An absolute formula is too often a place to sleep, relieved of thought, instead of making constant effort to refine and clarify thought, thus winning the way to higher levels of being. Dogma comes from a verb meaning to think; why may it not be used in the present as well as in the past tense?

If formulated religion must deal with the history of earth and of man, why should not this part of doctrine be stated in terms of the new knowledge of the day, — geology, biology, — as the earliest doctrines of the Church were stated in terms of the thought of that time? It is chiefly in this department of knowledge that our age has made progress, that concerning the physical constitution of man and of the universe. •Brief statement of what has been found out, frank statement of the point at which knowledge stops, and even the expressed hope that more will some day be known, would mean throwing down barriers which many who should by good rights be within the Church cannot now conscientiously cross. It is, of course, the literal interpretation of the Bible that stands in the way; if we have now grown wise enough to accept as figurative much that has hitherto been interpreted as literal fact, we shall not, in all probability, err more greatly than those of our predecessors who looked upon all Scripture as divinely inspired, and all statements as equally authoritative in the revelation of spiritual truth. Earlier thinkers have interpreted the Bible in the light of the human thought of their day; why should not thinkers now, with their wiser sense of the relative values of Scripture texts? No modern scientist would be capable of misinterpreting more completely than does Calvin, in his *Institutes*, in building up the terrible doctrine of election, the foundation stones of which are Old Testament texts which plainly mean something quite different from that which he makes them mean in order to fit the preconceived idea.

VI

I doubt if formal theology would lose anything essential if the points regarding the physical history of earth and of man were phrased in terms of thought of the twentieth century, instead of those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There was nothing sacrosanct about the seventeenth century, with its conception of fixed, immobile laws, of nature as a mechanism, of God as demonstrable by the same laws of thought that govern mathematics. There is great advance in our time, a new and vital conception,

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a change from the static to the dynamic; the universe has come to life, and men's minds with it, awed by new insight into the boundless possibilities of growth and change.

It would be well if, in the light of new thought and new knowledge, a restatement of creed could come, if the phraseology of dogma could reflect the 'Copernican change' from the anthropomorphic idea of a God outside manipulating the universe to the far more profound and more spiritual idea of a God within, working in and through all things, an idea fully in accord with the doctrine of evolution. A far deeper conception of God than the seventeenth century, still so dominant and authoritative in our formulated theology, was capable of conceiving lies at the heart of much of this modern study and investigation whose results have so terrified the Fundamentalists, especially those of the South: —

> Thus He dwells in all,
> From life's minute beginnings, up at last
> To man — the consummation of this scheme
> Of being, the completion of this sphere
> Of life.

No one has suggested so fully in brief space, as Browning does here in the fifth scene of *Paracelsus*, the fact of all life as a matter of growth and change, of the organization of all life from lower to higher through the operation of indwelling spirit. John Fiske, of course, spent many of his years in expounding the application of the newly discovered law of evolution to the mind and soul of man. Ages of physical growth and development, then the illimitable possibilities of growth of mind, of spirit; all life as a matter of growth and change — it is only since the doctrine of evolution was formulated that we have grasped this idea, with the full splendor of its spiritual challenge. It has set the human spirit free; it has brought untold stimulus, opening up vast possibilities for endless growth.

Hosts would flock to the Church if church doctrine would keep pace with the dominant thought of our day — evolution. The young would come; you cannot keep the young away from any currents of thought which are alive and vital. It is pity unspeakable that the Church does not accept this, and use it to gather them in, as the early Church used Greek philosophy. The young are going to think in terms of evolution, and they reckon ill who leave it out. In denying or ignoring it, in forgoing its energizing force, the Church loses a great source of power and leaves the young a prey to those who choose to interpret this law of life as a mechanistic determinism. It would be well to have it interpreted not merely in terms physical but in terms spiritual.

VII

There is nothing to fear, in regard to real religion, in any full, free activity of the mind. Thought which is honestly searching out truth cannot be wrong, cannot be mistaken; it is only when it claims to be the ultimate and puts an end to truth that it goes wholly astray. After all, the important questions are not questions of genesis, or origins, but of the destination of the human race. If the mental energy that now goes into abstract discussion of dogma could be brought to bear on the central, essential, inmost problem of holiness, the cause of religion would need no legislation to bolster it up, would triumph in our day. For our minds should be at work, not in splitting hairs about dogma, but in searching the ways of beauty and of holiness, finding the divine in the past and in the present, studying great personalities to whom the race may measure

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up, the saints and the sages on whose deeds and inspirations we can place hope for the future. We must penetrate the finer thought of the race, in great literature, in philosophy, striving to find the farthest reach of the human mind that we may be won to further effort. It is imaginative, sympathetic insight that needs to be cultivated, not mere logic chopping, in order to set free the resources of the human spirit, for religion is a life, and life requires the whole of you, intellect and emotion stimulating and sustaining each other, quickening the will, making for wholeness of being, for beauty of thought and beauty of action.

So religion becomes an inner vitality, a sting and sense of life as having greater significance than that which one touches, handles, sees, and an acting in the light of this insight. It must reckon not only with that which man knows, which is very little, but with that which he feels, that which he longs for, and his aspiration is very great. May it not permit holding the great central hopes of mankind as hopes, not as demonstrated certainties of the scientific mind? May not they who cannot think of immortality as proved hold it in that larger grasp, faith as the 'substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen'? The writer of these words understood far better than later generations the essence of religion.

For religion, in the deepest sense, is not a mere matter of intellectual assent or dissent, but something far beyond and above this, the way of the soul Godward, a groping in thought and finer deed toward that perfection fortunately made manifest in that greatest of personalities, Christ. Its sole sufficing need is a sense of the living presence of one who pointed the path of sacrifice as the only path that leads to God, one whose whole life went out in beneficent activity, one who had greater faith in the potential divinity of humankind than any other has had who has spoken on earth. The human race moved up to a higher level when he voiced this faith — a faith that has spurred it on ever since, in spite of overcodified religions, and religious wars, and worship of the body, and all powers dragging back. Not more important is our holding him divine than is his faith in the potential divinity of humanity.

And this is good evolutionary doctrine.

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TO CERTAIN ONES WHO CANNOT UNDERSTAND

BY MARGARET POND

All of her days go similarly by,
Smoothly as water in a meadow stream,
Softly as silken clouds in a still sky,
Silent as a slow star-awakened dream.
But do not pity her who yet has known
No sharp-edged joy, no bitter-pointed pain,
Who has not met grief in the night, alone;
Who with no piercing love has ever lain.

She lives more poignantly than you can guess
Who are too dull to know the ecstasies,
With sun-touched hills, of a long, slow caress
Of moving light on wind-hushed grass and trees;
Who have not felt swept by the wings of birds;
Or pricked by firs along a mountain side;
Or stung by stars like little burning words;
Or stricken like sky at wind's approaching stride.

She becomes part of earth with every spring
And bears earth's blossoming as if her own,
Knowing a birth-pain for each lovely thing,
For ice-freed lakes, for orchards apple-blown.
The joy of hills is hers, serene and high;
Hers is each pool of quiet rain-touched grief;
And when her autumn comes, and she must die,
She will go radiantly like a sky-tossed leaf!

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THE HABIT OF GOING TO THE DEVIL

BY ARCHER BUTLER HULBERT

(Every essential fact in this paper is a direct quotation, or exact paraphrase, from American periodicals published about a century ago; the date of publication is indicated in each case.)

A GLANCE at our country and its present moral condition fills the mind with
1827 alarming apprehensions. The moral desolation and flood tides of wickedness threaten to sweep away not only the blessings of religion, but the boasted freedom of our republican institutions as well. Every candid person must admit that if ignorance, licentiousness, and a disregard of all
1828 moral laws prevail in our communities, then demagogues and spendthrifts will sit in the halls of legislation; ambition, self-aggrandizement, and love of power will supplant patriotism, public spirit, and attention to the best interests of the nation. Due to the lack of moral restraint, the very freedom which we enjoy hastens this degrading process. To-day no virtuous public sentiment frowns down upon the criminal to shame him into secrecy. Let another half century pass in our present indifference and inactivity, and existing evils will have attained a strength never to be overpowered.

It is clear that instead of the masses of our people improving they are sadly
1843 deteriorating. Murders, robberies, rapes, suicides, and perjuries are as common as marriages and deaths. Killings appear to have become contagious; no day passes without an attempt somewhere in our country. Lawlessness has so increased that the expense of watching our army of criminals, of tracking and arresting them, and of maintaining them in prison (together with the huge cost of their felonies) is immeasurable.

The wave affects not only the lower classes. In a court in Pennsylvania
1843 John Doe recently pled guilty to the charge of bigamy. As he rose to be sentenced by the judge he interrupted that official's verdict by handing him a pardon from the governor of that state! And our irreligious clergy! What can be done for the con-
1828 version of the many ministers of the Word who preach error for truth, because they themselves have never known salvation? What will become of churches under such leadership? In ten or twelve counties in Indiana a number of churches recently
1843 voted not to coöperate with any missionary, or temperance societies, or Sunday School associations, since in their present form they are not warranted by the teachings of God's Word.

And what of our youth! To-day, where one child hails the Sabbath with
1829 delight, as the day for Bible study, one hundred young immortals are growing up in ignorance and sin. The lamentable extent of dishonesty, fraud, and other wickedness among our boys and girls shocks the

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nation. The army of youthful criminals from the slums is augmented by children abandoned by the shiftless of the working classes, by families wrecked by
1830 living beyond their means, and by wayward unfortunates from reputable families. Large numbers of these youngsters belong to organized gangs of thieves and cutthroats, and are in the regular employ of old criminals who teach them the tricks of the trade. Many such have no homes; some cannot even return to the gang's
1831 headquarters unless the day's profit amounts to a stipulated sum. From these thousands of young desperadoes the chief mass of hardened criminals is recruited. Half the number of persons actually convicted of crime are youths who have not reached the age of discretion. Of 256 convicts in the Massachusetts State Prison, forty-five were thieves at sixteen years of age; and 127 had, at that age, become
1833 habitual drinkers. Youthful gambling, accompanied with most degrading language, as in the game of shooting craps, begins almost in infancy. A gentleman passing along the streets of Boston recently overheard a gang of boys shooting craps. The language issuing from their young lips might well have come from Hell,
1833 and even there would almost have shocked the Satanic proprietor himself. And even amid more refined surroundings our young people are everything but seriously minded to-day. At —— University the few
1828 students who profess religion stand, as it were, alone; to attempt to stem the torrent of vice and immorality there would be considered a freakish innovation.

A disregard for all laws, and feverish and foolish efforts to check crime by
1843 profuse legislation, are common. A man in Baltimore was recently arrested for fast driving. This is as it should be. Disastrous consequences of fast driving frequently follow carelessness in observing the traffic ordinances provided against such offenses. Equal heedlessness is shown in our halls of legislation. With us nothing is fixed or permanent. There is a constant hankering for new laws, or for tinkering up old ones; what one legislature does to-day, the next undoes tomorrow. The popular slogan one year becomes an object of derision the next
1843 —and so we run on from change to change in a restless round of experiment. This restlessness shows itself in extravagance in dress. Silk stockings, curiously wrought with
1857 quirks and clocks about the ankles, and interwoven with gold or silver threads, are all the rage. Persons with the smallest of incomes do not stick to have two or three pairs of silk stockings. Time was when one could have clothed herself from head to toe for what one pair of these silk stockings costs.

War has affected the world's nerves. The military events of the earlier years
1830 of this century were so extraordinary that it is charitable to forgive those who wish to tell or write about their experiences. We rejoice that this is true. Let the tale be told as often and as vividly as possible! Let it be repeated until everyone shall be impressed with its horrors! Let those who delight in the 'pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war' explain fully the fascination which lures them on to fill the world with tears — that we may candidly judge of war's value, and compare it with the sacrifices paid for it.

Do not think that we are so foolish as to maintain that there is nothing worth
1830 contending for. There is much we would defend at all hazards, and which can be enjoyed on no other terms. Personal liberty and rights, the

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welfare of dear ones, and the independence of our country are to be struggled for, if need be, because without them life would not be worth living. But warlike ambition must receive a check by the establishment of republican institutions in all the civilized world where people are now in the possession of them or are struggling to acquire them. Every day is confirming the
1830 strength of the free governments which exist and brightening the prospects of those which are forming. However, these transformations bring vast unrest, as witness Mexico — just now becoming free from Roman Catholic shackles. The National Assembly has just placed the
1834 priests on the same footing as those in the United States as spiritual shepherds. The President, it is said, will sign the bill, and a mighty conflict will follow.

What the world needs most in its present condition is that the truly in-
1830 telligent among us rise to new truths; to find the stimuli and coöperation which will fit us for mastery — fit us to become sponsors for a higher intellectual life in our own country, and joint workers with the great of all nations and all time in carrying forward their race.

The true sovereigns of a country are those who determine its modes of
1843 thinking, its tastes, its principles. A condition of society which challenges men to use their noblest reasoning powers is the condition 'most favorable for the moral and religious development of a nation.' Such language comes properly from an enlightened man, whose faith in Christianity is not of that feeble kind which looks with dread or misgiving at every intellectual novelty — as if truth could suffer from discussion, or the greatest and most noble of all truths could derive anything but strength from the progressive development of the mind! Religion has been wronged by nothing more than by being separated from
1830 intellect, and by being removed from the province of reason and free research into that of mystery and authority, of impulse and feeling. Hence it is that most prevalent forms of Christianity are inert.

It is singular that, while Christians publish many defenses of Christianity,
1830 they are perpetually charged with infidelity — this allegation being made against some of the Protestant sects, by the others, constantly, and usually on the question of Scriptural infallibility.

Now the Scriptures do not contain the actual communication made to the
1830 minds that were inspired from above; but they are a declaration of those things which were most surely believed among them. The distinction is important; and, unfortunately, derives some consequence because of the earnestness with which it is opposed. The communication was divine; the record was human. The inspired penmen wrote in conformity with the philosophy of their respective eras — in conformity, therefore, with some portions of natural science that were false. How else can you explain the Mosaic theory of the solar system?

The theory of the infallibility of the Bible is unnecessary to the validity and
1830 sufficiency of its message. Shall a man say he will not walk by the light of the sun because it comes to him through so earthly and fallible a medium as the atmosphere? What particular truth in the Bible requires an 'infallible' style, or a supernatural influence for its communication? We thus free the Scriptures from supporting a reputation to which they nowhere lay claim — of being in every particular perfect and infallible compositions.

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JURLDEEN

BY MARGARET LYNN

I

JURLDEEN'S mother was doing for me that season when I sprained my ankle. 'Doing' she did not use in any pugilistic sense, I am glad to say. In her phrase it indicated the whole congeries of performances which a woman who 'comes in' may offer by way of ministry — sweeping and shaking (transitive) and oil-mopping and dutch-cleansing and low dusting and high dusting and far more than you would think could go into a word so soon spoken. At least she had engaged to do all this, but the most of it was always to be done the next week. I am not a good director of labor. There was, I confess, a kind of slackness, a detachment, in our relations. But now, as a halt and chair-fast person, I seemed for the first time to be worthy of definite and fixed attention from Jurldeen's mother. Leaning on the dust mop which I had often asked her to use more thoroughly, she considered my case, anecdotally, hortatorily, and at last futuristically.

'I guess you need somebody t' roustabout fur you.'

I guessed so too. I was certain of it.

'I reckon you c'd have one of the girls.' 'The girls' evidently meant her own. I had heard of them in other conversations.

'Seems like you need somebody t' foot round fur you.'

Jurldeen's mother never commits anything so daring, so glaringly positive, as explicit predication. 'Seems like' is almost the only finite verb she knows.

I considered. She enumerated.

'They's Gen'veeve and Jurldeen and Gladys and G'zelle. They's all a goin' size. Gen'veeve she's fannin' old Mis' Shaw nowadays and gettin' her drinks. She's mighty bad. But seems like the rest's foot-loose.'

'They all begin with *G*.' That seemed really obvious to any person as literate as Jurldeen's mother and I, but I was postponing the word which would commit me to an engagement.

'Yes, seems like. Their pa's name's Gassoway.'

'Are n't there any boys?'

'No, seems like.' Jurldeen's mother described a sudden arc with her mop, to obliterate a triangular dusty island her curvilinear brushings had omitted, and returned to position. 'I got Glory, too, and Gemeline — fur her aunt Emeline.' She dashed the mop under a table, where a gray arc-enclosed quadrilateral had hidden. 'Seems like I'd ought to call the baby Gassoway even if she is a girl. If she's the last. I guess I'll wait and see. I'd thought of Joy, but seems like you got to spell it with a *J* instead of a *G*.'

'What do you call her now?'

'Babe. We call 'em all Babe until we get 'em named. Seems like it took a good while sometimes, after Gladys. Sometimes we had two Babes to oncet. Gen'veeve and Jurldeen and Gladys was easy. That's the way I got

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started, and then it seemed like I'd ought to keep it up. Their pa might 'a' felt bad. He's kind-a sensitive anyway about Gassoway. But I always said if I could n't give my children anything else I'd give 'em names to be proud of, no matter how much trouble it was. I was named Mary myself and I like to never got over it.' She paused on that, droopingly, leaning on her mop handle like a Mourning Athena. 'And then you've got t' have a name that'll be a mouthful when you holler fur 'em to come home. Some names that sound all right is just a squeak when you yell 'em.'

I considered unthought-of burdens in life. Beside the responsibility of pleasing seven daughters with names, and names which could be shouted to the street, a sprained ankle and delayed work seemed a light thing.

But Jurldeen's mother left me brief space for thinking. 'I'll send Jurldeen and G'zelle up and you c'n take your pick.'

I was glad she did n't propose to send Gladys too. To choose from three would have been overwhelming. And G'zelle — I never had nursed a dear Gazelle. What if, when she learned to know me well, she refused to do for me!

'I think one will be enough,' I said, and tried to think of a way to say that one would be too many.

But — 'I'll send Jurldeen. She's the spryest,' said Jurldeen's mother.

II

And thus I won my Geraldine, my footmaiden; though it was not until I tried to say 'Jurldeen' myself that I discovered its vestigial state. Geraldine emerged syllabically from Jurldeen.

'I'll call you Jerry,' I said. Jurldeen stood before me and we looked at each other. She went through a convulsive movement arising from her feet. I have seen boys scratch one foot with the other, but Jurldeen could apparently scratch each foot with the other coincidently.

'Ma don't like no short'nin' of names,' she said. 'She says if she 'd 'a' wanted us to have short names she'd 'a' give us short names.' Jurldeen made a dash and picked up a pencil from one side of my chair and a handkerchief from the other and placed them on my lap. Then she returned to position and again applied friction to her feet.

'Jerry would be just a kind of — friendly name,' I pleaded.

She was firm. 'I ain't never been called no Jerry,' she repeated.

I sighed. 'Well then, Gerald — ' I could n't do it. 'Jurldeen, what can you do?'

'I c'n speak a piece,' said Jurldeen.

It was enough to bring pause to anyone. She had seemed all vibration and readiness before, like an india-rubber string of which you are pulling both ends. Now she became animation directed, as if a spring had been released within her. She waited for orders, one foot in the stirrup. I had intended to tell her to wipe up the tiles in the hearth, and for myself I had an idea on the tip of my pencil, right between pencil and paper, in fact. But, 'I c'n speak a piece,' said Jurldeen, all abroach with elocution.

'Very well,' I said temperately. There were more ideas where that one had come from. I knew, alas, that there were more where it had gone. Perhaps this was the best way after all to inaugurate a domestic relation — by letting the domestic express herself.

'There ain't no motions in this.' Jurldeen vibrated convulsively upward and abruptly broke into rhythm, her words fitting as solidly together as bricks in plaster. She spoke in a very

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deep, deep voice. 'Miss I'll give you a paper of pins and that's the way our love begins if you will marry me me me if you will marry me.'

Jurldeen breathed, changed the position of her feet, and feminized her voice. 'I won't excep' your paper of pins if that's the way your love begins and I won't marry you you you and I won't marry you.'

With increasing enthusiasm Jurldeen brought up the lover's offer of dress of red bound all round with golden thread and his dress of blue bound all round with silver too, and let the lady scorn them. It really was an admirable recitation because there was no reason why it should ever stop while Jurldeen could speak or I could listen. I think it was with reluctance that she finally allowed him to offer the key to his chest and the lady agreed to marry him him him and the tale ended. She paused for applause.

'I c'n say it again with motions,' she suggested modestly.

I postponed performance and mentioned the hearthstones. Jurldeen was disappointed. 'Ma said you needed spiritin' up. She said you just set and wrote and wrote.' She dispatched the tiles with a rapidity she had never learned from her mother and returned to the fundamental business of spiritin'.

'I c'n sing that piece too,' she made offer and avoided objection by opening at once, in a tune which showed the original ballad air sadly damaged by association with Gospel Hymns. Jurldeen threw back her head, closed her eyes, and shouted out the old dialogue with more than gusto. Tradition was naught to her in melody.

I hesitated to bring in a hint regarding front steps after this, but it must be done. Jurldeen reluctantly disappeared, broom on shoulder. I clutched the tail of an idea from the air and led it firmly paperward. Midway of the sentence I looked up and Jurldeen was standing before me. 'I swep' the stoop,' she said. 'I know a dance,' she said. 'I know a Maypole dance.' She looked about. 'I c'd tie a string to the chandelier and do it.'

There was something so firm and conscientious about Jurldeen that, though I was but one of one instead of one of three, I could only submit. I could have beaten my breast. But Jurldeen had already mounted a chair, taken a string — this was too evidently premeditated — from her pocket, tied it to a pendant from a light fixture, and taken her position.

'One, two, three, four,' she chanted. 'One, two, three, four,' and was off. An imaginary pole was in the centre, from which she kept her distance, a ribbon-wound pole. Imaginary gay dancers threaded in and out with her and she lightly intertwined her bright ribbon — a pink one, surely — with theirs. Hand on hip she swung herself featly through the steps, some bright ideal in her eye. Someone, for her, stepped airily, debonairly, through these mazes. Why might it not be she?

One could not but give a responding sparkle. Jurldeen bowed to right and left and, whirling graciously, to left and right behind her. Then without pause she led the end of her string over and secured it behind a picture. 'I might want it again,' she announced.

I rushed at the opening. There was one art more. What if she should wish to draw my picture! 'Jurldeen,' I said quickly and very very firmly, 'get a duster and dust all the books on those shelves at the far end of the room.'

Jurldeen reluctantly moved over to examine the shelves. 'They ain't dirty,' she pronounced.

'Yes,' I insisted, 'they are very dusty.'

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'It's only on top and it don't show none.' I knew guiltily how long dust had sometimes remained on the unseen tops of books. But I continued to be firm and Jurldeen went for a duster.

She returned with a glass of water. 'Here's a drink,' she said. I did n't want a drink and I did want to write. But I drank docilely while Jurldeen waited beside me like a clock about to strike.

'Now go to the books, Jurldeen,' I said gently.

Jurldeen slowly took the glass away, but was back in a moment radiating fresh interest. 'Don't you have to take no medicine?' she asked hopefully.

'There is no internal remedy for a sprained ankle, Jurldeen.'

'Mis' Thomas she takes Stop That Pain when she has a misery. She says it makes her a lot pearter no matter where she hurts.'

'But I have n't any Stop That Pain.'

'I c'd go and borrow you some. She lives next door to us.'

'No, Jurldeen. The only thing I need is to have those books dusted. That will help my ankle much.'

Draggingly Jurldeen retired toward the end of the room. I fixed my mind on language and a little on ideas.

Jurldeen was beside me once more. 'I c'd rub your foot,' she said. 'Or would you like to play cat's cradle?'

III

Finally I saw Jurldeen slowly take out a book, wipe it, blow on it, rub her sleeve over it, lay it down. I hoped it would take her hours to do them, well or badly. When I heard her say, 'Guess I'll just straighten 'em up while I'm at it,' I paid little heed, pleased that she was occupied. Silence reigned. The finger of my pencil began to move. I forgot Jurldeen. I almost forgot my foot.

'There!' said Jurldeen explosively, and I looked up from my bemusement. She waved a hand toward her completed work. The pride of deeds well done was in her gesture.

I looked at the shelves. Had I been in a story I should have rubbed my eyes. Certainly I cried, 'What!' Orderly rows of books had once been there, evenly grouped in sets and sizes, arranged with view to content, reasonably disposed as to color. I love the modified but live variegation of an area of mellowed bindings. Only this morning I had noted those shelves and thought that they had something of a Paisley combination, accidental though it was.

'They's different ways to set books,' said Jurldeen. 'You c'n put all one color together or you c'n put all one letter together.'

'Yes,' I said feebly. The top shelf was a solid block of red. Every red book had been torn from its associations and its kind and moved up here with other rednesses. And below these — Jurldeen's method was eclectic.

'They's all by letter like the phone book. It took a good while,' she sighed. 'So's 't you can find anything easy. It's a lot better.'

Prose and verse, ancient and modern, fat and lean, male and female, sense and nonsense, stood together in uneasy literary democracy. Octavo and sixteenmo alternated in prophylactic variety. No two sisters of a set grew side by side. Meredith and Arnold had been torn limb from limb. I could see Austin Dobson moving airily from level to level, jauntily neighboring all kinds and conditions. Even that little handy cyclopædia which I had indulgently allowed to live in literary quarters stood in fragments, illustrating a disrupted alphabet.

'They's more *T*'s than anything else,' said Jurldeen, prolonging the

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subject. But she recalled herself and brought me another drink. This time I needed it. On those shelves I could have found any book in the dark.

'Want I should do them other shelves? They look kind of messed.'

'No,' I answered faintly.

'Want to play cat's cradle?' said Jurldeen again. 'If you had a victrola I c'd put on records for you. Mis' Thomas she's got a victrola and some Harry Lauder records.'

'But I have n't a victrola.'

She brought me another drink. 'Want I should read to you? Have you got anything to read?' She looked about for a probable magazine.

'No, thank you. I must write just now. You may take out the drawer of that little table out in the sun room and arrange all the things in it.' That drawer never had been in order and I had never had even a remote purpose that it should ever be. But an original arrangement could not harm it. And the table was out of my sight and hearing. As I heard the drawer slide out of its place I sighed and took a fresh sheet of paper for a new beginning.

Jurldeen appeared bearing the drawer. With a prehensile foot she dragged a chair over beside me, put the drawer on it, and settled on her knees before it. 'I c'n keep you company too,' she said sociably.

I determinedly tossed my mind to great distances. It could be done. Jane Austen and Mrs. Stowe — what had they done amid family sounds! And Mrs. Meynell with her 'avalanche of children tumbling down the stairs.'

'My, you got lots of things,' said Jurldeen, her hands plunged into the mass of hoardings before her — a collection which by no means spoke well for my economy or my sense of order. 'I bet you would n't give any of them away. Ain't that pretty! What'd it come off?' She held a piece of one-time trimming between me and my paper.

'You may have it,' I said, waving it away.

'Gee!' said Jurldeen gratefully. 'My, you got lots of cute things! What's this?' She dangled something else under my eye.

'You may have it,' I murmured.

'Gee! I'm sure glad I'm doing this. What'n a thing's that?'

IV

An inspiration rose out of my despair. Why not do a bit of good in the world? Was not the great cause of education also mine?

'Don't say "sure glad," Jurldeen. Say, "I am certainly glad."'

Jurldeen blinked at me amazedly.

'Would n't you like to speak correctly?' I pursued insinuatingly.

'Like you do, you mean?' said Jurldeen, unflatteringly dubious.

'Or like persons who speak better,' I answered modestly.

'What good'd it do?' demanded Jurldeen.

What good *would* it do? I should have prepared myself before opening the subject. 'When you grow up you will wish to speak correctly,' — I doubted it, — 'and the time to learn is when you are little.'

'I guess I ain't got no time to learn.' She went and got me another drink. I accepted it, but, the sense of duty having taken hold of me, I was not to be diverted.

'You should not say "ain't," Jurldeen. And you used "got" out of place. You meant to say, "I think I have n't time to learn."'

'No, I did n't,' said Jurldeen.

'Well, say it anyway.' I was growing a little testy.

She repeated her transformed speech, but with no pleasure in it. She

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promptly added, 'Say, you got lots of beads, all broke.'

'"All broken." And you said "got" again.'

'Aw ri'.' Jurldeen had a certain patience with childishness. 'What 'n a thing's that?'

'Not "what'n." That is n't a word. "What kind of?"'

'Wat kin' o'! Gee, it must take a lot o' your time thinkin' how to say things!' She was not without compassion.

'Sometimes it does.' I looked sadly at the misshaped phrases I had been struggling with.

'I don' hafto talk nicey-nice. I just talk the way I wanno.'

'But it sounds better,' I pleaded.

'T ain't no better to me,' airily. 'C'n I have this scrap?'

'No, I need that. You don't mean "'t ain't." You mean to say "it is n't."'

'No, I don't. I don' see no differnce.' Jurldeen was growing unmistakably pert. 'Say, that's a cute thing. What's it fur?' Gone was the picture of herself as nurse or caretaker. She hung avariciously over scraps and bits and leavings, over little boxes and rolls and cases. A use for each hoarding rose in her mind. Covetousness expanded. 'I c'd make a hat fur G'zelle's doll out o' that.' 'Gee, that's nice lace to have!' She rolled and folded and classified, adding steadily to her own spoils. 'They ain't enough beads here fur a string fur you. C'n I have 'em?'

V

And ever I, armed and armored with grammar, dogged her words. In one half hour we had a whole better-speech week. But that half hour was punctuated steadily with 'C'n I take this?' and the addition of a bit of lace or ornament or ribbon to her growing heap.

The drawer began to take on an aspect of order. I nervously began to wonder what I should suggest next — something remote and silent. I could n't have a Jurldeen picking out the vitals of my time for the whole day. Jurldeen rolled the last bit of ribbon over her agile fingers and held it off for admiration.

'I never seen no sweller ribbon,' she piped. 'C'n I —'

My ears would endure no more. Even my ankle gave an extra twitch at the sound. 'Jurldeen!' uncontrollably. '*Don't* say "I seen"! And don't put in "no" after "never"!'

Jurldeen rose abruptly, but with consummate stateliness, and carried the drawer away. I heard it slam into place and she came back and stood before me. No friction of feet or vibration of spine. With the full force of natural language she addressed me.

'I ain't never heard no such finickin'. I ain't never been took up every which word I said. They ain't no use in bein' so nasty-nice. I guess I ain't goin' to be no school-teacher. I guess anybody that ain't too stuck up c'n tell what I mean aw right enough. I ain't goin' to have nobody puttin' in all the time when I'm talkin'. I guess I ain't no book.'

She went rapidly toward the door, but turned on her heel to come back and gather up her heap of profits and look carefully around to see that she was missing nothing.

'Goo'bye,' she said firmly and conclusively.

And so I lost my Geraldine, foot-maiden briefly mine.

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GIANT POWER: AN INTERPRETATION

BY MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE

I

'GIANT power' is not a trick term coined to titillate a jaded public imagination. Like the term 'superpower,' it has definite technical and social implications. Both terms are remarkable in that they express the desire of the promoters of what is rapidly becoming the greatest single industrial enterprise in the country to engage the sympathetic participation of the public in its development. For the electric utilities are known as 'public service' corporations, which means not so much that they serve the public with a peculiar degree of altruism, but that they are peculiarly dependent for their extension and prosperity upon the services which they can induce the public to render to them. Like the railroads, they cannot function without the borrowed use of the sovereign power of the state to condemn property for their rights of way. As franchise holders, they must submit the rates they charge to the regulation of public commissions. The use of streams for the generation of electrical power is an important part of their programme, and for this use they are generally dependent upon state or Federal license. The electrical industry cannot expand and flourish except upon the terms which the public is willing to grant. What those terms shall be is of importance not only to the public but to the industry itself.

As to the paramount importance of establishing right public relations there is no difference of opinion among the outstanding leaders of the electrical industry. Mr. Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of directors of the General Electric Company, made the necessity of improved public relations the main subject of his address before the last annual convention of the National Electric Light Association. A committee of that Association, which is representative of the industry, introduced its recent electric-power survey of the states clustering about Lake Michigan with the observation that the problem of wise planning is not only the technical one of generating and distributing electricity, but also involves study by the economist and questions of publicity; and that 'at the moment publicity holds the greatest interest.' Unfortunately there is not similar agreement as to the fundamentals of the public policy which, in its own long-run interest as well as that of the public, the industry ought to adopt. Among those who proceed on the assumption that the future, certainly the immediate future, of electric utility development is in private rather than in public ownership and operation, there are two main attitudes which embrace technical as well as economic and social divergencies. The policy which is now in the saddle, and which threatens to involve the industry in all the public complications by which the railroads were and still are embarrassed, commonly goes by the name of superpower; the claimant

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for preferred consideration is giant power. If the public is to meet its obligations toward the development of an industry which is clearly destined to affect the industrial, agricultural, and domestic life of our times as radically as the steam engine and steam transportation affected the life of our fathers, it must grapple with the divergent public attitudes that these two terms express.

Both terms are now clouded by popular misconception as to the major source of electrical energy. Mention either to the first twenty persons you meet, and nineteen will dilate upon the almost miraculous promise of water power or white coal. They see visions of limitless electricity flowing from Niagara, or Muscle Shoals, or the tides of Fundy. Yet only about twenty per cent of the total installed electric power in the United States is water power. In the great industrial section of the country, the Atlantic and New England states, only eleven per cent is hydroelectricity. Seventy per cent of the potential water power of the country is in the Rocky Mountains and the states west of them. Steinmetz calculated that the maximum energy that could possibly be extracted from this source would be but slightly greater than that now produced from coal, and that 'if all the potential water powers of the country were now developed, and every raindrop used, it would not support our present energy demand.' It is of great economic importance that we should make every practical use of our water powers. As rallying points of the sentiment for public ownership they have great social value in keeping the public alert and private enterprise on its toes. The publicly owned and operated hydroelectric systems of Ontario and Los Angeles, for example, have had a most wholesome influence on both the economic and the public policy of the industry. But the relative importance of water power in the total volume of electrical production is diminishing and must continue to diminish. The first pigmy electric light plant built by Edison on Pearl Street, New York, forty-four years ago used coal; the greatest stations now projected, such as the Crawford Avenue plant of the Commonwealth Edison in Chicago, with its designed capacity of one million horsepower, will have coal-driven generators. Except on the Pacific Coast and in certain provinces of Canada, where coal is scarce or nonexistent and water power relatively abundant, both superpower and giant power look to coal as the major source of electrical energy.

II

What, then, is superpower, what is giant power, and wherein do they differ? The meaning of both terms can be most clearly defined by contrasting the pictures which they call up in the minds of those of us who have had to deal with them in a practical sense.

Superpower evokes a picture of a network of wires interconnecting small or moderate-sized plants, most of them situated in centres of population. First designed for lighting only, these plants served domestic consumers in circumscribed municipal areas. Even within single cities there were often quite independent competing companies. Until after 1900, current was not transmitted economically more than twenty miles. The operating radius of the great majority of electric stations was even less. The electrical map, like a star-finder's chart, was speckled with isolated dots. As generators grew in size, especially after the steam turbine replaced the reciprocating engine, and as the art of high-voltage, long-distance transmission developed, the electrical map began to take

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on the likeness of a web. The Southern Sierra Company line from Bishop, California, to San Bernardino, 240 miles over the mountains and through the deserts, was built about 1912 — the longest up to that time. Of course the transition to the web-like structure was well under way before 1917. But it was the war power of the Government that gave decisive impetus to the change, especially as affecting the population and industrial centres of the East.

First in western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio, centres of the steel industry, and then in other manufacturing districts, the Government compelled rival systems to interconnect so that an excess of power in one territory might be made available to meet a shortage elsewhere. To-day, along the Pacific Coast, in New England, throughout the Carolinas, Alabama, and northern Georgia, and in the Middle West, interconnections are making possible the exchange of current over hundreds of miles, in one instance as many as fifteen hundred miles. This does not mean that the same current is sent the entire distance, but only that 'juice' is relayed from station to station. If North Carolina suffers a shortage, the companies there call on South Carolina for current. South Carolina may, in turn, draw upon Georgia, Georgia upon Alabama — not one stream, but a series of interconnected reservoirs. This web, this network of interconnecting wires, superimposed upon originally isolated and as a rule moderate-sized plants situated usually in centres of population, and designed to supply the normal requirements of their respective chartered territories, is the principal physical characteristic of the superpower system.

Giant power, on the other hand, calls up a picture of great generating plants situated, not in cities to which coal must be hauled, but at or near the mouth of the mines, and designed to supply the major requirements of many systems. Now that the art of transmitting electricity has so developed that it is possible to send it more than three hundred miles without appreciable loss, giant power, instead of relying upon the interconnection of relatively small and in some cases antiquated plants, would seek out the places where current can be generated in large volume at the lowest cost and make these the centres of trunk-line transmission systems whose radii would be the maximum economical transmission distance. Its object is regional integration rather than interconnection. It not only costs less but is socially more desirable to transmit electricity on wires than to haul coal on the railroads. Mine-mouth location of generating plants makes possible the use both of low-cost and of low-grade fuel — fuel some of which is too poor in heat units to warrant shipment and much of which to-day is not even brought out of the mine. The bituminous coal fields of Pennsylvania alone are capable of supplying scores of times the power of Niagara continuously for five hundred to a thousand years. The same is true of the coal fields of West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, and Illinois.

The statement is frequently made that the streams in the mining regions are inadequate — hence the seaboard power stations which require that for cooling purposes four hundred tons of water go through the condensers for every ton of coal burned. But in both England and Germany recently large-sized stations have been placed at the mines and operated successfully with a condensing practice which requires a one-hundredth part of the water considered to be essential in this country.

The transition to mine-mouth plants is under way; its completion can be carried out without sacrificing any of

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our present facilities. Already the electrical industry is put to it to build additional facilities fast enough to meet the demand. All the large plants recently built in or near our great cities will be needed for peak-load service, even when the largest feasible mine-mouth plants are ready to carry the base load. Mine-mouth generating stations, equipped for the most economical utilization of coal, trunk-line transmission systems covering entire regions within economical transmission distance of these black Niagaras — these are the conspicuous physical characteristics of giant power.

But important as the physical distinctions between superpower and giant power are, they are secondary to the divergent social implications of the two terms. Even the most ardent devotees of the superpower tradition are beginning to admit that mine-mouth stations are the inevitable next step, and interest in low-temperature processing of coal for the recovery of the valuable by-products in connection with generating stations, of which I shall have more to say presently, is growing. But the superpower promoters, like the earlier speculative promoters of our railroads, are permitting their public relations to be snarled up and vitiated by their desire to squeeze the last penny out of antiquated equipment and to capitalize the special privileges accruing to them as the result of the primitive state of the electrical art when their original franchises were obtained.

State regulation of electrical utilities began during the infancy of the industry, when installation costs per unit of power were high and when, because of the narrow range of transmission, the financial security of each new venture depended upon a virtual monopoly of the market covered by the franchise. To encourage the industry, state commissions at first regulated competition between companies occupying the same territory, then discouraged competition, and finally prohibited it entirely. Each electric utility company to-day has exclusive charter or franchise rights within its assigned territory whether it gives service or not. No other company may generate or distribute electricity within this legally preëmpted domain. If the chartered company produces more current than its monopolized market can use, it may export it, by interconnection with some other company, into another monopolized market, but the export price is usually fixed so high as to discourage buying and to put pressure on each company to provide within its own territory sufficient capacity to meet its own normal requirements.

Thus the superpower idea of interconnection deprives the consumer of the economies of large-scale production by restricting each company to the lowest generating costs compatible with the limited equipment required by a given territory, as contrasted with the giant-power idea of integration which seeks the best locations for large-scale modern installations wherever they may be found and the unrestricted carrying of current in large volume to whatever markets have need of it.

The existing franchise situation invites speculative mergers and stock watering, again to the injury of the consumer, and, because of the resentment it provokes, to the ultimate injury of the industry. Each chartered territory takes on an inflated value as a pawn in the game of mergers, entirely distinct from its value as a market for electrical service. In the battle now going on between various electrical utility interests, bits of territory are picked up here and there with a view to blocking rivals and to increasing the size of the slice when the merger stock melons are cut.

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The Giant Power Board transmitted to the 1926 special session of the Pennsylvania Legislature a study on the appreciation in the common stocks of ten electric holding companies. Comparing the 1920 high market value of these stocks with what they had become at the high point in 1925, a total value of approximately $150,000,000 in five years had changed to nearly $600,000,000, with an average gross appreciation of nearly 300 per cent. One of the companies included had increased in market value over 10,000 per cent. Thus men have come to look for profits, not so much from normal enterprise and conservative development, as from quick killings through speculative stock issues based upon the 'anticipated' earnings of the merged companies. As in the early history of the railroads, speculative manipulation of local franchise or charter privileges piles up burdens on the new industry, delays the cheapening of rates upon which the elimination of drudgery from the home and the farm depends, and needlessly engenders an adverse public opinion which even to-day constitutes the most serious drag upon the free extension of electrical service. It was no doubt recognition of this fact that led Mr. Owen D. Young to say that 'improved engineering, and courage to take the road, are needed now more in the social than in the physical sciences.'

For the public is right in thinking that this exploitation of vested rights through interconnections and mergers has developed and maintained a rate structure that discriminates with gross unfairness against the domestic consumer. To understand the present incredible rate situation one must remember that originally the electrical industry was an electric light industry pure and simple, with almost no market for current except after nightfall. This meant that the costly plant could be operated a few hours only in the twenty-four and that rates had to be correspondingly high. With the discovery that current used for light could also be advantageously used for heat and power, there began a struggle to drive the steam engine out of the individual factory or mine and to replace it with central station electricity. As a war measure, electric utility companies quoted low rates to industry, sometimes below cost. The conquest of industry by electricity has come so rapidly that the peak of demand for current now occurs, not 'after supper,' but around ten o'clock in the morning. The electric light industry has become an electric power industry. But the domestic consumer has largely paid the price of victory. Domestic rates are still based on the obsolete theory that electric power plants exist primarily to supply current for light, whereas the fact is that if all domestic consumers went back to candles or kerosene all of the large companies would still have to maintain their present plant capacities to supply the industrial and commercial demand. In Pennsylvania only 6 per cent of the current generated is used in domestic service, and yet it yields 20 per cent of the earnings of the companies, whereas the wholesale power customers use 70 per cent of all the current generated and yield only 40 per cent of the earnings. The result is that in the domestic use of electricity for cooking and heating, and in the electrical equipment of our farms, we, the pioneers in electrical invention, are a backward nation.

III

On the social side, then, superpower symbolizes interconnection, the merging of properties with more than ample opportunity for watering stock, the

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generation of current at numerous legally isolated and monopolized locations, not necessarily the most advantageous for economical production, the promotion of the industry by those who live upon it and want a minimum of outside interference or public regulation. In a word, superpower interprets the term 'public service corporation' as meaning an enterprise which the public should regard it a blessing to serve.

Giant power approaches the existing situation from the other end — not, I must repeat, because it is inspired by purely altruistic motives, but because it believes that in the long run it will be to the advantage of the industry as well as that of the public to have the traditional attitude reversed. Its first thought is for the small consumer, not only because the small consumers are in a political majority, but also because, as the experience of the telephone companies has demonstrated, the more numerous the small consumers, the steadier the demand — the less the effect of business depressions upon the solvency of the business. At this date, less than 12 per cent of the area of Pennsylvania, for example, is served with electricity. Fully 20 per cent of the population of Pennsylvania is without even access to electric service. Only 3 per cent of the farms in the United States are electrically equipped, and even in Pennsylvania, the largest mechanical power-producing state, less than 10 per cent of the farms have electricity. Yet the time is at hand when the demand for electrical service will be as universal and insistent as the present demand for the telephone.

Under the recent electrical dispensation, the industry has clung to the centres of population, skimming the cream of the business, encouraging the further congestion rather than the decentralization of population. With a view to a balanced development of community life and as furnishing the widest basis for the development of the industry, giant power would penetrate even sparsely populated territory if of a character adapted to the building of homes and inviting to industrial or agricultural enterprise.

Our studies prove conclusively that widespread rural electrification is inevitable and has already become economically feasible. This is now so apparent that leaders of the electrical industry, such as Owen D. Young and Samuel Insull, president of the Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago, are urging the industry to meet this new responsibility. Mr. Young points out that only a few years ago, and even in urban communities, the companies were in the habit of 'picking and choosing' their customers. Now, of course, everybody who lives in an urban area is looked upon as a prospective customer. Mr. Young rightly holds that a company that accepts an exclusive franchise for a given rural district by that token also accepts the responsibility for making service available for those who live within that district. In Sweden it was discovered that, so long as the companies used the same policy of picking and choosing, rural electrification was unprofitable. After the war it became necessary to find an outlet for the capacity of large plants built to make munitions. As one means of accomplishing this end, rural electrification was taken up in earnest and district after district was completely equipped, until now over 40 per cent of the tillable area of Sweden is provided with electrical service. In Pennsylvania approximately 15,000 out of 200,000 farms are electrically equipped, and half of these make their own current. It is estimated that half the farms of Pennsylvania can be reached with an expenditure of

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approximately forty million dollars. If this programme should be undertaken over a period of ten years the annual capital expenditure would represent only about 3 per cent of the current capital expenditures of the Pennsylvania electric service companies. Unlike urban residential consumers, most farmers are potential power-users. Agriculture stands almost at the top of power-using industries. Just how far we can go in substituting electrical for human and animal and wind power on the farm cannot even be estimated until the use of power on the farm has grown to the point where it affords a sufficient incentive to engage the interest of inventors of equipment.

In the Muscle Shoals hearings before the Senate Committee on Agriculture, over one hundred different uses for electricity on the farm were listed. It is the general experience that the first use of electricity on the farm is for lighting, and the next for pumping water. Then almost invariably follow the inside bathroom and the septic tank. Cutting silage, grinding feed, and milking are the most frequent uses for electricity in the barn. If, as now seems likely, forage crops are to be dried artificially, electricity will be needed to drive the blowers and grinders in the driers and rural electrification will receive a great impetus.

It is beginning to dawn on the leaders of women throughout the world that electricity can be made available to lighten the burden of housekeeping to a far greater extent than current rates permit. Drudgery has largely disappeared from the lives of men, simply because their work takes them into industry, where mechanical and electrical power have almost entirely supplanted heavy manual labor. But drudgery is still the portion of womankind the world over. While it is difficult to say just when and how electricity will have conquered drudgery in the home, as to the end result we can speak with assurance. A canvass of 750,000 domestic consumers in Pennsylvania shows that the average use of electricity is only 390 kilowatt hours a year, a kilowatt hour being that quantity of electricity consumed by the common twenty-five-kilowatt electric bulb burning for 40 hours. The industry's present estimate of the average annual use of 14,500,000 residential customers throughout the United States is 360 kilowatt hours. The possibility of the increase in the use of electricity in the home is suggested by the fact that in Hartford, Connecticut, several residential customers use more than sixty times this Pennsylvania and national average.

Cooking, refrigeration, cleaning, washing, and many other minor household operations are easily economical at current rates. About heating with electricity it is not so easy to speak positively. To depend solely upon electricity for heat is prohibitive as to cost and, theoretically at least, not good economics. However, there is already a growing use for electrical heating devices at the beginning and end of the heating season, and even in cold weather for supplemental heating of parts of the house. In territories served by water power, where during the winter months there is an excess of current, complete electrical house heating has already been practised.

One of the most interesting recent illustrations of the possibilities of the domestic use of electricity is 'The All-Electric House,' built by S. Parker Smith, D.Sc., a professor in the Royal Technical College in Glasgow, Scotland. This ten-room house was built without chimneys, using electricity for heating, ventilating, refrigerating, cooking, washing, heating water, and other minor uses with which we are

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more familiar. At the rate charged by the Glasgow municipal plant, the whole cost per year was $211, at an average rate of 1.3 cents per kilowatt hour. The average monthly use was 1362 kilowatt hours, about forty-five times our American national average. The relative quantities of the current used each day for the several principal purposes were as follows: —

Water heating	20	kilowatt hours
House heating	16	" "
Cooking	7½	" "
Lighting	1½	" "

The cost per person per day for each of these purposes was: —

Water heating	3	cents
House heating	4	"
Cooking	2	"
Lighting	½	"

As illustrating how this whole problem may be affected by future development, Professor Smith has equipped his water-heating circuit with a timing device which shifts meters and thus secures from the company an exceptionally low rate for current used during the night. With this night current he brings the cold water to a certain temperature and then superheats it at the time of use, whether this be on the day or the night rate.

In one of the supplements to the Giant Power Survey Report, data assembled from a good many different points in this country and Canada seem conclusively to prove the proposition that the rate is the principal element in determining how much current is used. A specific illustration is afforded by our experience in Pennsylvania, where in the city of Pittsburgh, with an average household rate of 5½ cents per kilowatt hour, an average of 620 kilowatt hours per year is used, as contrasted with 390, the state's average, for which the charge is 8½ cents.

'The intimate relationship between rates and use of energy by residential customers,' said Samuel Insull recently, 'is reflected in a residential survey of 226 central station companies, serving about 6,500,000 customers in a population of a little over 27,000,000.

'For the fifteen companies having the highest rates, which ranged from 13.1 to 18 cents per kilowatt hour, there was an average residential consumption of only 194 kilowatt hours per customer per annum. Twenty-seven companies whose rates were 7.1 to 8 cents per kilowatt hour had an average residential consumption of 339 kilowatt hours per customer per annum. So it went through the 226 companies; as the rate went down, the residential consumption increased until it reached an average of 1171 kilowatt hours per customer per annum for three companies having rates ranging from one to three cents per kilowatt hour.

'The companies with materially lower residential rates had the better balance sheets, better public relations, and altogether were in a healthier condition.'

IV

This increase in the quantity of current used by the average consumer as the rate goes down is vital to the socialization of electricity. With the present over-all cost of current at the outgoing switchboard of a modern coal-burning station not more than six mills per kilowatt hour, it is obvious that the direct influence of further reductions in the cost of producing the current itself would be almost negligible on a rate of ten cents per kilowatt hour. Increased consumption, however, will reduce almost all other costs in direct proportion. If costs other than for the current itself are fixed, — such as, for example, the cost of getting the current from the station to the point of use, — then an

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increased average use from 339 kilowatt hours a year to 678 would reduce such costs 50 per cent. With the resulting reduction in rates, the effect of any lowering in the cost of current becomes increasingly appreciable.

The present domestic rates bear no relation to the cost of the service. In fact, the service companies of Pennsylvania are on record as saying they have no means of determining the cost of any given class of service. Rates are based on 'competitive conditions,' 'commercial considerations,' 'business judgment born of long experience,' and 'the psychological attitude of the public.' These appear to be the modern equivalent of 'all the traffic will bear.'

It may be argued that domestic rates are subject to the approval of the several state public service commissions and to regulation by them. But this is only theoretically so, because practically every public service commission assumes the attitude of a court and decides issues in the main as they are raised by the two contending parties. Of course no individual domestic consumer can afford the expense of a rate contest. Even where some public official, such as the city solicitor, represents a group of domestic consumers, the public side is at such a disadvantage in the matter of expert witnesses and otherwise that cases must almost necessarily be decided in favor of the company, in view of the mere weight or volume of the testimony as contrasted with the equities involved.

The government policy of regulating these quasi-public enterprises was first applied by individual states to the steam railroads; and gradually, through Federal legislation supplemented by court decisions, this control of steam railroads has passed to the Interstate Commerce Commission, a strictly Federal agency. This transition has been facilitated by the creation of large railroad systems, which extend through so many states as to make effective state regulation unworkable. But Congress, except in its passage of the Federal Water Power Act, has taken no action in regard to the regulation of electric utilities. The Water Power Act provides that water power companies acting under Federal licenses are to be regulated by the public service commission of the state in which they operate, and that whenever current from a licensed water power project enters into interstate commerce, regulation is to be effected by agreement between the commissions of the states concerned, or, failing that, by the Federal Power Commission. But, as to power generated from coal, all our legislation has been drafted on the theory that electric companies are intrastate undertakings.

But with the era of interconnection and lengthening of the economical transmission distance, this has ceased to be true. An increasing percentage — and in some parts of the country a very considerable percentage — of the generated current passes over state borders on its way to the point of use, becomes interstate commerce, ceases to be subject to state regulation, and will remain virtually unregulated until such time as Congress sees fit to act.

Because of this absence of control over interstate traffic in electricity, the giant-power proposals include a plan for compacts or treaties between Pennsylvania and the neighboring states as provided for by the United States Constitution. When approved by the Congress, such compacts will give full authority to regulate to any other agency which the contracting states may mutually set up. Because the Congress has the right to withdraw this authority whenever it so elects, it is believed that there should be no special difficulty in securing Congressional

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approval. This appears to be the most direct route by which effective control over interstate electric traffic, now almost nonexistent, can be attained. As a stop-gap measure only, we further suggest an amendment to the Water Power Act giving the Federal Power Commission the right to regulate coal-generated electricity where the several state commissions are without power to do so, or where, having the power, they fail to agree.

But regulation can hardly have more than a superficial effect upon the free use of electricity by the small consumer, whether on the farm, in the village, or in the large cities, unless current can be made abundant and cheap. To effect this, stations in the mining regions of 650,000 horsepower minimum capacity are the essential next step. Such stations will be the base-load generators, not only for industrial, agricultural, and domestic service, but also for the electrification of the railroads. The giant-power programme sees railroad electrification as an integral part of community electrification. For the railroads to build their own power stations would be to repeat the wasteful procedure which factories and mines are rapidly abandoning because of the superior efficiency of large central public service plants.

A further essential to cheap current is the establishment in connection with the mine-mouth plants of by-product coke ovens for the recovery of the ammonium sulphate, gas, tar, and oils that are now wasted in smoke. More than four thousand commercial products are already derived from the pretreatment of coal, ranging all the way from medicines and perfumes to fertilizers and motor fuels. Expert opinion suggests that gas engines of the future, automobile and airplane engines, must largely depend for fuel upon the oils to be extracted from bituminous coal.

Even without recovering the by-products, the over-all cost of generating current at mine-mouth plants in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, including capital charges, administration expense, taxes, and so forth, is to-day below six mills per kilowatt hour with coal at $3.00 per ton. As a result of technical development of many kinds, the cost trend is still downward. The cost of coal accounts for approximately 40 per cent of this total. Competent authorities estimate that the sale price of the by-products less the cost of their recovery may easily amount to more than the whole present fuel bill. Giant power, of course, counts on further economies growing out of the integration of electrical generation and distribution over wide areas, raising what is technically known in the industry as the 'capacity factor' or the percentage of use of the available equipment. Therefore it would appear that the production cost of electricity, while at present low, is to go to markedly lower levels in the very near future.

The transition from superpower to giant power is already under way. Whether this transition can be effected without enormous wastage and to the full advantage of the consumer is a question yet to be answered. Certainly, until the public understands the problem, adequate safeguards and sufficient incentives will not be forthcoming.

While water is not free in the sense that it costs nothing, or so cheap as not to be worth metering, it is free in the sense that even the poorest can enjoy it without stint. In this sense we believe electricity is soon to be made so free that its blessings will become the common property of all the people. Therefore cheap and widely distributed electricity should be the background of all our planning — for the farmers, for industry, and for the home.

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AMERICANS WANTED

RUSSIA'S BID FOR CAPITAL AND ENTERPRISE

BY WILLIAM STIX WASSERMAN

I

ECONOMICALLY speaking, the world to-day is out of balance. The Great War and the period of reconstruction have created a condition of too much and too little. The United States, with over half the available gold supply, has a plethora of capital, which is constantly on the increase. Wall Street has become the world's banker, loaning to nations first according to their ability to repay and then according to their needs. In spite of vast amounts already given, the surplus of capital still exists, a fact evinced by the cheapness of money in both the New York and the London market. Further avenues of investment must be found. Russia, with a population of 145 millions, with a territory comprising one seventh of the earth's area, with every conceivable natural resource, offers under certain conditions a market of immense potentialities to American capital.

So much unreliable propaganda pro and con has been published concerning Russia that for the purpose of obtaining first-hand knowledge I spent some months there making a survey of economic and social conditions.

One needs but visit Russia to-day to know immediately both the great need and the intense desire on the part of the entire country for foreign capital and foreign technical brains. Wherever I went, at the Foreign Office, at the banks, in the factories, even in the peasant coöperative stores, the cry was 'We are poor — so poor. We must have American capital. We want American business brains over here.' Litvinoff, acting Minister for Foreign Affairs, candidly admitted to me, 'We have reached a point in our economic development where foreign capital is essential to our welfare. For the sake of obtaining it we are prepared to satisfy the American demands — namely, to abstain from official propaganda, to make reparation for American property nationalized during the Revolution, and to pay the Kerensky loan. Of course, there will be counter claims for damages, and so forth, wrought at Archangel by the American army of occupation. By promising to abstain from propaganda the Soviet Government simply guarantees that none of its agents — consular, diplomatic, and so forth — will take part in any propaganda movement. As to the propaganda work of the Third International and American Communists the Soviet Government cannot and will not make any promises.' Sheiman, head of the State Bank, — the institution responsible for the issue of currency, and the very hub of the Soviet banking system, — remarked to me: 'We must have American capital here.

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We are willing to pay a high price, a very high price, to get it. Credit needed for the financing of importations, if the collateral is in the form of machinery, such as tractors, or in raw materials, like cotton, is comparatively easy for us to obtain. This merchandise, being shipped in foreign bottoms, is actually controlled by the shipper until arrival at a Russian port. Last year, on cotton purchases alone, credits of over $30,000,000 were extended. Every bill was met absolutely promptly by us. What we need and must have is clean credit for financing the development of our own resources.'

One of the recent short-term state loans issued is paying over 17 per cent interest, 1 per cent per month and 5 per cent lottery. Coöperatives, when they can borrow, pay a minimum of 18 per cent. Individuals are charged to and beyond 6 per cent per month, often 100 per cent per annum.

One outstanding fact: it was always American capital, American engineers, wanted! American capital because the Russian people feel the United States has no political axe to grind near their borders, no warships to send to Batum at a pin point's provocation; American engineers because American business methods are regarded as the acme of all that is desirable throughout Russia to-day. Ford tractors, quantity production, American efficiency — these are the gods of every factory worker and peasant, and the secret idols of every Communist.

In loaning to a foreign nation, stability of government is just as important a factor as the development of natural resources for the creation of the trade balance necessary to meet interest charges. An unstable government is often the forerunner of economic chaos. That there is not the slightest possibility of counter-revolution, that the present government of Russia is absolutely stable and in time of trouble would be upheld by the vast majority of the population, is the only subject upon which I found a unanimous opinion. The fountainhead of power to day in Russia is the Communist Party. While bitter disagreements have often tended to disorganize the party internally, at the first show of external opposition the party would come together as a single man. Already distinct changes in policy have occurred, the most important being the New Economic Policy in 1921, which abolished 'Communism,' an absolute failure in practice, and established in its place a system of state capitalism, making the coöperative store and the State Trust the basic economic units, which are operated individually and on the principle of profit in management just as our own great trusts are operated, except that they lack the stimulus of private gain and of competition. At the present time the Communist Party contains about 700,000 members, upon whom, owing to drastic periodical purges, the Government can absolutely rely, and who in a sense form the shock troops of the entire system. It must be remembered that to the members of the governing body of the Communist Party, the Politburo, the most important governmental posts are given.

The most important fact is that every organized force to-day in Russia is either a part of the Government or strongly pro-Government. The Red Army is heart and soul behind the Government. Its personnel, with the exception of a few old-line officers, all of whom have been tried in time of stress and are carefully watched, is made up entirely of workers and peasants, for the carrying of arms in Russia is at present a privilege restricted to manual workers. The class issue of the Revolution, instinctively

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appealing to them, is constantly stressed by a most intense propaganda. Furthermore, great care is taken that the men of the army are well fed and well clothed, and that they have sufficient recreation. Each soldier is given an elementary education and is taught a trade. Coupled with the educational work is the vastest propaganda I have ever witnessed. The newspapers, the bookshops, the theatres — every public approach to the mind and feelings, with the exception of the Church, which, though tolerated, has had its wings clipped by the nationalization of its property and a hostile propaganda, is controlled by the Communists and used as an agency for spreading their ideas. Every army camp, factory, hospital, club, or school has its Lenin shrine, a corner devoted to portraying the life and teachings of the master.

Naturally many of the children of the city and village are pro-Communist, members of the Young Pioneers, the Young Communists, and so forth. Freedom of speech and of thought, as we know it in America, is not even considered to-day in Russia. The Government justifies its action by stating that the minds of the vast majority of Russian people are to-day in an evolutionary state; that the purpose of the Government is to wed these minds to an ideal — Communism; that by eliminating all opposition it is easier to carry through this programme. At all events, the mixture of good living and constant propaganda has created an army that is solidly behind the present Government.

The only other organized force to-day in Russia is the industrial workers. That they should be pro-Government should occasion no surprise when one remembers that it was the workers who organized the Revolution, and that some form of socialism was their goal. To-day in a sense they are the real power of Russia. It is from the trade-unions that the vast majority of government leaders are picked. The workers are favored at every point. They are given more votes and more privileges than any other group, and they have what purports to be a voice in the management of the industry in which they are employed. But concerning the real problems of management — technical, financial, and sales — the workers have relatively little to say. Naturally all these factors have made of the worker a staunch adherent of the present Government.

II

In order to know the peasant point of view I made a journey of 300 versts on horseback through the countryside and spent some time in a peasant village on the Volga with Albert Rhys Williams, who has devoted the past year and a half to an intensive study of the Russian peasant. The division of the old landed estates and the decreasing tax rate have satisfied the peasant to a great extent, although to-day he is complaining bitterly about the high prices which he has to pay for manufactured goods. While in Kvalinsk, I asked the head of the coöperative to give me some data on the increased price in manufactured goods and the peasant reaction. He replied that most manufactured goods which the peasant used had advanced between 200 per cent and 300 per cent in price. Cotton goods, for example, were 130 per cent dearer, clothes 300 per cent, shoes 150 per cent more than 1913 prices. The railroad rates had advanced about 100 per cent. Taxes were slightly lower; the peasant in 1913 got anywhere from sixty kopeks to a ruble for a pood of wheat, and to-day he is getting between a ruble and a ruble, twenty

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kopeks a pood. I then asked him how one could expect the peasant to be satisfied with the present Government if he was only getting an advance of about 25 per cent on the prices of his product and must pay between 200 and 300 per cent increase for the necessities that he must buy. He replied very honestly: 'Of course the peasant is dissatisfied, but his dissatisfaction does not begin to compare with that of us Communists. You must remember that the peasant is practically self-supporting; that perhaps only 15 per cent of his budget goes to the purchase of manufactured goods. He raises his own food, furnishes his own transportation, heat, and light; he has his own home and often makes his own clothes. Therefore the increase in manufactured goods has not hit him so hard as it would first appear.'

Another fact to be taken into consideration is that the Government explains its every move to the peasants. In every guberniya, which is equivalent to our state (there are about seventy in the whole country), there is a *yezd* committee (county committee) which delivers the commands of the central guberniya committee to the lower orders of the party (volost or township committees). These in turn send out into the country a vast number of trained speakers, whose duty it is to explain the whys and wherefores of every government order to the peasants — such as the raising or lowering of a tax, for instance.

This organized group of 'Communist orators' in turn reports back the reactions of the village to its central committee, and so forth, and by this system the party leaders are in constant touch with the pulse of the entire countryside. Many a measure which in itself might have produced fierce resentment has with the use of reasoned propaganda been successfully carried through.

I was so fortunate as to come across a conference of the Kvalinsk district soviet presidents in session. Great bearded men, with the mud of the steppe still on their boots, were trying mightily for the first time in their existence to understand the problems of government. They had been called together to consider the best method of repaying the government seed loan made at the time of the famine, and of creating a grain reserve against possible future famines. Even though the crops were ready for cutting and every day was precious, still to a man they had come, some walking forty or fifty versts to attend the meeting. A young Communist presided, eager and intelligent. He was the district president, who before the day was over would report back to the volost president the sentiment of the peasants in his district. The Soviet Government, by wiping out illiteracy and by teaching its peasants to think politically, is sowing seeds for the destruction of its own despotism.

Not only are prices high, but merchandise often is not available. I came on many a coöperative whose shelves were practically bare of many necessities. This situation has caused strife within the party and has brought forth an Opposition that is dissatisfied with the present economic development of the country. The Government — or ruling majority party members — maintains that the economic development of the country must of necessity be slow, and that it must grow out of the profits coming from industry itself. The Opposition demands that for the present a greater tax be levied on the peasant and that the burden of a quicker growth of industry be borne by him. The Opposition also desires more latitude

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for foreign concessions, hoping to bring about a speedy economic development by the use of foreign capital. When I speak about the ideas of the Opposition I must add that I am expressing only the ideas of the majority within it. In Russia the Opposition does not present a united front as in America or England. Each member has his own pet ideas and theories, and often they are totally different from those of the other members. The Opposition at present consists of Zinoviev, Lashevitz, Kamenev, Krypskaia (Lenin's widow), Radek, Piatokoff, Rykovsky, and Trotsky — practically the entire group of old-line party and government leaders. Besides being dissatisfied with the economic progress of the Government, the Opposition desires more freedom of expression within the party. The present rule is that, after the majority within the party have voted on a question, the minority not only must acquiesce in the decision, but must actively support it, and forever cease from criticism. Furthermore, the Opposition is allowed little or no public expression.

As far as the Opposition is concerned, the most important point for the American capitalist to know is that it claims that socialism so far has been a disappointment and that the best way to develop the country is with the help of foreign capital. Stalin, in the latter part of August, made a very important statement. He claimed that one half of the budget, or two billion rubles, had been used up in the bureaucratic administrative expenses of industry; furthermore, that in spite of terrifically high prices industry does not show the profit expected. True, the budget of industry shows a balance, — in fact, a slight surplus, — but, and here is the crux of the entire situation, no adequate depreciation charges and only very slight outlays for new machinery have been made. Machines do wear out, and some very quickly; buildings do need repairs, and, unless an adequate depreciation charge is made, what may seem an adequate profit may turn into a very large loss. Russian industry cannot go on indefinitely disregarding basic factors. As Djerzinsky, before his death, pointed out, the cost of bureaucratic domination of industry must be reduced, and unless the Communist Party can find some way of economizing in this direction the progress hoped for cannot be realized, and the people will continue in want.

It should be noted that, although the Opposition has been silenced by the majority within the party, — Kamenev, who incidentally was inefficient, has been deprived of the office of Commissariat for Trade; Lashevitz and Belinski have been prohibited from taking any responsible office for the next two years; Zinoviev has been removed from the Politburo, — still the ideas of the Opposition have often been taken up in time by the party itself. Stalin is secretary of the party and literally the political boss of Russia to-day, having gradually made that position for himself by squeezing, one at a time, his own men into key positions; but although he controls the Politburo of the party, which is the real ruling power of Russia to-day, he is not a man of originality, and in due time he usually adopts some of the ideas of the Opposition and makes use of them. For example, when Trotsky advocated more democracy within the party he was deprived of the chief command of the army and sent down to the Caucasus to think over his action. However, to-day Trotsky's ideas have been adopted by the party as a whole, and the district secretaries, who had been previously appointed, are now elected by the people, as Trotsky desired.

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III

The official attitude of the Russian Government toward granting foreigners concessions is best summed up by a pamphlet Lenin wrote concerning the subject in May 1918: —

> Concessions are the simplest case or example of the way in which the Soviet Government directs the development of capitalism into the channel of state capitalism, or how it plans state capitalism. We are now all in agreement that concessions are necessary, but not everyone realizes what is the significance of concessions. What are concessions under the Soviet system, from the point of view of the social economic order and its corelations? They are the agreement, the bloc, the union of the Soviet proletarian state government with state capitalism against petty proprietorship and petty bourgeois elements. The concessionaire is a capitalist who conducts business in a capitalistic manner for the sake of profits. He agrees to contract with the proletarian government for the purpose of obtaining surplus profit or for the sake of obtaining such kinds of raw material as are impossible or extremely difficult to obtain in any other way. The Soviet Government gains, by the development of its productive forces, increase of the quantity of products, and by setting up state capitalism in the form of concessions the Soviet Government strengthens large production as against the small . . . strengthens and regulates state economic relations in counterweight to petty bourgeoisie economic relations. State capitalism in the form of concessions is the simplest, most precise, clear, and accurately definite form of capitalism. . . . Capitalism is an evil in relation to socialism; capitalism is a blessing to mediævalism in relation to petty production. In so far as we are not yet strong enough to realize the direct transition from petty production to socialism, capitalism is to a certain extent inevitable.

To enumerate the concession possibilities in any but a brief way is beyond the limits of this article. In oil alone the resources of the Soviet Union have been estimated to constitute some 680,000,000 barrels, which would make 37.4 per cent of the entire world resources. The Government is publicly advertising that the following fields are open to foreign concessionaires: the Kertch-Taman oil regions in the Crimea, the Kakhetian, the Shirakai, the Chatma, and the Naftaln fields in the Transcaucasian regions, the great Fergana oil regions in the Uzbek Republic, the Oukhta fields in the Archangel Province, the Perihai fields situated in Daghestan on the coast of the Caspian Sea halfway between the Grozni and Baku fields, and the great Emba fields on the northeastern coast of the Caspian. The most important oil regions are the Grozny, Baku, Maikop, and Emba. These are concentrated in the Caucasus and on the north shores of the Caspian Sea and close to the Black Sea, which makes their export extremely convenient. Considering the rapid depletion of the American oil fields, the increasing importance of the Russian oil fields to world industry cannot be overemphasized.

As for mining concessions, there are fields of coal, tin, molybdenum, silver, lead, zinc, iron ore, tungsten, manganese, and gold, all open to the foreign concessionaire. Maps and surveys showing the situation, transportation facilities, estimated amount of ore, and so forth, have been prepared by the Concessions Committee in Moscow, and are readily accessible to the interested foreign capitalist.

The area of the Soviet Union covered with forests constitutes, according to some computations, one third of the world forest area, and, according to others, almost one half. There are no precise data available as to the territory of the U.S.S.R. covered with forests. The estimates fluctuate from 590 million hectares to 800 million.

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At the present moment favorable conditions for the industrial exploitation of forests exist chiefly within the boundaries of the European part of the Union. In the area covered with forests in the Far Eastern regions, forty-four different forest areas are offered to the foreign concessionaire, the most important being the areas along the Pacific Coast and the Amur River, on account of transportation facilities.

In this connection it might again be pointed out that the estimated exhaustion of the forest and timber-exporting area for the most part of America will bring to the front the timber trade of the U.S.S.R.

In a letter to me setting forth the possibilities and opportunities for foreign capitalists in the field of industrial development, especially electrical, Yanpolski of the Concessions Committee asked for foreign capital in the form of specific loans for the erection of hydroelectrical stations. He stated that the Government is willing that the equipment for the power stations shall be purchased from American firms, 'in accordance with the advice of the banks on the basis of the loan,' and on condition that the equipment corresponds to the technical plan and its drafts. The assistance and technical supervision of American experts would be welcomed. Yanpolski drew attention particularly to the huge project of the Dnieper Hydroelectric Station, the energy to be used for the erection of ammonium, ferromanganese, and electro-steel factories; to the construction of the Sverdlovski Hydroelectric Station, two hundred kilometres from Leningrad, to supply Leningrad and its industries with electric energy. The capital required for this latter project is forty million rubles, and the capacity is 800,000 kilowatts.

Another form of concession open to the foreign investor is the mixed trading company. The foreign capitalist puts up all the money and receives 50 per cent of the stock of the company. The company usually has a concession monopoly for the export of a specific raw material, such as poultry products, wool, and so forth. However, these concessions play a decidedly minor rôle in the export-import trade of Russia, of which 96 per cent is controlled by the Government.

IV

Of the eighty-eight concessions operating in Russia to-day there are only five or six worthy of note. The foremost are the American Harriman Manganese Concession, with mines at Tchiatura in Georgia, and the Lena gold fields, concentrating the interests of five British firms, who owned in Russia, prior to their nationalization, a number of mining and industrial enterprises in the Urals. A large timber concession has been granted to the German firm, Walldingvatri, and two large agricultural concessions have been granted to the German firms of F. Krupp and Druaid. The Krupp concession covers 25,000 dessiatines in the Don region, and the Druaid concession covers 25,000 dessiatines in the Republic of the Volga Germans.

The Concessions Committee was extremely anxious to bring to the attention of foreign capitalists the Ural Emba oil fields as a concession, because, although these are among the richest of the Russian oil fields in prospective resources, the Russians themselves lack the large capital essential to their successful development. The Emba oil is distinguished by its very high quality, which permits it to be refined into high-grade lubricating oil. The refining has been carried on partly

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in Baku, but mostly in Yaroslavl and Nizhni Novgorod.

The entire district is very poor in ways of communication. On one side is the Caspian Sea with its natural primitive harbor, Rakusha, to which the southwestern part of the district gravitates. On the other side the Tashkent railway is adjacent to the northeastern part of the district. The valley of the River Tersakan is just as far away from the railway as from the sea. The southwestern part also suffers from lack of waterways.

In order to subject this district to proper exploitation, it will be necessary, besides equipping and digging the wells, to erect a port in Guriev instead of Rakusha and to equip this port for oil shipment, erecting suitable pipe lines from Guriev into the various fields. From Guriev the oil can be carried by tanks to Baku and thence shipped by rail or pipe line to Batum on the Black Sea. The present six-inch pipe line from Baku to Batum is already heavily overloaded, and it is probable that one of the conditions of the concession would be either the building of a larger line from Baku to Batum or the linking up by pipe line of the Emba fields with Grozny and the construction of a twelve- or sixteen-inch pipe from Grozny to some port on the Black Sea. In the latter event some sections of the Grozny fields would in all probability be allotted to the concessionaire constructing the necessary pipe lines.

On my last day in Moscow I had a farewell interview with Litvinoff, acting Minister for Foreign Affairs and one of the cleverest members of the present régime. At times Litvinoff talks quite freely, having the reputation of being one of the few leaders willing to take the responsibility of a decision on his own shoulders. We had been talking about American recognition, and he again stressed the fact that Soviet Russia was willing to meet the American demands — that they, in the Foreign Office, were eager to send a debt-funding commission, and so forth. We passed on to Grozny, which, along with Baku, ranks as the world's richest oil field.

I had questioned him regarding the possibility of a foreign concessionaire obtaining the field. His reply was: 'We are not considering giving Grozny at the present time. It forms a very great source of revenue for us now and is constantly on the increase. However, our original contract with Sinclair stipulated that he should receive part of Grozny. I think that proposals in which mention is made of foreign credits to this Government might be considered favorably. At all times we should be interested in receiving proposals for the building of a pipe line from Grozny to the Black Sea.'

And then, as if by accident, he added: 'Do you think your connections in America would be interested in obtaining a concession for the Chinese Eastern Railway?'

Strangely enough, I had followed the fortunes of the Chinese Eastern Railway for some months previous, being interested in it as a possible cause of war between Japan and Russia and also as the main connecting link between Japan and her base of supplies in event of war with America; for Japan depends to a large extent on Manchuria for her food supplies, chiefly the soy bean, and is therefore dependent on the Chinese Eastern Railway, which, beside being the short line to the Pacific, connecting with the Trans-Siberian at the Manchurian frontier near Chita and extending across Manchuria almost to Vladivostok, pierces the heart of Manchuria with a branch line running south from Harbin almost to Mukden

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itself, from which point the Japanese control the railway lines extending south and east to Port Arthur and through Korea.

The railway is now owned half-and-half by the Chinese and the Russians, with the proviso that the managing director be a Russian. The rolling stock and road bed are in good condition. Last year it was estimated that the road earned approximately twelve million gold rubles, roughly six million dollars.

The 'nigger in the woodpile' is that for the past year and a half the Chinese Eastern has formed the centre of all the friction between the Russian Government and Chang Tso-lin, who, being in the pay of the Japanese Government, is acting on their behalf. The Japanese have recently built railways of their own in Manchuria, and it is impossible for them to reach their own connections and, subsequently, tidewater without crossing the Chinese Eastern. Not only does a special provision in the Chino-Russian treaty grant protection to the Chinese Eastern Railway from having its lines crossed, but should such a crossing be made, a great deal of traffic now routed on the Chinese Eastern would be transferred to the Japanese railway, and there would be a consequent falling off of the earnings of the Chinese Eastern.

Great pressure is being brought to bear by Chang Tso-lin on the Russians to permit this crossing, which is essential to Japanese success. On the day before I had my Litvinoff interview Chang Tso-lin had seized the entire river fleet belonging to the Chinese Eastern.

By pawning the Chinese Eastern Railway to American capitalists, the Russian Government no doubt feels that it would thus be able to shift profitably a troublesome burden, which it is likely to lose at all events, since at the present moment Russia is unwilling for war if it can possibly be avoided.

Even though the acquisition of the Chinese Eastern might furnish rich revenues and definitely prevent Japanese expansion, if such a step were desirable, I question very much if American interests are willing to let themselves become involved in the constant embroilments of the Far East, especially Manchuria.

V

To give a clear idea of the operations of a concessions agreement, I shall quote extensively from the agreement drawn up between Harriman and the Soviet Government, which has been officially published by the Concessions Committee.

The agreement was concluded in June 1925 for a term of twenty years. According to it the firm is to have the exclusive right to explore and work the manganese ores (and peroxide) in the Tchiatura district, Georgia, and the exclusive right to export the ores of this district. The Government, however, retains for itself a section of the Tchiatura district containing fifteen million poods of ore, with the right of exploiting this section of the territory, but without the right of exporting abroad the ore obtained. The concessionaire is entitled to dispose of the ore on the home market only by special agreement with the Government. The concessionaire is obliged to take measures for extending the sale of Tchiatura ore abroad.

All property in connection with the extraction and treating of the manganese ore in the Tchiatura district belonging to the Government at the time when the agreement was concluded is to be handed over to the concessionaire, also the necessary plots of

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territory for warehouses and loading applications in the Tchiatura district and in the port of Poti. The concessionaire enjoys privileges regarding imports into the U.S.S.R. of necessary equipment articles.

The concessionaire agrees to expend not less than one million dollars for constructing new mines, and so forth, as well as for regrounding and building new factories, and must reconstruct a narrow-gauge railway, from Sachtiri Tchiatura to Shropon Poti, into a broad-gauge line, bringing its transport capacity of 70,000 tons up to 125,000 tons. Accordingly the concessionaire is obliged to reconstruct the section of the main railroad line, Ihor Poti, this line remaining in the hands of the Government, which guarantees transportation on the basis of fixed tariffs. The concessionaire supplies the Government gratuitously with railway wagons necessary for transportation purposes. The minimum expenses of the concessionaire regarding this part of the agreement are fixed at two million dollars — which, incidentally, will not begin to cover the expense of the construction as now planned. The concessionaire is obliged to construct in the port of Poti special loading installations with a capacity of 1,200,000 tons of ore per year, with an expenditure of not less than one million dollars.

The production programme is fixed at not less than 500,000 tons of ore yearly. Nonfulfillment of the programme entails, beside a money penalty, the cancellation of the agreement.

The concessionaire pays the Government four dollars for every ton of ore exported and nine dollars for every ton of peroxide, and he guarantees payments on the basis of average yearly exports of 800,000 tons of ore and a certain quantity of peroxide. Beside this the concessionaire pays the Government a part of the possible surplus profits, the limits of which are indicated in the agreement, and also a certain sum per hectare to the mines. Further, the Government reserves the right to purchase from the concessionaire any quantity of ore at the cost of production, for the requirements of the home market.

Should the concessionaire refuse to build a ferromanganese factory in the U.S.S.R., the Government is entitled to build such a factory. In the event of the Government exporting the ferromanganese abroad, it pays the concessionaire about one dollar above the cost of production for every ton of ore containing the normal percentage of metal.

The concessionaire undertakes the regulation of all interests of private firms working in the Tchiatura district prior to the concession, and at the same time he is entitled during the first period to attract these firms of contractors for the purpose of extracting and washing the ore.

VI

So far no one of these large concessions has been in operation a sufficient time to prove whether or not the concessions under existing agreements will be profitable. However, it is safe to say that up to the present time no profits worthy of the name have been extracted. From the experience of each concessionaire something can be learned which every future concessionaire should take into consideration. Harriman made the vital error of not obtaining monopoly control of the Russian manganese market when he entered the field. As matters now stand, the Russian Government, controlling the Nikopol field and having no royalties to pay, can undercut Harriman in price at any time it sees fit.

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Furthermore, — and this is a most important point, — the Government, by its monopoly control of the export-import market, can sell its export products abroad at a loss and, with the foreign gold thus obtained, either issue *tchervonits* notes, requiring but 33⅓ per cent gold reserve, or else buy foreign necessities, such as cotton, rubber, manufactured articles like machinery or tractors, articles which people must absolutely have and for which they are willing to pay any price, and then sell them in the home market for 300 per cent above cost. This is actually being done. Price in Russia to-day a safety razor, a suit of clothes, or a Ford tractor, and you cannot help but realize the truth of the above statement. Because of this no concessionaire is safe in selling, without either complete monopoly control or a sales agreement with the Russian Government, a product in which dumping may affect world market prices.

Thus far the German agricultural concession on the Volga has not been able to make a profit, first because of the low prices existing in the world market for wheat, and secondly because of high labor and transportation costs.

The timber concession operating near Petrograd had a very difficult time in the beginning because of inefficient Russian management. The Germans have now placed their own men in the key positions and from the latest reports are beginning to show a profit.

Another point which should be given due consideration by the foreign concessionaire, especially in regard to a concession which sells its products in the internal market, that is, to the Russian people, — such as a merchandise concession selling tractors and receiving payment in rubles, or even an electric power concession in which the fees are paid in rubles, — is that the concessionaire is entirely at the mercy of the State Bank, which, because no free exchange market exists, is the only medium through which foreign exchange can be obtained. Unless there is a specific agreement in the concession dealing with matters of exchange, it would be very difficult to exchange any large amount of *tchervontsi* or rubles for foreign currency. True, a black bourse does exist, but, being illegal, is not worthy of serious consideration.

Another danger which besets the concessionaire is that he will receive but scant protection at the hands of the Russian law court as it is now constituted. True, the law is codified, but in the matter of penalties a great deal of latitude is permitted. In as much as the court itself is composed of workers, elected by the various trade-union committees, there exists the likelihood of class prejudice entering into the decisions, especially in cases between Russian workers and foreign capitalists. I think this can be best exemplified by two stories told me while I was visiting the Harriman mines. One of the American engineers had bought a house. According to Russian law the tenants occupying the house have the right to remain there until other quarters are found for them. Cognizant of this law, the American duly found other quarters in the town for the occupants of the house, and then proceeded to ask the tenants to vacate. They refused to move. After a week of politeness and constant urging, the American lost his temper and threw the Russians out, bag and baggage. The Russian labor court gave the American a year at labor. When I last saw him he was serving his time constructing a sewer for the city of Tchiatura. One more example. A very large hydro-electric power station was erected near

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Tiflis; German engineers were in charge of the operations. Through negligence on the part of the workmen, a scaffold had fallen and killed two laborers. The German engineer in charge received a sentence of two years of solitary confinement and hard labor.

All-important to any concessionaire is the labor supply. The labor supply in Russia is plentiful, but the efficiency of the Russian worker as compared to that of the American is very low. I have often watched groups of laborers at work loading ships, hauling stones, building houses. They would stand around talking idly, dreaming, wasting endless moments debating whether this or that was the better way. At all times they seemed to lack push. During my visit to the Harriman concession, one of the American engineers pointed to a pile of machinery in the warehouse. 'See that machinery there,' he said. 'In America it took four men a half day to load it on shipboard from the box cars. Guess how long it took these birds — two days with fifteen men! And at that I had to do most of the work myself. These Georgians are too lazy even to close their eyes at night. The Russian does a good job when directed properly and given some decent encouragement. If I had an all-Russian gang and they could only keep away from the vodka, I should not ask for anything better. But these Georgians!'

Albert Rhys Williams estimates that the average laborer in Russia does not work over 150 days a year, taking into consideration summer holidays, church and state holidays. Of course such matters as working hours, number of holidays, and so forth, could and should be provided for in all concession agreements.

Questions of transport are essential to the economic life of the country. It was the breaking down of the transport system as well as a bad harvest which was responsible in large measure for the intense suffering during the great famine. In many sections of Russia huge quantities of grain, unable to be moved, lay rotting in the warehouses of the northeast.

To-day transportation is back to a pre-war basis. Freight is being moved with regularity on the railroads, although there is a shortage of freight cars which will be felt especially at harvest time. The Volga and other river shipping has been resumed. Passenger train service is excellent to Leningrad, to the Polish frontier, to both Nizhni Novgorod and Saratov on the Volga; and even to the Caucasus I found express train service with seized international *wagon lit* cars, scrupulously clean and well serviced. Although I saw countless 'bad order' locomotives rusting in the yards, still there seemed to be sufficient locomotives in good running order to satisfy the needs of the traffic. The roadbeds and bridges seemed in good condition.

VII

In summing up the financial and business aspects of the situation I feel that under proper conditions, which include American recognition and a favorable settlement of the debt question, Russia offers to the concessionaire who is strong enough to exact from the present Government proper working agreements for his own protection many interesting possibilities.

As far as a state loan is concerned, under the present state of public opinion in the United States such a loan would be almost impossible to float. Nevertheless many of the essentials of a safe and profitable loan already exist, such as a stable government, a stable currency, a balanced budget, sufficient natural resources for

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great development, and governmental control of the export-import trade, by which a sufficient export balance could always be maintained to provide the necessary gold imports to meet interest and sinking-fund charges.

The Russian nature is the greatest obstacle to economic progress. With the will to work and proper organization, Russia would not be forced to hold out hungry hands eternally to the foreigner. As long as the spirit of 'Nichevo' persists, no matter how much capital is poured into Russia from the outside, the Russian market will prove disappointing, for wealth and purchasing power, while dependent on natural resources, are developed only through honest work. How often has every foreigner sat in a Russian office cursing the Russian who with cigarette in hand takes countless minutes dawdling, discussing with colleagues some detail we are accustomed to accomplish at a minute's notice. Take the simple cashing of a letter of credit. At the State Bank, where there is a special department which attends to that work daily, your letters of credit must pass through at least five different hands before your business is finished, and then only after countless repetitions of 'Please hurry!'

I made a real effort to understand the Communists — not only the leaders, but also the workers. I went to their clubs. I even joined a Communist swimming club, although, not being a union member, I was admitted only as a privileged guest. There is absolutely no doubt in my mind that the men who are at the head of the government are sincere, idealistic, according to their lights, altruistic, and willing to sacrifice themselves unstintedly to a cause they believe in with almost fanatical faith.

I question very much if the masses of the people are ready, or will be ready for many generations to come, to work without the stimulation of private profit. True, in isolated cases the desire for the fulfillment of an ideal, or the desire for creative endeavor, has often been sufficient inspiration for noble and unselfish work, but in these instances the doers have been persons possessed either of rare initiative or of great sensitivity, and not of the mould of common clay of which the great majority are composed.

The great fault I have to find with Communism is that it substitutes mass dictatorship for individual initiative and freedom. The life of the Communist is regulated absolutely by the will of the party, and it is an iron discipline applied from within as well as from without. If the party decides a man should work in Daghestan, he must go without question. He cannot receive more than 225 rubles monthly for salary. He (or she) must take an active part in the social life of the community, such as sitting on trade-union committees, teaching at the adult schools, joining in the work of the theatre (organization part of every factory), leading atheist discussion groups, and so forth. At all times I have found the Communist is the hardest-working and the most efficient member of the community. He markedly deserves the responsibility of leadership because he is willing at all times to do more for the public good than any other individual in the community.

In many cases Communism reminds me of Christianity — it is a religion, an ideal of life, and just because of its religious and emotional appeal it attaches to itself groups of followers who, like all deeply religious persons, are imbued with the crusading spirit. It is a long step from the worship of the ideal to the practice, and just as the ideals of Christianity have rarely been realized in actual living, so it seems to me

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Communism will remain an ideal, a religion, which, in spite of the most gigantic propaganda ever witnessed, will be unattainable for many generations to come.

No man is truly free unless, by means of saving, he is able to put aside enough of the world's goods to guarantee him a certain amount of leisure, liberty of movement, and freedom from the worry of having to provide eternally for the wants of the following day. In socialist society, saving is a physical impossibility, and one is always dependent upon either the Government or the workshop for one's existence and welfare.

I have not the slightest fear of Communism's being adopted in America. It does not suit our Western European temperaments. The Russian is not the most Eastern of the Europeans, but the most Western of the Orientals. This fact was vividly brought home to me almost daily in Moscow, not only by the physical aspect of the city, so much akin to Peking, — with its multicolored roofs, its fantastic domes, its walls, its great squares and long, flat streets, heavy with the dust of the plain, — but also by the people themselves, with their belief in endless time, their love of bargaining, and their inborn spirit of fanaticism and fatalism. Just because of these Oriental characteristics the Russian is accustomed to despotism, and although Communists will try to prove to me that Communism is the most democratic of institutions, in actual fact it is a rigid despotism, controlled by a small group of party leaders. Although the Communists still preach and dream of world revolution, with the coming of prosperity to Russia and a satisfied working class the ardor will die, and then no Russian Government would dare ruin the prosperity of Russia by attempting to upset the world market and the avenues of trade on which that prosperity would inevitably depend, for in the complex economic world of to-day no nation lives of itself alone.

THE AWAKENING OF ABYSSINIA

BY CAPTAIN OWEN TWEEDY

I

YEARS and years ago — for even to the youngest of us school days always seem terribly remote — the writer was in an upper third class 'doing' South America. None of us could ever remember the respective positions of Uruguay and Paraguay. One day a little boy, who is now appropriately in the Secretariat of the League of Nations, evolved a formula. 'Take the initials of the two states, U. and P.,' he explained, 'and look upstream. It will be U. P.'

But there is no such convenient formula for the location of Abyssinia on the map; and the young hopeful who replied that it was in the top right-hand corner of Africa did

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not get any marks, nor is he to-day at Geneva.

Abyssinia is the only independent Christian nation in Africa; it is surrounded by Moslem and pagan peoples, and that is perhaps why, both geographically and historically, it is so elusive. 'The Ethiopians,' wrote Gibbon in his day, 'are forgetful of the world, by whom they are forgotten.' In another comment he has ventured the statement that had mediæval Christendom joined forces against the Mohammedans with the Christian nucleus in Arabia, — for Abyssinia was once powerful in the Yemen, — instead of wasting money and effort in amateur Crusades, Islam might still be a sect and not the numerically greatest religion in the world.

But Abyssinia and her religious struggles remained unnoticed throughout the Middle Ages and it was only with the Renaissance that Europe discovered her. Even then the discovery was fortuitous. Toward the end of the fifteenth century a prince of Portugal conceived a wish to find the mythical Christian kingdom of the legendary Prester John. An intrepid courtier undertook the mission and, following the vaguest clues, eventually did find a Christian kingdom in the highlands of Abyssinia. But it was to the then Negus Negusti (Emperor) and not to Prester John that he presented his letters of credence. Luckily for him the Abyssinian potentate, taking the will for the deed, welcomed the gesture from his royal brother of Portugal, and friendly relations between the two countries were established, to last for nearly two centuries. Portugal sent priests and engineers to the court of the Negus, who planned and built roads and bridges, churches and palaces, some of which survive to-day; and a Portuguese fleet under Christopher da Gama, a brother of the famous discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope route, coöperated with the Abyssinians against a Moslem invasion from Arabia. But in the end Oriental suspicion and distrust of all things Western, fanned in particular by constant Jesuit intrigue, asserted themselves. For the Abyssinian is Oriental before he is Christian. The Portuguese, by then decadent in Europe, were expelled bag and baggage, cleric and layman; and the little Christian nation buried itself in its mountains as thoroughly as ever did the poor law-writer of Dickens's *Bleak House* in the squalor of Tom-all-alone's.

The Abyssinian dynasty of to-day claims direct descent from the romantic but unauthenticated union of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. 'And when she was come to Solomon, she communed with him of all that was in her heart. And Solomon told her all her questions: and there was nothing hid from Solomon which he told her not.' To the Western reader the terse but picturesque Bible narrative is only vaguely suggestive, but the Abyssinian historians have read between the lines. To them there is a sigh of feminine surrender in the chronicler's bald comment: 'There was no more spirit in her.' They have crowned the strange union of two remarkable persons with a son, the legendary Menelik I, who founded the national dynasty and, as by right of birth, gave his country the emblem of the Lion of Judah, holding in his paw a sceptre surmounted by a cross. The cross was probably a later addition; but, though anachronistic, it is in keeping with the semidivine atmosphere which still surrounds the reigning house. For both the founder of Christianity and the founder of the Abyssinian dynasty trace their descent through David and Abraham back to Adam and the Creation.

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Christianity came to the Abyssinians in the fourth century through evangelists from the Coptic Church in Egypt, on which the Abyssinian Church is still nominally dependent. But in practice, beyond the fact that the Coptic Patriarch in Cairo still appoints its Abuna or Archbishop, it is self-administering and independent and, having stubbornly rejected all doctrinal modifications and elaborations of early Christendom, may with justice be said to be, in the outward forms at any rate, the most primitive and therefore the closest to the original of all the Christian churches of the world. In spite of its insignificance and remoteness, it shares with the Latins, the Orthodox, the Armenians, and the Copts the honor of owning a tiny chapel within the precincts of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. Here over the tawdry altar hangs a grimy but arresting painting of the Virgin and Child. It is arresting because it depicts the Christ as well as his mother with a black, swarthy face, full, flashing brown eyes, and the frizzy hair of the Negro. But it is a great object of veneration to every Abyssinian, to whom the pilgrimage to Jerusalem is as much a prime duty as that to Mecca is to the devout Mohammedan.

The creed of the Abyssinian Church is simple and, in its purest forms, severe, tolerating no worship of images or fantastic ritual. But in remoter parts of the country the inefficiency and ignorance of the bulk of local priesthood have led to amazing and even ludicrous laxity and irregularity. A story is told of the discovery by a European traveler of a church over the altar of which hung an ample likeness of the late Queen Victoria. Inquiry revealed that the portrait owed its position, not to the world renown of a famous lady, but to a mistaken notion in the minds of the villagers that they were adoring Our Lady herself.

The clergy are incredibly numerous and in the main parasitic. The Church actually owns by vested right and for its own benefit as much as one third of the whole country. Its influence is proportionately vast, both socially and politically. This influence, though free from religious fanaticism, is unfortunately reactionary and unenlightened, and a delaying force in a country which is anxious to develop. Signs are not wanting that a day will come, as it has come in other countries, when the State will no longer be content to see so much of the national treasure in the hands of so sterile a body.

The pure Abyssinian is a descendant of the family of Ham, and his olive-bronze complexion is easily distinguished from the deep copper of the Bedouin and the black-brown of the Sudanese. He is brown-eyed, medium to tall in stature, and walks with all the swing of the warrior whose ancestors have for centuries lived by fighting. But, though physically well developed, mentally he is backward. With Europeans he has learned to conceal his ignorance under an Oriental cloak of shrewd stolidity; but underneath he is parochial, unreceptive, and unprogressive. He hates to be tied down to anything, be it the hire of a mule, a published railway time-table, or an international treaty; and when pressed he is excessively proud and touchy. When Abyssinia was introduced as a member into the League of Nations her French sponsor described her as *libre et fière dans ses montagnes*.

The only intimacy to which foreigners can aspire even with the highest in the land will be formal and ceremonial. They cannot hope to penetrate the real Abyssinian home life. In essence it is patriarchal like the

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Bedouin, but in the lower grades it is very primitive and unrefined; codes and standards have deteriorated with the ingress of civilization; morals are lax and drunkenness prevalent. The people eat quantities of raw meat, not because it is prescribed that they should eat it so, but because they prefer it uncooked. Raw meat, eaten in quantities, has unpleasant gastric reactions, to counteract which they load it with pepper to an extent impossible even to the most atrophied and depraved European palate. This prophylactic régime is supplemented by periodic courses of medicine of a severity and intensity such as would prostrate any civilized constitution.

The poorer classes dress in Arab style, carelessly and with small regard for cleanliness. Their headdress is as often as not cheap European and they do not wear fezzes. The upper and royal classes, however, dress elaborately. In their long, stiff, high-collared cloaks of heavy silk or closely woven stuff, they have a wooden, stilted appearance, reminiscent of Tenniel's drawings of the Court in *Alice in Wonderland*. But this picturesqueness is ruined by their hats and boots. The former are of the wider sombrero type and their fashions in footwear favor the gaudiest kid and cloth. It is the East meeting the West.

The domestic administration of the country is elementary but adequate. Primary justice is based on the maxim, 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.' An Abyssinian asleep in a tree fell from his perch and in his fall killed another Abyssinian under the tree and also asleep. According to Abyssinian codes it was murder. A man had died. The judge, a modern Solomon, decreed that the murderer should lie under the tree and the nearest relative of the dead man fall on him from the branch above. Here Abyssinian common sense asserted itself and there was a compromise. Quarrels between debtor and creditor, husband and wife, landlord and tenant, are settled by properly constituted courts, which in deference to Abyssinian prejudice sit, behind barbed wire, in the public thoroughfares. The litigants plead in person and Abyssinia is thus one of the few countries of the world which do not groan under the curse of the professional lawyer.

Up to recent times traffic in slaves, with all its horrors and ill-gotten gains, was rampant. But international convention and control have closed the great Arabian market, and when, in 1923, Abyssinia joined the League of Nations the traffic was forbidden by law; the milder form of domestic slave-owning is being gradually liquidated.

II

Though the present boundaries of Abyssinia are still vague in the undeveloped southwest, the country is now a geographical entity. But this has been the case only during the last thirty years. Before Moslem invasion drove them back into the interior, Abyssinians had ruled in Arabia and along that portion of the western shore of the Red Sea which is now in British, French, and Italian hands. But Abyssinia to-day is confined within her highlands and has no territorial outlet on the sea.

To the outside world and internationally Abyssinia is a Christian country. This impression comes from the fact that the present ruling house is Shoan; and Shoa, the central province, is, like Gojam and Amhara to the north and northwest, predominantly Christian. But on the western frontiers the provinces of Tigré, Danakil, and Harrar, and, to the southeast, Galla, are essentially Moslem; and to

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the south and southwest there is a large Negro and pagan element. In so far as it may be said that there is Abyssinian nationality, all are Abyssinians; but in fact at least fifty per cent of the population would best be designated by the term 'hyphenated.'

In such a kaleidoscope it is little wonder that Abyssinian history before the accession of the Emperor Menelik, in 1889, was a history of fluctuating civil wars. Power was held by force of arms and lasted so long as this or that chieftain had the money, the personality, and the influence to keep his gains and to maintain his slave armies. Kings and kingdoms waxed and waned with bewildering rapidity, and in 1813 there were no less than six kings of Abyssinia reigning simultaneously while six ex-kings meditated simultaneously on the error of their ways in some dungeon or other. Well might the contemporary Abyssinian chronicler have echoed the Biblical lament: 'In those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes.'

One of the six kings reigning in 1813 was Sahela Selassié of the Christian kingdom of Shoa, and he may be said with truth to have registered the first advance from mediæval chaos toward Abyssinian unity. For national unity developed out of the growth of better conditions and better government in Shoa. Sahela Selassié was succeeded in 1847 by his son, Haile Melikot, and during their reigns, by dint of incessant fighting, they established a degree of stability sufficient to attract the attention of the outside world. They were visited by French and British missions and Haile Melikot went so far as to conclude commercial treaties with them in the name of Abyssinia. What he thought of the value of his own signature is summed up in his own comment that he had met some mad Europeans in his time, but none, he thought, so mad as to hope ever to trade seriously with Abyssinians.

He died in 1855 and bequeathed the throne to his eleven-year-old son, Menelik, who was quickly swamped by Lij Kassa, the powerful chief of the neighboring tribe of Galla. Lij Kassa stole Menelik's thunder. In other words he gathered to his own standard the bulk of Menelik's army. For in slave armies there is much of the philosophy of 'off with the old love and on with the new.' Kassa seized Menelik as a prisoner and, having secured himself from that quarter, had himself crowned as Negus with the sonorous title of Emperor Theodore. But Menelik was not finished with. On reaching man's estate he succeeded in escaping to his own people of Shoa, raised an army, and was soon so formidable an opponent that Theodore elected for compromise, recognized Menelik as king of Shoa, and in return received his nominal submission. And in due time and after much fighting Theodore obtained a degree of peace within his boundaries. But no sooner was he established than he foolishly, though it must be admitted unluckily, involved himself in a quarrel with a foreign Power — and that Great Britain.

The story of his fall and death is tragic. Queen Victoria, for whom he had conceived a romantic regard, had established a consulate in Abyssinia. On the occasion of the consul's departure on leave to England, the Emperor confided to his care a personal letter to the Queen. The letter was unfortunately mislaid in England, never reached Her Majesty, and was thus never answered. Theodore's pride and dignity were piqued, and when the consul returned from his leave the

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Emperor summarily seized and imprisoned him and his staff. He followed up this breach of international convention and courtesy by ignoring the British Government's demands for the release of the prisoners. Public opinion in England clamored for satisfaction and, none being forthcoming, a British military expedition made its way in the spring of 1868 into northeast Abyssinia. After a practically bloodless campaign they captured Theodore's stronghold of Magdala, only to find the Emperor, deserted by his followers, dead, shot by his own hand, seated on his throne and wearing the crown and full regalia of the House of Judah. He had muddled himself to death. Vacillation between counsels of surrender and resistance broke the spirit of his army, and it had already dispersed when he took a desperate decision to fight. He was an Abyssinian, but there was much of the samurai tradition in the manner of his death. The expedition left one lasting and civilizing memory in the Abyssinian mind. Lord Napier commandeered much in local labor and material for his army *and paid for everything*. It was an enlightening demonstration of the conventions of modern warfare, and most telling on the Abyssinian mentality, which had hitherto looked on war as a delightful sport, free from undue risk and offering unique opportunity for unrestricted loot.

On Theodore's death, Menelik once again found one mightier than himself to thwart him of his rights in the person of John, the chief of the province of Tigré. Their war of succession lasted for four years and ended in compromise. In 1872 John was crowned as Negus and copied Theodore's example by confirming Menelik as King of Shoa. But he was not left long to enjoy the fruits of domestic peace. This time his troubles came from without Abyssinia, in the form of foreign invasion. The first aggressor, Egypt, then full of Ismail Pasha's futile dreams of a great Egyptian empire in Africa, was soundly defeated; but only to be followed by a greater menace, the dervish expansion from the southern Sudan. The dervishes, flushed with easy victories over the Egyptian armies, turned on Christian Abyssinia; and, faced with a common danger, Egypt and Abyssinia, through the mediation of Charles Gordon, who was later to meet his end at Khartoum, made common cause against Mahdiism. But the combination of effort did not realize expectations. Khartoum fell in 1885, and the Anglo-Egyptian forces retired north and east to Wadi Halfa and Suakin, leaving John, now in purely Abyssinian interests, to continue the struggle single-handed. It was protracted and in the end successful; but in the hour of his greatest victory John himself fell on the field of battle in 1889.

With his death the last obstacle between Menelik and the imperial heritage bequeathed to him by his father thirty-four years before was removed. He was crowned as Negus in 1889 and his accession inaugurated the final consolidation of modern Abyssinia.

III

During his eclipse Menelik had developed qualities of patience and perseverance which stood him in good stead through the first seven difficult years of his reign. In 1885 Italy had annexed Massawa on the Red Sea coast and had expanded its boundaries up to the French settlement, Djibuti, to the south, to the Sudan to the north, and to Abyssinia to the west. In 1889, however, the success of her enterprise was still in doubt. Like so many

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other Italian colonies in Africa, Eritrea, as the new settlement was called, resembled an Italian shawl. It was all fringe. It was poor, and its resources and scope for development meagre. But it could be made a success, were Massawa to become the commercial and Rome the political outlet of Abyssinian potentialities. Already before the Emperor John's death a distinguished and astute Italian, Count Antonelli, had ingratiated himself with Menelik, as the coming ruler of the country, and after his accession this intimacy was quickly cultivated into the closer association which the Italians desired. Before the end of 1889 a treaty which virtually constituted an Italian protectorate over Abyssinia had been signed. It even went so far as to stipulate that all communications which Menelik might wish to address to any foreign Power must pass through Italian channels.

Menelik in 1889 was a novice in such matters and may not have understood what he was signing, but by 1893 he fully realized what he had signed away. Taking the excuse of conflicting interpretations between the two texts, he challenged the justice of certain Italian claims and, the replies being unpalatable, summarily denounced the treaty. Three years were passed in protest and parley, from which the Italians gained no satisfaction and Menelik invaluable time. In the result, an Italian military expedition from Eritrea was in 1896 encountered and annihilated at Adowa by an enormous Abyssinian army, whose task, it must be allowed, was greatly facilitated by lamentable Italian strategy. With her defeat, Italy lost three thousand prisoners, and the price of their release was Italian acquiescence in the cancellation of the offending treaty. Adowa assured Menelik's position both in Abyssinia and in Europe. All the Great Powers recognized him and with almost indecent haste tumbled over one another to establish full-fledged legations at his court.

Menelik did not lose his head in the hour of his triumph. His motto was *Festina lente*, and like Agag he walked delicately. He gradually undermined the independence of the hitherto uncurbed provincial chieftains by insisting on their more constant attendance at his court. He reconquered the fertile and mainly Moslem province of Harrar and placed it under the governorship of his Christian nephew, Ras (Chief) Makonnen. He encouraged but did not support or commit himself to foreign schemes of development, and with Oriental shrewdness saw to it that he was the main, if not the only, beneficiary from the schemes of the legion of concession hunters who invaded the country. But telegraph communication with the outside world was installed, the Bank of Abyssinia was founded, and the building of the first railway in the country sanctioned.

While, however, these changes were taking place, Menelik himself remained outwardly unchanged. He sedulously maintained the atmosphere and tradition of his high office. To his people he was still the primitive Abyssinian of the warrior type, — for he was a man of great strength and stature, — and imperceptibly there grew around his person a myth of omniscience, which spread through the four corners of his kingdom. For the first time in her history Abyssinia enjoyed the fullness of a peace not founded on elaborate or Abdul-Hamidian intrigue, but the creation of a man who knew his Abyssinians and, to borrow the title of a recent play, 'knew what they wanted.'

Menelik also knew what the foreigners on his borders wanted, but he had a wholesome belief in the truism

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that safety lies in numbers. He saw that the integrity of his country would be best guaranteed by an accord between himself, on the one hand, and his three neighbors, Great Britain, France, and Italy, acting jointly on the other. Mutual jealousy would assure him of the support of two, should the third attempt any liberty. So with Oriental patience he bided his time, and in 1906 the three Powers sent him a joint note, which he felt safe in accepting. In return for their absolute recognition of his sovereign independence, which assured him the last word in all projects of development, he acknowledged a geographical partition of his country into spheres of commercial and political influence particular to each, within which they undertook not to compete one with another. This agreement is the basis of modern Abyssinian independence, *de facto* as well as *de jure*.

Emperor Menelik had no direct male heir. His only son had died young, and his nephew, Ras Makonnen, whom he looked on as his successor, predeceased him in 1906. Thus Abyssinia was left with 'Hobson's choice,' and that a mere boy, Menelik's twelve-year-old grandson, Lij Yasu, who was proclaimed heir apparent in 1908. But, to the great detriment of his country, Menelik in the same year had a severe stroke, which removed him for all time from the conduct of national affairs.

The regency, which took over the control of the State in his name, was composed of the greatest chieftains in the land; but for the first three years of its existence it was entirely overshadowed by the activities of Menelik's second wife, the Empress Taitu, a childless, mischievous old lady, who had learned in the Abyssinian school of matrimony — Menelik was her fifth husband — how to manage men. She claimed to speak in her stricken husband's name, fostered discord among the members of the Council, and while they quarreled she governed. But eventually — as men will — they found her out; but not before, by sheer perversity of character, she had succeeded in holding up for three years the completion of the French railway to Addis Abeba. Menelik died in 1913. His reign has left a lasting impression in Abyssinia. To-day the most binding and sacred oath in the country is 'By the death of Menelik,' but it was many years before the people as a whole would believe that he was really dead; and it was only in 1919 that the country was deemed to be sufficiently resigned to warrant the risk of an outward manifestation of his death in the form of a mausoleum.

Lij Yasu was seventeen when he succeeded Menelik. For three years he was to cut a dashing figure with his Indian rather than Abyssinian features, his wild, inquiring eyes, and his youthful vivacity and contrariness. But he was fundamentally decadent and intensely resentful of control or unpalatable advice. Already during the Regency he had betrayed ominous sympathy with Islam and, once on the throne, he quickly dispensed with his grandfather's counselors and turned for sole guidance to his father, Ras Michael of Tigré, a man of primitive intelligence and great bravery, who, on his marriage to Menelik's daughter, had summed up the value of Christianity in the same cynical spirit that Henri IV had estimated that of Paris. Within nine months of Lij Yasu's accession, the Great War had broken out in Europe. He made no secret of his sympathies. He sent surreptitious help to the Moslem Mad Mullah who had come out in revolt against the British in Somaliland; he raised a huge army of half a million which he boasted he

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would lead against the infidels; and finally he chose his Empress from a professedly Mohammedan home and, in April 1916, made a public declaration of the religious dependence of Abyssinia on the Turkish Caliphate.

In his fanatic zeal and dreams of self-aggrandizement, Lij Yasu overlooked the fact that, although his subjects might be ignorant of and indifferent to European politics, a large section of them, carefully taught by the Church, loathed Islam; and all of them intensely resented the levying of greatly increased taxes for the upkeep of an army in interests which had no national appeal. Conditions in the country deteriorated rapidly and there soon was general indignation that the *Pax Abyssiniana* of Menelik's benevolent régime was being prostituted to the ambitions of a notoriously dissolute youth who was siding with the age-long enemy of their national Church and dynasty. With his public declaration of their allegiance to Islam, they could stand it no longer. In September 1916, on the occasion of a national religious festival, he was solemnly declared deposed by the Abuna. The imperial crown was offered to his aunt, Zauditu (Judith), Menelik's younger daughter, and Ras Taffari, the son of Ras Makonnen and Menelik's grand-nephew, was declared heir apparent.

Lij Yasu's reign has many points of resemblance with that of James II of England. Both lost their thrones in religious conflict with their own people; both flirted with a foreign sovereign who belonged to a hated faith; both married unwisely. The epitaph on James II's lonely tomb at St. Germain-sur-Seine describes him as *Magnus in prosperis: in adversis major*. No such tribute can be paid to Lij Yasu. He had feet of clay. He countered his deposition by an eleventh-hour recantation of his conversion to Islam, which deceived no one. He organized an army in Moslem Harrar and, on the approach of the government forces, left it to a bloody fate and fled for personal safety to the Mohammedan Northeast, where he joined his father. But Ras Michael was of tougher fibre. He collected a large army and marched on the capital, Addis Abeba. In a campaign which, though short, cost no less than 60,000 Abyssinian lives, he was defeated and captured, and ended, as it might have been in a Roman triumph, a prisoner, loaded with chains and paraded with the victorious army before the new Empress. Lij Yasu escaped and for three years led a Bonnie Prince Charlie existence in Moslem Abyssinia, now here, now there; always hunted, always a menace to the new régime, and avoiding capture only by a miracle. He was finally betrayed and taken early in 1920, and he is now mouldering, forgotten, in some unknown Abyssinian stronghold.

IV

The Abyssinian imperial prerogative is normally personal and supreme. The Emperor Menelik was the State as much as ever was the fourteenth Louis in France; but, according to arrangements made at the time of her coronation, the prerogative in the case of the Empress Zauditu is limited and can be exercised by her only on the advice of the heir apparent, Ras Taffari. She is, in fact, a stopgap, but she has accepted the difficulties of such a state with rare discernment. Her boast is to model herself and her conduct on Queen Victoria. 'I am like her,' she said at the time of her coronation, 'and I will strive to be as great in my country as she, a woman like me, was in hers.'

Though she appears but rarely in public, she represents to her people

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the blood and bone of Menelik with all that that implies. But behind the scenes she holds the balance between the powerful, reactionary, and superstitious priesthood and the progressive though cautious policy of development which inspires Ras Taffari. She has wielded her power wisely, for Abyssinia is not ripe for too rapid modernization, and as long as she lives the conflict between Church and State should be averted. She is of middle age; her features are dark and stolid, and in her heavy, cumbersome, all-enveloping robes of state she looks almost stunted. But she has intelligence and a certain innate dignity of speech and gesture, and she takes intense interest in the altered conditions of her life and capital. It was a red-letter day for her, as well as for those who were fortunate enough to be present, when she, the lineal descendant of the Queen of Sheba, graced the first race-meeting ever held in Addis Abeba and enjoyed it. The first winner was a magnificent Abyssinian pony, happily named Menelik.

Ras Taffari was only twenty-five when he was called to assume, in all but name, the supreme control of his country's destinies. He has worthily perpetuated that patriarchal relationship between ruler and ruled which Abyssinians had learned to value and revere during Menelik's reign. He is ever accessible to his people and moves about among them as a real, not a Romanoff, 'Little Father.' And his manner is intensified by his appearance. There is a fleeting something in his deliberate and intense bearing which can best be described as Messianic. His bearded features are fine and devoid of negroid traits, and his look is steady and benevolent. He is charming to meet, courteous, alive, and at times amusing. He speaks French and Arabic in addition to his native tongue, Amharic. But behind all this are real character and a strong will, which have enabled him to enforce his personality and commands on the great nobles of his country, most of whom are old enough to be his father — nay, grandfather — and all of whom have in their blood the tradition of power unchecked by any central control. His character has prevented a Carlist movement in Abyssinia. Lij Yasu is forgotten. The nobility, as in Menelik's day, are in constant attendance at the court; and when, in 1924, the Ras made an official tour of Europe, he took the precaution of taking with him ten of the most redoubtable in the land. In Abyssinia, as in less exalted domestic centres, mice are prone to play when the cat is away.

The structure of the Abyssinian government machine is simple and, in a primitive way, fashioned on the lines of a most up-to-date business house. Ras Taffari is Chairman and Managing Director. The central government at Addis Abeba is his Board, and the provinces, the various foreign branches of the firm, are managed by selected delegates of the Board, all of them chieftains in their own right, who govern, collect taxes, and generally keep the peace, independent of but directly responsible to the Managing Director. Abyssinia has no organized civil service such as we in the West know; nor has she the good roads, the communications, and the administrative machinery which make for a closely centralized control on Western lines. But the loosely organized feudalism of Ras Taffari's government is adequate for the needs of his country. At the moment there is a king in Israel.

The writer of this sketch has in his possession a monumental atlas published no more than forty-five years ago. It shows Abyssinia (colored

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red) as distinct from Shoa (colored yellow). The neighbors of the two countries are indicated by broadly written tribal names, sprawling across virgin paper, which represents desert. An apologetic footnote states that the location of the main tracks and caravan routes is conjectural. The comparison of this atlas with the latest maps tells the story of Abyssinia during the last half century more pointedly than any pen could do it. The Abyssinia of 1926 is a single kingdom, treble the size of its cartographical counterpart of 1881. It is ringed by British, French, and Italian colonies, teeming with names of villages, lakes, and mountains; and there are no apologetic footnotes.

Ras Taffari might almost take the words of the gartered Malvolio and, substituting 'progress' for 'greatness,' exclaim, 'Some achieve progress, and some have progress thrust upon 'em.' He has had to frame a policy to embrace an adequate appreciation of the legitimate interests of his three colonizing neighbors, Great Britain, France, and Italy, in his country; and at the same time to safeguard its integrity and independence. The three Powers, in 1906, gave Menelik certain solemn assurances which they have observed. These guaranties have lately been fortified by Abyssinia's membership of the League of Nations. But, in spite of all this, Ras Taffari at times, and because he is Oriental and unversed in Western methods and progress, seems to suspect hidden motives behind legitimate requests. Such is his present mood, and it is intelligible and does not imply hostility or a determination on a dog-in-the-manger policy. He is just taking no risks, although he knows that this progress which is thrust upon him is the normal reaction of the inevitable progress planned by his more enlightened neighbors, and that the prosperity and development of his own country depend on his ability — priests or no priests — to keep his policy abreast of theirs, in so far as it does not impinge in any way on Abyssinian independence.

French and Italian interests in Abyssinia are similar. The French have a railway from Addis Abeba to their well-equipped Red Sea port of Djibuti. The Italians now want to link their equally well-equipped port of Massawa with the Abyssinian capital. The two railways would tap different commercial areas; there is room for both; the Abyssinians have neither the genius nor the money to build railways themselves; the French railway has in no way impaired their independence; Abyssinia needs railway development if it is to profit from its natural resources, and Eritrea and Djibuti are handicapped in their normal progress if they have not interior communications with the hinterland.

British, or rather Anglo-Egyptian, interests are centred on the waters of the Nile. The eastern branch of this river, the Blue Nile, rises in northwest Abyssinia in the great lake of Tsana. Nile water is the life of the Sudan and Egypt; and the more water they get, the more prosperous will that life be. But water obeys nature's law of gravity, and in the case of the Blue Nile obedience to nature involves avoidable and, from the Sudanese and Egyptian standpoint, serious waste. Anglo-Egyptian irrigation schemes for the redemption of desert tracts for agriculture call for a control of nature in the form of a regulator dam at Lake Tsana. Such control would assure the storage of surplus and hitherto wasted water for the reclamation of millions of arid acres of desert, whose cultivation would bring prosperity and better conditions of life to thousands in the Sudan and Egypt. England is now

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asking Ras Taffari for permission to erect the necessary works at Lake Tsana. The request is not without precedent. Portugal and the Union of South Africa have made analogous arrangements over the waters of a boundary river, essential to irrigation development within the Union. Spain and Portugal have been mutually accommodating over the partition of the waters of the Tagus and Douro.

The Italian request for a railway concession and the British case for the Lake Tsana dam were presented simultaneously to the Abyssinian Government. But they did not descend on Ras Taffari out of the clouds. They followed on long negotiations; the Ras was previously aware of their contents; he knew that the gesture would be synchronous and that France was a consenting party.

Picture a railway carriage on the wall of which is a prominent notice, 'Beware of card sharpers and pickpockets.' A very young and inexperienced traveler takes his seat in a corner and, just as the train is starting, is joined by three burly elderly men, whom he knows in his village, but only slightly. Disparity of age makes him shy and he gazes obstinately out of the window. The three men discuss racing and cards and start a game of nap. The young man watches them with nervous interest, his eye from time to time straying from the game to the warning notice on the wall. Eventually the three players, noting his interest, politely suggest that he should not stay out in the cold and ask him to make a fourth. For all that he knows them, he is suddenly overcome by uncontrollable panic. He casts an hysterical glance at the warning and pulls the communication cord. He will not be victimized by these elderly ruffians. The train conductor arrives and greets the three players as old friends, constant and respectable travelers on his train. And he is the father of a large family of highly strung children and has dealt with sudden panics before. The explanation is short and sympathetic, and before he leaves the carriage the bogey is buried and the young man, now feeling rather grown up, is taking a hand in the game. It proves to be for only dime points and the newcomer wins, with the habitual success of the beginner, and wishes the stakes had been higher.

Ras Taffari has appealed to the League of Nations in a panic. But when this is past he will end by joining the game of progress with his neighbors and enjoying it.

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A PERSPECTIVE OF INDIA

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

THE awakening of Asia is the most dramatic fact in the world's political life to-day. For two decades, since her victory at Mukden, Japan has been struggling to confirm her position as a world Power, and with Japan go the destinies of Korea and Manchuria. Immense, pacific China, with one fourth of the human race, is in active revolt against foreign influence, a protest that first flared up in the Boxer rebellion. Even more significant is India, which for ages has held a great place, spiritual and political, in the life of the world. For a generation pulses of new life have been throbbing in India.

Early in the nineteenth century like forces of revival swept over Latin America, from the valley of the Rio Colorado to Cape Horn, and a score of new nations sprang to life. What will history have to record a century hence concerning the awakening of Asia? Will Central Park have the statue of some Indian Bolivar?

A generation ago the government of India was in fact a military despotism. Britons to the number of a thousand, in the covenanted civil service, who carried on the administration, and two hundred million natives in the directly governed presidencies and provinces, were equally without votes. They received orders from the higher authorities, and the power of the higher authorities rested on the British regiments in the Indian Army.

Yet one could not call this military despotism oppressive. The members of the covenanted civil service, from the newest assistant magistrate up to the collectors, commissioners, and provincial governors, pursued the even tenor of their way under well-defined rules; so long as they complied with these, they were unmolested. And the myriads of natives, outnumbering their rulers two hundred thousand to one, also had their clearly marked lines of conduct. The things they were forbidden to do were lucidly set forth in the Indian Penal Code, a piece of Lord Macaulay's handiwork; this code, rendered into scores of Indian tongues, could be bought for a few annas in the bazaars. Its application was set forth in an equally simple Procedure Code and a Law of Evidence, slightly modified from the English law to suit Oriental conditions. There were a few laws, like the Contract Act, to regulate details of business, not very importunate in that unadventurous community. Beyond these there was no legislation whatever in that peaceful land.

The intimate concerns of native life, all matters regarding the family and the inheritance and division of property, were untouched by these British-made codes; they were regulated by age-old Eastern tradition, the Laws of Manu for the Hindus, and the Koran, with its commentaries, for the Mohammedans.

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In large areas of the Ganges and Indus valleys the rural population was dense, more than a thousand to the square mile, facing starvation on exhausted, badly tilled soil. The villages were attractive; they seemed to have grown from the earth, remaining akin to it; oblong huts built of mud and thatched with dun reeds made no discordant note among the groves of mangoes and feathery bamboos in the vast expanse of the level rice fields. There were a few brick houses belonging to the 'better folk,' as they called themselves, but their old-rose walls struck no inharmonious tone. The clothing of the men consisted of three strips of cotton: a waist cloth to the knee, or longer for the better folk, a scarf thrown over the shoulder, and a piece of cotton twisted about the head to form the turban, though many of them went bareheaded, arming themselves with a white umbrella against the moon. For the women, a single piece of cotton, gracefully wound and draped, formed both skirt and bodice. The better folk of the male sex wore shoes, and sometimes socks. But in those days all the women of India, save only the Parsee ladies of Bombay, went barefoot. All ate with their fingers, rice and curried vegetables and fish, deftly tossing pellets of food into their mouths, and using broad leaves for plates. So there was no sewing, no cleaning of table forks and knives, no washing of dishes.

The weather was as simple and orderly as the administration by the covenanted civilians, or the division of hereditary occupation among the natives. With March the hot season began, fanned to a blaze through April and May; by May 20 we had the 'little rains,' drenching us for a few days only, and searching out all the vulnerable points in our cement roofs; then, on June 20, began the 'great rains,' with rending thunderstorms and crackling violet lights across the cloud curtains, filling the air with steam; through September and October the stifling, muggy days that brought the malarial mosquitoes, whose iniquities were just beginning to be discerned; finally, four fair months, by courtesy called 'the cold season,' though it was too hot for strawberries except on the distant hills. In those tempered days we rode forth camping through the district, pitching white pyramid tents in the green gloom of mango groves. Then after the cold season the flaming heat began again, presently swelling the immense channels of the Ganges with melted Himalayan snows.

The unit of administration was the district, a thousand square miles with a million people. Over the district presided the collector at the civil station, where were the courts and treasury. The district judge sat in the principal court, with deputy magistrates in two or three lesser courts. The superintendent of police, the district engineer, and the civil surgeon completed the administrative family. These gentlemen, with their ladies and a few pale, heat-tormented babies, made up the social world. Ten districts were supervised by a commissioner of a division, and half a dozen divisions made up a province.

Each district was cut up into four or five subdivisions, with smaller courts and tax offices; in such a subdivision the assistant collector learned the rudiments of his craft. As head of the police he caught his few mild malefactors; as magistrate he tried them; if they were convicted he gave them into his own custody as governor of the local jail; as visiting justice he inquired into their welfare there. He also collected revenue, paid local salaries including his own, and sent the balance to the district treasury. Sweltering in his narrow

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court beneath a creaking punkah, he tried small cases of assault, robbery, the illicit making of native liquors; he dispensed sticky postage stamps, pungent bricks of opium, and the dream-bringing drug called ganja, which looks like withered asters. The assistant collector panted for the cold season; then he went forth on a camping tour through villages scattered across the rice fields; riding from one camp, after breakfast in the white of the dawn, he came to a second camp a dozen miles deeper into the country, and was ready to overhaul the village institutions, relics of an immemorial past. A panchayet, an elected council of five, brooded over village problems and appointed the blue-clad spearmen who kept watch and ward; a part of his duty was to see that these watchmen were duly paid. Each had a little notebook with entries of his slender salary. There were also village schools to be inspected, with bright-eyed, velvet-skinned children, awe-struck by their portentous visitor. Though the brown millions in the villages were always perilously close to starvation, it was in many ways an idyllic life, and there seemed no reason why it should ever change. Yet the seeds of change were already sown and were germinating beneath the incandescent sky.

It happened that we were at no great distance from the field on which the foundations of India's military despotism were laid. In one of the camping expeditions of the cold season we visited Plassey, on the Ganges bank, in a region of tropical woods. Without the aid of villagers we should never have found the monument to Clive's decisive victory in 1757, a small, lean obelisk languishing within a rusty railing; hardly a dozen Europeans see it in a year, possibly not half that number. There is a second monument, a round-topped pyramid of clay within a fence of split bamboo, and adorned with odd little horses of baked red clay no larger than one's hand; they are the last vestige, perhaps, of the 'sacrificial horse' that played a great part in ancient days in the Asvamedha sacrifice. This second monument records the piety of the villagers, though they were hardly involved on either side, in the battle that began the British Indian Empire.

II

The India of those days, when Britain with 'an unwilling willingness' began the conquest, was as far as possible from being a single nation, or even a congeries of nations. There were four types of political powers, sharply contrasted in origin and character. By far the oldest was the group of Rajput States in the arid country to the west, between the Vindhya Mountains and the Indus; with their feudal government and royal pedigrees going back in some cases for millenniums, these Rajput principalities represented, as they represent to-day, the ancient India of the golden age. The noblest names in India's spiritual history — Rama, Krishna, Siddhartha the Buddha — all belong to the splendid Rajputs, and to them the Upanishads accredit the core of their spiritual teaching. The conservation of these ancient Rajput principalities, which were threatened with extinction, is the best fruit of the coming of the English.

Next in antiquity, though in comparison only of yesterday, among the dominant Indian powers when Clive fought at Plassey came the Mogul Empire, founded by Baber of the victorious race of Genghis Khan, which won realms far greater than the empire of the Cæsars, a race with a notable record for literary achievement and

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religious tolerance. The winning of the greater part of India, begun by Baber, was completed by the magnificent Akbar and consolidated by Aurungzeb the bigot. It is worth noting that four leaders of the Mongols—Kublai Khan, Tamerlane, Akbar, and Aurungzeb—inspired masterpieces of English literature. But Aurungzeb was the last great figure in a family of brilliant genius, unless we except his brother, Dara Shukoh, who never ruled, but who gained enduring renown by translating the great Upanishads into Persian; the Latin rendering of this version first brought these most mystical of all Scriptures to the knowledge of the Western world.

The Moguls governed through nawabs; as the central power at Delhi began to break up after the death of Aurungzeb, these provincial viceroys established themselves as independent monarchs. It was, in fact, against one of these, the Nawab of Bengal, that Robert Clive fought at Plassey. The first acquisition of territory by the English in India was thus at the expense of the invading Moguls. It is worth noting that one of these Mogul provinces survives to-day as the largest of the self-governing Native States. The Nizam of Hyderabad, premier Prince of India, represents the successful assertion of sovereignty by a Viceroy of the Mogul Empire, and has maintained much of the magnificence and some of the administrative idiosyncrasies of the Great Moguls.

Then there were in the India of Clive's day two strong military powers, which had risen as the Moguls declined. The Sikhs of the Punjab, founded some four centuries back by Nanak Guru as a protest against Brahman priestcraft, became, under his successors, a formidable power, and under the Maharaja Ranjit Singh, in the early nineteenth century, a militant kingdom. The Mahrattas of the Vindhya Mountains, inspired by Shivaji, a soldier of genius, grew into a predatory power whose hordes of cavalry swept over India as the horsemen of Genghis Khan had harried Northern Asia. But the Mahrattas soon broke up into separate states under masterful families, several of which, like Gaekwar of Baroda, Holkar of Indore, and Sindhia of Gwalior, are still numbered among the rulers of Native States.

British expansion and conquest were directed against the last three of the four types of states we have described: the Moguls with their viceroys, the Mahrattas, and the Sikhs. Rajputana has remained intact, stronger rather than weaker because of British rule. So that it was not against an ancient and united India, but the Mogul invaders and two quite modern predatory Powers, that the Western conquerors prevailed.

By the middle of the nineteenth century the conquest was complete so far as India was concerned. Later accessions, like Burma and Baluchistan, are beyond her frontiers. Then in 1857 came the Mutiny. But it was more than a revolt of the native regiments, and had many contributing causes. One was the rapidly growing tendency of the British power to absorb the Native States, whenever a disputed succession offered a pretext; another was the prophecy that the rule of the East India Company would end a hundred years after Plassey; a third was more potent though less defined: the genius of India felt itself rebuked by the dominant English, as Antony's genius was rebuked by Cæsar's. Heavy moral and mental pressure, resented as oppression, caused reaction and revolt.

The prophecy was kept to the ear but broken to the hope. Following the

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Mutiny, an even century after Plassey, the East India Company ceased to exist and the period of imperial government began. But this was no abrupt revolution. The right of the British Government to supervise the Company was implicit in the original charter of 1600, and as long ago as 1783 Parliament had established a board of control to direct the directors of the Company. The chairman of the board, who was a member of the British cabinet, gradually became the effective ruler, so that after the Mutiny only a change of name was needed to transform him into the secretary of state for India. The British viceroys had long been appointed, not by the Company, but by the prime minister acting for the Crown. So that the change, when the imperial government of India took form in 1858, was only the final stage of a gradual transformation spread over three generations.

III

At the inauguration of the imperial era Queen Victoria issued a proclamation which contained the promise that all government posts in India would be opened to the natives in the measure of their abilities. This sentence came to be regarded as the Magna Charta of India's liberties. Going back a generation, to a period a generation after the Mutiny, let us see how far that promise had then been fulfilled.

We have outlined the administration of the district, the unit of administration, with its million inhabitants, nine tenths of them dwelling in villages among the rice fields. The administrative body, so far as its British part was concerned, consisted of the collector, who was head of the district, the judge, a joint magistrate, and, perhaps, an assistant collector studying the elements of his art, which he would presently apply in a subdivision with a quarter of a million villagers. All these were members of the covenanted civil service.

When we come to ask what part the natives might take in the government of their country, the first point to bear in mind is this: even before the Mutiny the ranks of the covenanted civil service had been opened to all 'natural-born subjects of the British Crown,' and therefore to natives of India. And several able and active-minded young natives had availed themselves of the opportunity. In one year four passed the competitive examinations held in London, when forty candidates were selected. In another year a youth of Brahman descent, whose family had been converted to Christianity, had the distinction of heading the list; he had a marvelous memory and a wonderfully alert mind.

When these covenanted civilians of Indian blood came to serve side by side with Englishmen, they suffered no personal or social disabilities. They gave dinners and were invited to dinners exactly as if they had been Englishmen, and their ladies were received on terms of entire equality. A British assistant collector served under a collector, a native of Bengal, with perfect equanimity. The social life of a civil station, the little administrative capital of a district, was inspired by the same practical tolerance. One has seen a set of tennis at the club in such a station where the four players were a Mohammedan prince, splendid in red and green satin; a youthful raja of Brahman blood, with a countenance like old gold; a young Oxford graduate, the junior covenanted civilian of the district; and a Eurasian girl, daughter of the civil engineer, who had married a lady of Bhutia race from the Himalayas. The civil engineer and his family were among the most popular members of that little

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social world. To complete the picture, it may be noted that the honors of the game were shared between the satin princeling and the Eurasian maid.

But their right of entry into the covenanted civil service was only a part, though the most distinguished part, of the share of the natives in the practical work of government. At every civil station there was a native sub-judge, trying civil cases, who received a salary about twice as large as that of the junior covenanted civilian; there were three or four native deputy collectors, and three of the four subdivisions were normally administered by native deputy collectors who, on the whole, did their work as efficiently as the youthful Briton in the fourth subdivision. Then the entire working staff of the courts and offices was made up of natives, for the most part speaking and writing very fair English; trustworthy, able, and attractive men, whom one remembers with affectionate regard even after the lapse of years.

These were administrative functions only. But there were, in every district, at least four types of bodies having activities that were genuinely legislative. Beginning with the simplest, there was in every village the elected panchayet, lineal descendant of the self-governing body in the age-old village community. Next came the elected local board, for each subdivision, not indigenous, but quite recently overlaid on the native life by the British administrators. Then there was an elected district board, with supervision over roads, bridges, hospitals, and schools, and with power to raise local taxes. These district boards had in them the germs of the county councils of modern England, themselves remote successors of the Saxon shire mote. Finally, the municipalities were governed by elected bodies, predominantly native.

So there were, a generation ago, elements of self-government in India, as well as opportunities for qualified natives to share in the daily work of administration. All these elements might well have developed along indigenous lines.

The actual course of events was altogether different. This brings us to another class of educated natives, who were very conspicuous in every civil station: the lawyers, Hindu or Mohammedan, who made a living by pleading in the civil and criminal courts. Most of them spoke English fluently; all were men of ready tongue. One finds at once a contrast between them and those natives, from the sub-judge and the deputy collectors downward, who were engaged in judicial and administrative work. These were on the official pay roll, and in all things were directly ruled by British superiors. The lawyers were more independent; their whole activity made them so, and much of it ran counter to the official activities. Thus, when the police superintendent caught the rather mild criminals, the native lawyers fought to set them free again; they defended civil suits brought by the collector for taxes, and in all this they gained the habit of arguing with volubility and persistence. These English-speaking lawyers were Lord Macaulay's mental children, brought into being by his policy of education in English, and inevitably imbued with the political aura of English Liberalism, of which their great patron was the incarnation.

This was the class from which the Indian National Congress was largely recruited, when the agitation for political rights began in 1883. Not many years after its inception we happened on an amusing expression of its spirit. We were traveling on a little branch railway, or, rather, patiently waiting for the diminutive train to get under way. In the next compartment were

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Bengali lawyers on their way to the National Congress. Through the open window came a penetrating voice: '*Amra* fighting-for-the-common-cause *hoilam!*' the first word meaning 'we,' the last, 'are.' There were no words in their native tongue for the thoughts they were dealing with, and they had to borrow from Macaulay; so far from being indigenous was the whole movement of which they were a part.

This legalistic agitation continued for years, and still continues. Its Great Charter was, as we have said, the royal proclamation of 1858, following the Mutiny, promising to the natives of India a larger, but undefined, share in the government of their country.

IV

On the one hand, the impelling force of this long and sometimes heated agitation was the inevitable reaction from the instinctively overbearing attitude of the British rulers of India, which 'rebuked' the ancient genius of the land; as, indeed, Western nations have tended to 'rebuke' all Oriental peoples. On the other hand, the forms of thought and aspiration of the Indian National Congress, and the long years of agitation which grew out of it, were an unconscious tribute to this same dominating Western mind; the agitators asked for parliamentary institutions like those of England, and, as we have seen, they asked in phrases that remained obstinately English, alien to the men who used them.

Since 1883 the leaders of India's constitutional agitation have gained much of what they sought. Many steps have been taken in the introduction and development of democratic institutions. To-day India is at the halfway house. There are eight or nine little parliaments, one for each province, with a big parliament for all British India. The electorate numbers some six or seven millions, less than half of whom have any knowledge of English. Superficially the result is not unlike the situation in Canada, with its provincial legislative bodies under the Dominion Parliament, and a governor-general, representing the sovereign, as the crown of the pyramid. There has been a steady progress toward the Liberal ideals of the Indian National Congress that seemed almost impossible in 1883.

But if we look deeper we shall find a marked contrast with Canada. The bureaucracy of the covenanted civil service has maintained itself strongly entrenched, with a profound, though perhaps largely unconscious, sense of its vested interests, its inherent right to govern India, based in the beginning upon conquest, and resting on Britain's feeling of proprietary rights over India. The covenanted civil service remains as a ruling power, side by side with the new parliaments, with the result that legislative and administrative functions are divided between the two, the covenanted civilians on the one hand, and the native elected bodies on the other. This divided rule — or dyarchy, as it is called — is a somewhat unstable arrangement, with considerable possibilities of friction between its two parts. It cannot be regarded as a final solution.

During the intervening years there have been periods of bitter feeling, of violent outbreaks and vigorous repressions; but to-day there is an atmosphere of greater sympathy. It is true that the traditional tendencies of the covenanted civil service are pulling backward, while the native politicians are pulling forward, yet they are working together without jarring dissonance. While the foreign rulers have become more liberal, the natives have grown more conservative. Their ideal to-day is not an independent India,

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but dominion status within the British Empire; a participation in the future destiny of the Empire, with the steadily growing autonomy of its parts, within a circle maintained by moral rather than legal ties.

For the more conservative attitude of the natives of India there are two apparent reasons. The first is the recrudescence of violent feuds between Hindus and Mohammedans, inflamed by the desecration of temples and mosques. This has suggested large possibilities of anarchy and civil strife, if the peace-compelling arm of England were withdrawn. It is worth noting that these feuds come rather from discordant creeds than from difference of race. Of the fifty million Mohammedans in India, not one in a hundred represents the invaders who came through the Western passes in the armies of Mahmud of Ghazni, Baber, and Nadir Shah. The overwhelming majority are converts from Hinduism, identical in blood with their Hindu neighbors against whom they wage these bitter feuds. Murshid Kuli Khan, founder of Murshidabad, the capital of Bengal in Mogul days, was a Brahman converted to Islam, and in this the prototype of millions. The motive for conversion has been social rather than theological, a passionate escape from the compartmented oppression of the Hindu system of caste, which confers high privileges on the Brahmans and bears so harshly on the lower castes. So that there is no real race cleavage behind these sectarian feuds; it is a mental, not an ethnical discord. But this discord is sufficiently threatening to inspire in the minds of the native politicians, Hindu and Mohammedan alike, a measure of caution, toning down their aspirations for full independence.

Then there are external causes. Afghanistan is a formidable power, with an inborn thirst for conquest and well supplied with modern arsenals, and a century has not passed since Afghan hordes were fighting in the Indus valley. The relations of British India with the Afghans have not been happy, in spite of long negotiations and costly wars. Afghanistan has grown steadily in military strength, and is further than ever from being submissive to English dictation. The Afghans stand where the great invaders of India stood in past centuries, and the likeness is close enough to reconcile the native politicians to the presence of British troops.

So the aspiration of the educated natives of India to-day is for dominion status within the British Empire, side by side with Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa, with a governor-general representing the sovereign and imperial unity, and with the substantial work of administration and legislation in native hands.

There is a valid criticism of this ideal, and indeed of the whole movement that has led up to it: it is so completely external in origin and conception, so little rooted in the ancient spiritual life of India. We have suggested an alternative: the gradual development of indigenous forms, beginning with the self-governing village community. Might not the genius of India be better safeguarded in this way?

Perhaps the underlying realities of the situation may be brought out by asking a question: Does the future of India involve any deeper issues than are involved in the future government of, let us say, Brazil or Siberia? Let us borrow an answer from the first governor-general of India, Warren Hastings, writing in ancient Benares in the cold season of 1784:—

> It is not very long since the inhabitants of India were considered by many as creatures scarce elevated above the degree of

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savage life; nor, I fear, is that prejudice yet wholly eradicated, though surely abated. Every instance which brings their real character home to observation will impress us with a more generous sense of feeling for their natural rights, and teach us to estimate them by the measure of our own. But such instances can only be obtained in their writings: and these will survive when the British dominion in India shall have long ceased to exist, and when the sources which it once yielded of wealth and power are lost to remembrance.

The consummation suggested by the second sentence has been in part attained. England is confirming the natural rights of the natives of India, and leading them in the paths of self-government.

What of the third sentence? Was the first great architect of British imperialism right when he discerned in the ancient writings of India something that would last long after the British dominion there shall have ceased to exist?

There is reason to believe that he was a true prophet. We are coming to recognize in ancient India one of the great intellectual and spiritual civilizations, perhaps the greatest in all history. The recognition is as yet neither general nor complete. Too many histories of thought begin with Hellas, ignoring India; as though an historian of architecture, dazzled by the Parthenon, were to forget the splendid temples of Egypt. Even to-day we speak of 'Arabic' figures and call algebra by an Arabic name, though both had their origin in India.

But the truth is that we are only now reaching the point in our own intellectual development when we can rightly estimate ancient India's attainment. When Warren Hastings wrote the introduction to the *Bhagavad-Gita*, translated by Charles Wilkins, from which we have quoted, the version used by Emerson and Thoreau, it was the common view in Christendom that the world and the universe were but six thousand years old; but India had discerned millenniums ago the vast antiquity of life, and had developed figures of astronomical magnitude to express this perception. There was a clear view of the multitude of worlds to which our astronomy is only now attaining. India was thinking cosmically ages before the Seven Sages of Greece were born.

Yet it is not so much the magnificent sweep of their scientific thought, both in time and in space, that would seem to be India's greatest achievement. That achievement lies rather in depth than in expanse, in the perception of the spiritual universe, a universe resting on eternal Life, and ruled by everlasting Law.

The records of this superb spiritual accomplishment exist — not carved on desert rocks like the inscriptions of Persia and Egypt, but recorded in a noble tongue, well known in India to-day, and from which half the current speech of India is derived. It is, in the best sense, a living literature; it is an undying literature.

So our concern with India goes deeper than our interest in the extension of self-government to two or three hundred millions, the inclusion of a sixth of mankind in the net of democracy. There is the larger question: India still holds her ancient inheritance; can she become in the future what she was in the past — a great intellectual and spiritual power?

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SLIPPERS FOR CINDERELLA

DR. MEIKLEJOHN remarked the other day that the American mind was very clever, but that it thought about the wrong things. Shoes, for instance, instead of religion. According to the Doctor, Massachusetts thinks beautifully about shoes, and very badly about where we are going in them. Personally, I disagree. I admit the badness of our philosophy, but I question whether we do any better by the shoe.

At least, after two days of shopping, what I want to ask is this: has Mr. Hoover's bureau of standards waved its wand over the shoe industry and ruled out as a wasteful side line all heels on which a person who loves exercise, beauty, and her feet might like to walk? Or are this year's shoes only Babbittry in pedal form? If we have here merely the tyranny of the mob over the manufacturing mind, then, alas! I suppose I am doomed to wear standardized shoes on an unstandardized foot — or pay the price of individuality at twenty dollars a pair.

The pity of it is that it is really a very fine foot capable of a smart appearance in proper boots. It might even have made Trilby look to her honors. It can walk or dance ten miles barefoot, and its arch supports were provided by that complex of cumulative forces familiarly called Nature. And must this foot, as strong as a peasant's and as slim as a duchess's, be thrust into a hideous object called a pump but resembling nothing in nature so much as a hyena humped upward in the rear? It never had a heel under it till it was twenty years old, and then only experimentally. Those were the days when children were children, and misses' shoes were spring-heeled, and a small lady could wear them all her life. Those were the days when odd people could find something to taste in the shops, and short lines were a specialty of the smart dealer. Those were the days when little flat slippers of spangled satin, rosetted and ribbon-bound, such as stole in and out among grandmother's hoop skirts, were still worn to parties by her tiny great-grandchildren and such grandchildren as had the wit and the feet — slippers in which one stood upon the ground, and could cross a room with graceful dignity or pirouette securely in a fancy dance.

For consider the foot, not, after the fashion of shoe designers, as a mere spare part, but as the base of the whole body's rhythm. *Vera incessu patuit dea* — the goddess was revealed by her walk. Put the Venus de Milo in French heels, and how would her godhead vanish! Clap them upon Pavlowa's winged feet, and where would be the poetry, the lovely rise and fall from earth to heaven? Choose then — wings or heels! All dancers answer, 'Wings.' All manufacturers have answered, 'Heels'; and the feet of America freeze into an attitude — motionless, expressionless, grotesque.

Perhaps it is impossible to be completely rational. The ante-bellum ladies with ballooning hoops and tight-laced waists wore sensible shoes. The short-skirted, supple-waisted flapper goes on stilts. Yet a year or so ago a moment of reason came to costume. Hair was bobbed, waists were unbound,

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skirts were brief and free, shoes almost as lovely as the foot itself — heelless, flexible, filigree sandals for sport or street or ball, the light touch of art on nature which gives beauty its deepest lure. It would have been almost possible two years ago to make a statue of a lady without undressing her. Never had we come so close to the frank grace of Greek sculpture — every pretty girl a Diana in disguise! Then presto! all the lovely little shoes grew heels, and Diana could run no more upon the hills. She must come home in a motor car.

It is not that many Dianas do not still long to run. It is merely that there are no longer any pretty tripping shoes. There are only ground grippers — clodhopping hoofs for satyrs, not for nimble nymphs. For Thetis must be silver-slippered, and all the slippers have high heels!

Yet I would not be intolerant. Many there are, no doubt, whose natural feet are so plain or ugly that deformity alone can make them interesting. And for such let heels abound. But why must I too go in grotesque? Why must I limp with my lame neighbor? If this be democracy, let me have done with it. I had thought it meant teaching my halting neighbor how to skip!

'Sir,' said I to a salesman, 'I want a shoe the shape of the human foot. Stylized, perhaps, but still footlike.'

'Not being worn this season, madam,' he replied.

It is true that I shop upon Main Street, where uniformity is the order of the day. Perhaps there are towns where dealers still buy for the few as well as for the mob. I wonder. But mine is not one of them. I live in an Orpheum town, and I suppose I shall have to wear Orpheum shoes and see Orpheum plays. But I do not like it. Still, what can one do? The little theatre outside the syndicate, the solitary independent baker who still makes my crisp French bread, the old shoemaker around the corner — are these the only ways to keep the feet of ugliness from stamping out the beauty and variety of life? If so, then Pan is dead indeed.

A TALE OF CAPRICE

LISTEN, gentle reader, to this tale of human caprice. If I were not in danger of giving utterance to a platitude, I should remind you that fact is oftentimes stranger than fiction; for no imaginative gesture of my own could more defiantly challenge your credulity than the following — which is the bare truth, and nothing more.

I was the recipient, some days ago, of a printed announcement displaying a list of the new titles added to the shelves of a certain public library during the last few months. I read the announcement from the beginning to the end, and then from the end to the beginning. I shall probably read it again, when I see this in print, just to reassure myself, and if you want a look also I will see to that as well.

At first I thought Don Stewart was playing a practical joke — or was it Stephen Leacock? Then I suspected the typesetter. Now I put it up to you.

You know what a library circular looks like? A prosaic white sheet with the usual headings — fiction, biography, religion, travel, juveniles, and the others. Well, this one conformed mechanically, even to the symmetrical list of authors and titles. I glanced at the books listed under the heading, 'Useful Arts.' I had always wondered what they were. I saw 'BOGUE, B. N. — *Stammering: Its Cause and Cure.*' I supposed that it was the 'cure' that was the 'useful art,' and read on to 'CURRIER, A. F. — *How to Keep Well.*' A useful art, certainly, although I had

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always thought that health was a science. Then came 'PAGE, W. H. — *A Publisher's Confession.*' Well, I reflected in passing, one sure way to keep well is to keep out of publishing. Rather clever to slip those two volumes in together!

'Fine Arts' was the next heading. This selection began with Atkinson's *Women on the Farm* and ended with Wilcox's *Mah-Jongg*. Yes, most women on a farm would play Mah-Jongg. Why not? Intermediate titles were artistically grouped as follows: Mayer's *Jungle Beasts I Have Captured*, Courtney Ryley Cooper's *Lions 'n Tigers 'n Everything*, a volume on *Ideal Homes*, and Hatcher Hughes's *Hell-Bent for Heaven*. I read the heading again and then proceeded. *Practical Amateur Photography* had its place next to Durant's *Taming the Wildings*. Of course! A photograph produced at the psychological moment is helpful in any conquest. This is indeed one of the finest of the arts.

'Sociology.' Here I encountered 'ARNOLD, J. H. — *The Debater's Guide.*' So that's what sociology is — being able to outtalk the other fellow! This section also included Richardson's *Diplomatic Education* and a manual on *Seat Weaving*. Was there a subtle connection here, I wondered? 'Natural Science' revealed Corke's *Wild Flowers As They Grow* and A. E. Wiggam's *Fruit of the Family Tree*, in subtle juxtaposition. I read on. Barrington's romance of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, *The Divine Lady*, appeared under 'Fiction,' while M. Maurois's *Ariel* received the sanction of 'History.' Beveridge's *Art of Public Speaking* was divorced from its spouse, *The Debater's Guide*, and thrown in under 'Literature.'

'Philosophy' disclosed but two titles: Fosdick's *Twelve Tests of Character* and Stearns's *Challenge of Youth*. Surely here was something else that Horatio had never dreamt of. Why relegate Principal Stearns's practical solution of the schoolboy problem to this classification, I wondered, and why not let the collection of sermons by Dr. Fosdick skip two lines below and fall in under 'Religion'? After all, he seems to be identified with it.

Why call Struthers Burt's essays on Dude Wrangling 'Travel,' and why herd Anzia Yezierska's autobiography, *Children of Loneliness*, with its marked sociological significance, into the fiction pen? And again, why put John Addington Symonds down as the author of *The Life of Benvenuto Cellini?* His translation is undoubtedly the best, but let us at least give the militant master-jeweler credit for his tedious hours with quill and foolscap. I found my questions coming thick and fast.

The 'Literature' collection reminded me of a pound of assorted candy from one of the Happiness stores — something to suit every taste. Ring Lardner, John Masefield, Agnes Repplier, the Haddock family, Samuel Crothers, and Lafcadio Hearn all got the same cover over them some way. And — I hesitate to tell you — Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Harp-Weaver* had jumped into the same box with *Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks!*

What more is there to say — except that the library is not, as you supposed, a one-room affair above the railroad station at Shade Gap, Iowa? It happens to be — and more's the pity — a nice new red-brick building, embellished with busts of Dante and Shakespeare, facing the much-traveled Boston Post Road at a point not so far from the erstwhile country seat of one Elihu Yale.

But wait! I knew I should say that. (I think Professor Tinker corrected me the last time.) A library, gentle reader, is never a nice new building, red-brick or otherwise. A library, if there is one, is always found inside.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Benjamin Stolberg, who gives us his portrait of the most famous unknown man in America, is a sociologist and close student of labor conditions, now living and writing in New York City. Many readers will remember his biography of Samuel Gompers which we published in the *Atlantic* for March 1925. ¶One must be constantly reminded that, incredible as it may seem, **Carl Christian Jensen's** autobiography is true to the very last detail. The story began in our October issue, but, like life, can be picked up at any point with significance. ¶After playing a game with consistent skill for forty years, **A. Edward Newton** may be trusted to exhibit its fine points. Nowadays he talks of taking to the side lines, but we know that to be only the modesty of champions the world over. ¶An observer with alert and arrowy opinions, it is a native boast to say that **Agnes Repplier** lives in Philadelphia. **Keene Abbott** comes of pioneering stock, and his stories and books have been chiefly written out of the traditions of his home state, Nebraska. The present narrative, he tells us, was inspired by an incident told him by an old plainsman. ¶In this memorial year **Humbert Wolfe,** the English poet, pays tribute to the best-beloved of Saints.

* * *

If geography is in a name, **Henderson Daingerfield Norman** will surely be spotted for a Virginian. At home and abroad she is best known by her translations of Rostand's plays. ¶Characteristic and full of unexpected information are the letters of Ruskin to a young governess which come to us from the careful hands of **Leonard Huxley,** editor of the *Cornhill Magazine.* ¶The wife of a distinguished Dutch banker, **Madame T. van Houten** has traveled to the far corners of the earth, the last being Batavia, Java, where, in 'Oriental splendor,' she and her husband resided for three years. ¶Professor of English literature at Wellesley, **Margaret Sherwood** is known to many an *Atlantic* audience. Conspicuous among her books are *Daphne* and *The Worn Doorstep.* **Margaret Pond's** poem was sent us from Otowi, New Mexico. Her muse, it would seem, visits unconcerned in the midst of house- and baby-keeping. **Archer Butler Hulbert** is Director of the Stewart Commission on Western History. It was while working through a famous American newspaper collection that he took the opportunity of concocting his distillation of the ages. ¶After sabbatical leave abroad, **Margaret Lynn** has returned to her post at the University of Kansas, firmly convinced that all Americans should stay away from Europe for the next two years. Absence may make the heart grow fonder. ¶A consulting engineer, graduate of Lehigh, **Morris Llewellyn Cooke** has held many important appointments, among them the directorship of the Giant Power Survey in Pennsylvania in 1923.

* * *

William Stix Wasserman, of Philadelphia, has just returned from a four months' survey of economic and social conditions in Russia, where during his stay he was in constant contact with the leading state officials, traveled down the Volga and through the Caucasus, and on one occasion made a three-hundred-mile trip on horseback. ¶Assistant Oriental Secretary to Lord Allenby, **Captain Owen Tweedy** was delegated to act as British Aide-de-Camp to Ras Taffari and Princess Menem of Abyssinia during their visits to Cairo in 1923 and 1924. **Charles Johnston's** experience in the British Civil Service has heretofore borne fruit for readers of the *Atlantic.*

* * *

For the benefit of those who will wish to know whether they passed 'The Test' of Dr. Witherow in the October *Atlantic,* we are able to announce that Mr. Stern, the donor, would have desired the spirit rather than the letter of accomplishment, and that,

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according to the author, the award would have been given to Mr. Brookfield. Dr. Witherow adds: —

But I hope I have brought out the point that Mr. Daly deserved the prize if Mr. Stern was a mere martinet, a mere drill sergeant, or a pettifogging attorney; also that Mr. Hamlet deserved the prize if Mr. Stern took delight only in a man's best service, the putting forth to the utmost of all that the brain of man can furnish in insight, originality, and industry.

This view of Mr. Stern and his test was a higher and truer view than Mr. Daly's, and the author confesses that he has a warm spot in his own mind for gallant Mr. Hamlet. Mr. Brookfield, however, saw what Mr. Hamlet saw and something more which Mr. Hamlet missed. There was a hungering in the rich man's heart for gratitude. The Test was all that Mr. Daly and Mr. Hamlet found in it, but it was also a call of spirit to spirit and Brookfield alone heard and responded to that note.

* * *

In defense of divorce this reader has cited the hard facts of experience.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

One reads, with a sense of amazement and irritation, the article on marriage by Bishop Charles Fiske in the September number of the *Atlantic*. It amazes us because its views seem so unconscious of the real facts of life; it irritates us because parts of it are grossly unfair to those who, like myself, after years of agony and meditation, finally decided to become divorced.

'America is rapidly becoming a land of Mormons. The law forbids continuous polygamy, but we are substituting for it consecutive polygamy.' In these words Bishop Fiske commences his remarks. The emphasis of the Church, based upon Bible teaching, has always been on the side of the spiritual union of marriage. And since our spirits are eternal we believe that happy marriages on earth persist through eternity, even though one of the partners may die before the other. Has any Christian sect been known to brand a widower as a polygamist for marrying again? If marriage is a union of souls, as well as of bodies, what essential difference exists between the two cases of a man who remarries with his first wife living, to whom he is bound by no ties of either the spirit or the body, and of a man who remarries, with his first wife dead, to whom he may have been bound by the most compelling spiritual bonds? Is not the second man logically more guilty of polygamy than the first?

Proceeding further, 'After the arguments for divorce have all been presented, the presence of one child effectually confutes them.' There is a wide difference of opinion as to what happens to a child's nature in an unhappy household. Scientists are unearthing evidence which may be embarrassing to the Bishop's point of view. Most of a child's character is crystallized by the age of seven and much of its later happiness and usefulness can be impaired by the ugly repressions it develops during these early formative years. If a child is reared in an atmosphere of unloveliness, whether it be physical or psychical, the resulting repressions are bound to persist in later life and do irremediable harm. Is not, then, the undivided love of a single parent sometimes better for the health and happiness of a child than the corroding atmosphere of an unhappy house?

There is apparently a conviction in Bishop Fiske's mind that all we need in this distressing situation is the magic of legislation. The real permanency of marriage cannot be a matter of laws. And it is better so. For, in the long run, how much does society gain by forcing a union to be permanent that is permanent only in name? Instead, divorce may be a powerful, alleviating agent in the fight of society against the hypocrisy and sanctimoniousness that go far toward poisoning individual and community life. What we desire, and desperately so, is real evidence to tell us without bias what mode of life will be best to adopt — best for society, for our children, and for ourselves.

E. C. D.

* * *

Several 'poets — new style' have arisen to greet Minch Pith, Ellis Parker Butler's protégé in the October *Atlantic*. We print their offerings for the interpretation of all imaginative readers.

I

In the *Atlantic* for Oct.
E. Parker Butler (Was he s?)
Tells of Minch Pith's devices odd,
A poet of the .

New verse so much my spirit jars
For any change I'd thank my * * *
But oh, for joy I'd nearly drop
If it should come to a .

HENDERSON DAINGERFIELD NORMAN

II

say it with . . . & - - -
a 'soulyearn' by pinch mith

i met her only yesterday
our courtship has been brisk
i d like to send her wild flowers but
i dare not *

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her face is fair her eyes are bright
she boasts of charms a myriad
and slender 2 enhance
the costumes of the .

she gave me but a fleeting glance
yet 1 to feast the soul on
in winter i ll recall its warmth
instead of putting :

i wonder should i interview
her papa or her mamma
to still my beating heart and make
my nerves a trifle ,

perhaps b4 i venture out
in matrimonys bark
i should consult the stock exchange
& last "

but if fair 1 i cut a —
with this '
you ll know my # & i ll find
out where i m @ you see

LOUISE G. HUMPHREY

* * *

These truths from Canada may serve to cool certain heated arguments on Prohibition.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the readable article in your October issue by Mr. William E. Dever there are one or two errors of statement which I think are important enough to call for correction.

Mr. Dever states rather incidentally that Canada and Sweden are nations of homogeneous population. With respect to Sweden there can be little doubt that this is correct, but so far as regards Canada, the heterogeneity of its population is probably more pronounced than that of any other considerable political unit in the world since the Austro-Hungarian monarchy was destroyed at Versailles.

From one quarter to one third of the people of Canada are totally different in origin, in language, civil law, customs, ambitions, ecclesiastical arrangement, and so forth, from the English-speaking majority of that country. Montreal, the largest city of the country and probably the fifth in size in North America, is nine tenths French and this proportion holds roughly true of the entire population of the province of Quebec. In the adjoining province of New Brunswick, the same race now constitutes nearly one third of the population, while in the distinctively English-speaking province of Ontario there are some two hundred thousand French.

In addition to this, in the prairie provinces (Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta) is a very considerable number, relative to the total population, of races from almost every country in Europe and as yet by no means largely assimilated to Anglo-Saxon ideals. In fact, so far as heterogeneity is concerned, Canada in proportion to its population is more decided than the United States, even taking into consideration the presence of the Negro people in the latter country.

In the same sentence Mr. Dever says that Canada has tried and abandoned the experiment of national prohibition.

Canada has not had at any time national prohibition, and it is at least a debatable question whether the Federal Government of Canada has any authority to enact national prohibition as the term is now generally understood. Regulation of the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage lies not with the Federal legislature but with those of the provinces individually, and while it is true that some of these provinces have enacted what may be termed prohibitory laws as respects alcohol, and have afterward rescinded them, the important province of Quebec has not at any time enacted a provincial prohibitory law, using that term, as before, in its general signification.

GEORGE G. MELVIN

* * *

How to drive out evil spirits.

One is in a hospital bed, and *parody-ridden*. Tossing and turning for the relief that does not come, the thought of the *Atlantic* is like a cool hand on fever. Would it, perhaps, drive out the little demons by taking them between its own calm covers?

Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun
Views not with thee
Some doctor having fun.

Bed is a monster of such horrid mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen.
Seen too oft, familiar with your cot,
You first endure, then vow you'll leave it not.

Ladies in his leather chair
Were merely toothaches sitting there;
Just upper sets and lower rows,
To which he murmured, 'Open,' 'Close.'

ALICE GRAY TRUSLOW

* * *

As a postscript to his letter in reply to Dr. Parrish's paper, 'From Authority to Experience,' in the September *Atlantic*, the Reverend Carl Shoemaker writes that in the

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midst of the parochial work of a city parish 'one does n't get much time to question either experience or authority; one just does.'

CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A feeling of sadness fills one as one reads of a Church official frankly confessing a lost cause. And the reason for this tragedy seems to be that we are 'in a period of transition from authority to experience.' And then one's memory turns back and we see a small band of men, unlettered certainly and assuredly not of the best families; a little handful of men who had an experience — an experience extending over three years and culminating one Sunday. And that experience led them to accept the authority of Him with whom they had that experience. And then one reads that these ignorant and unlearned men turned the world upside down. It is remarkable what experience will do.

If I mistake not, 'the whole cosmic trend' has been from experience to authority. The young child accepts the authority of parents because it has learned by experience that their plans are best. The parents' authority is weak or strong in proportion as the child's experience has shown them to be wise or unwise. Later on the child moves on to college, where new and confusing experiences are met; as these new experiences work out, they lead on to the acceptance of a higher authority.

I recall one January night. The doctor said that one of my boys was critically ill of pneumonia; his mother had been up with him two nights and must be relieved. I accepted his authority because of his experience. I said I would watch that night. The house was a flimsy affair far outside the town. For several days the thermometer had been hovering about twenty-five degrees below zero and bid fair to beat itself that night. For long hours I sat by the bedside giving medicine at regular intervals. Hour after hour the thermometer dropped. The windows were wide open. At three in the morning a change came over the lad. I feared the end. Just as I was, with heavy ulster pulled up about my ears, with arctics buckled to knees, with no stole, with no candle, with no smoke except that of the rising breath, I offered the Holy Sacrifice and gave the lad the Body and Blood of his Lord. In five minutes he was fast asleep. When the doctor came in the morning he was on the road to recovery. From that time on that lad bowed to the Authority. He had an experience; it led the way.

Likewise I recall putting the Stations of the Cross in one church. A woman of pronounced opinions moved her seat rather than sit beside one of them. Later on came the great sorrow of her life. When the clouds finally lifted, she moved her seat to Station Twelve. Experience drew her to the Great Authority. I have seen children complete the Stations with tears in their eyes — an experience which led to obedience at home and in church. After one has followed God along the Way of Sorrows, there is no more questioning His authority — 'surely this was the Son of God.'

This world, standing at the crossroad, wants a tested experience, and when it finds that, it will accept the authority as we accept the authority of the throat and nose specialist. There can be no revealed truth which is contrary to discovered truth; both truths are discovered, but discovered in different ways — yet both truth, and so part of the great Truth.

It seems so futile to belittle it all. It is so real, so actual, so powerful. One is called from bed at midnight to take the Sacrament to a dying man; a young lad must be anointed as the doctors hurry him off to the pest hospital; the mother of five children must be advised and strengthened because her husband has run off with his soul mate; a good and sorely tempted man feels his thirst getting the best of him, so one wrestles with and for him during trying hours; this lad has tried the experience of another lad and one must try to heal the torn and bruised soul; and this girl took the authority of another girl and one sits dumbly by while the whole sordid tale is sobbed forth. And so, day and night, with all conditions and under all conditions, the experience of the Church is applied. And somehow it does work. It has worked for centuries. It will always work.

CARL SHOEMAKER

* * *

For Margery to answer.

ROANOKE, VA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Last Saturday night I read 'The Homing Instinct in Lost Objects,' in your September number, and, just a trifle grimly, I pondered over all the many lost articles that I could wish would take unto themselves wings and fly home! But my skepticism has been rebuked — and I must acknowledge the error of my ways to Mr. Bouton via the *Atlantic*.

On Sunday morning I arose with a newborn zealous desire to take my children to Sunday School — and with a 'start the fall right' expression written plainly on my face I abjured my second cup of coffee and the morning crime wave and washed, dressed, and fed Jane and Paul and bundled them into the car. At the last minute I borrowed Paul's own purse for my change and off we started. On our return the purse was gone. I remembered getting into the car and dropping it in my lap during the drive

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home. We made a thorough search of the car. We shook everything and removed everything removable from inside the car — but no purse. The next day I went back to the church; I searched the gutter and even inquired at the homes adjacent to the church if anyone had picked up a change purse. I had a vain hope that my memory might have played me a trick and that I might have dropped it in the street. But no such luck — and I faced the task of diverting Paul's single-track, three-year-old mind from purses to pudding!

To-day I drove home from shopping and, as I turned to leave the car, there in the middle of the back seat in plain view lay Paul's purse. The car had been in constant use since Sunday. I have no explanation, unless that little worn purse felt the urge to nestle once more in the warmth of a chubby hand. What say you?

JANE H. FUNKHOUSER

* * *

Egged on by ambition.

October 23, 1926

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the Contributors' Club, October, the gentleman who wrote 'Tappers and Swingers' overlooked a few high points. 'Egg time' was invariably Easter. In my West Philadelphia neighborhood, in the 80's, we prided ourselves on gathering in as many 'Easter' eggs — to be dyed — as possible.

In the first place, it was not 'Um-per' but 'Up-per.' Our mob cry was 'Up-PURRR! UP-PURRR! Pick yah UP-PURR.' In other words, the challenger had the desirable or 'upper' advantage. The challenged was the 'lower.' The challenged would make a ring of first finger and thumb about the neck of the egg, exposing the least that he could expose, and the challenger would 'pick' deftly, awaiting the delicious crackle that evinced he had won by breaking the other fellow's egg. Oftentimes the challenger's egg succumbed.

Anticipating this season, I raised bantam chickens, the eggs of which fowl are notoriously thick-shelled. I could always win with a bantam egg if the others would 'play.' Usually they refused: 'Aw, I won't pick against no banty egg.' A youth in our rear alleys had much trickery. He would sneak over a porcelain egg, deftly hiding its glossy nature in his 'picking' hand. We finally apprehended him and, though he retaliated by swatting me (and I decorated him with a 'busted' egg), we drove him out of the ranks of respectables who played 'Up-PURRS' squarely. Infrequently a 'scrap' started over who was first to challenge. However, concessions were the rule.

Believe me, when that bold challenge resounded through the highways and the alleys, knights were abroad! And, ah, the ring of freckled noses watching breathlessly to see who was winner, and the gulping joy of the winner. Fact was, when a youth gained possession of an egg with a really strong shell he'd 'pick' a dozen and more eggs in a morning. To the housewife of to-day I offer that eggs were twelve cents a dozen, at most. We never could see how the hens produced them at that price.

Yours very truly,

THOMAS B. DONALDSON

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'The other evening,' writes Judge Edward F. Waite of Minneapolis, 'having just returned from a summer in England, and having there heard the Dean of St. Paul's, I was appealed to as an authority on the mooted question of the pronunciation of his name, and promptly gave very positive misinformation. In the course of a rather wakeful night (not altogether due to chagrin at my blunder) the following jingle did itself.'

When I recall I spoke it 'Inge'
(The Dean with soul of sombre tinge),
And rhymed it not with *sing* but *singe*,
My conscience gives a dreadful twinge.
Low in the dust I fain would cringe
To humbly kiss your garment's fringe,
And in abasement deep impinge
My brow upon your pedal hinge —
Because on Truth I did infringe
When I insisted upon 'Inge.'

For really, now, 't is no such thing!
My mem'ry went woolgathering —
The Gloomy Dean's sad name is INGE.

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